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THE
WRONGS OF IRELAND

Historically Reviewed,

FROM THE INVASION TO THE PRESENT TIME,

A NATIONAL POEM,

IN SIX CANTOS,

WITH COPIOUS ILLUSTRATIONS;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

AN EULOGIUM TO OGYGIA.

By JAMES SYLVIUS LAW, Esq.

I sing of wrongs—and crimes unprecedented,
Unparalleled in guilt—by Heaven lamented,
Which to my Country's hapless lot beset,
Too great in magnitude for Muse to tell,
Through ages sabled with their dark misdeeds,
And stamped with infamy, that far exceeds
The crimsoned registers of other nations,
Of Earth's dread scourges, bronzed with execrations,
Since feet unhallowed pressed sad Erin's shore,
In Saxon mail, to swell her streams with gore—
Oppress her sons—and bind, in penal chains,
The blue-wing'd Goddess of her hills and plains :
Celestial Freedom, who has pined, in tears,
Beneath the bondage of *six hundred years!*

ANON.

Dublin :

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EMPIRE.

1831.

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T. Courtney, Printer, 18, Whitefriar-street, Dublin.

359-47

DEDICATION.

TO THE

MAGNANIMOUS SONS OF IRISH INDEPENDENCE,

WHO, WITH UNCOMPROMISING PATRIOTISM,

HAVE UNITED THEIR ENERGIES

FOR A REPEAL OF THE UNION;

AND

TO THE PHILANTHROPIC ADVOCATES

OF

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY,

WITH EVERY ZEALOUS SUPPORTER OF SENATORIAL REFORM

This National Poem,

AS A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM TO THEIR PUBLIC VIRTUES,

IN BEFRIENDING HUMAN RIGHTS,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

(RECAP)

THE AUTHOR.

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TO THE READER.

On a general inspection of the following Work, some errors of the Press appear, which have unavoidably escaped the Author's observation during the progress of the Work, and for which he begs leave to apologise. But inasmuch as he considers the formal correction of errors, when prefixed or appended to a book, rather as a blemish than an advantage, he hopes the indulgent reader will excuse the punctilious notification of such literal defects.

With respect to the volume now presented to the Public, he begs leave to state, that he has studiously endeavoured to comprise, within the following sheets, as much matter as would swell out three volumes of a similar size, according to the modern style of the London Press. But, as heavy and expensive works, however national in character, are, at present, unsuited to civil exigence and the too general depression of trade, he has preferred a condensed, to an amplified form, to meet, what he conceives, the wishes of his liberal patrons, by furnishing them with a publication at a moderate rate, though pregnant, at least, with a mass of materials, if not of interesting historical commentaries. He wrote with patriotic enthusiasm—Interest was not contemplated—the approbation of his labours by his countrymen was the ultimate object of his highest ambition, and should he fail in securing this, he will have occasion to regret his disappointment; yet, should he be so fortunate as to merit and obtain the flattering honour of their good opinion, he will feel amply recompensed for the meditative evenings spent on the "*Wrongs of Ireland*."

ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE the following Poem was written, the perishable remains of **GEORGE THE FOURTH** have mingled with the dust of his Royal Ancestors, leaving the Hereditary Crown of Britain to a popular successor, **WILLIAM THE FOURTH**, whose reign, it is ardently and anxiously hoped, will be prosperous and happy. His present Majesty, unlike his voluptuous and prodigal predecessor, has held practical intercourse with, at least, a portion of his subjects : his social and manly feelings, in the discharge of his high official duties, have interwoven his noblest sympathies with the love and affection of the British people ; and, as a liberal, commiserating friend to Ireland, we advert with pleasure to his benevolent and praiseworthy sentiments in the Upper House of Parliament, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, during the progress of the *Relief Bill*—a generous act, which our country hails as an auspicious omen of his future clemency toward her, in the alleviation of her sufferings, as well as of his equitable administration of Executive power throughout the Empire. His Irish subjects naturally indulged many pleasing anticipations of his public virtues as a Monarch, on his accession, that have since progressively strengthened, and still continue to increase in popular conviction, that he will survive to enwreathe the brows of Royalty with the fairest laurels that can adorn the Sovereign's gorgeous Diadem : the love and gratitude of an idolizing people, entertained for a Prince, who seems destined to enthrone himself in the hearts of his devoted subjects, and to erect, for posterity, a Temple to his memory in the bosom of generous affection, when the fabric of life shall have crumbled away at the chymic touch of the Universal Destroyer.

In the course of the following Poem, several allusions are made to the reigning King, that exclusively apply to his late Majesty, which the Reader will readily perceive : and, if aught has been said or sung in severity towards his character, with honest intentions, there has nothing been set down in malice, or stated in wantonness. We have only to say, that if be emulated the voluptuousness of a *Sardanapalus*, it is confidently expected, that a veil will be thrown over the ruder features of his character by the splendid virtues of the reigning *Augustus*.

FURTHER REMARKS ON RECENT PUBLIC TRANSACTIONS.

Since the preceding ADVERTISEMENT was written, the question of a Reform in the Commons' House of Parliament has been generally agitated throughout the Empire : a political *Desideratum* that has received impulsive power, from popular support, among the true friends of Constitutional Liberty, and chiefly from the aggrieved constituency of corrupt Representatives. His paternal Majesty, in the genuine spirit of a Patriot King, has been graciously pleased to attend to the complaints and

the demands of the national voice ; and, in co-operation with the earnest desire of his people, seconded by the judicious advice of his well-judging Ministers, benevolently recommended a Bill of Reform, to be passed thro' the two Houses of Parliament, for the correction of abuses—equal representation—and the removal of grievances, of vexatious duration, incompatible with equal rights, and at variance with the chartered privileges of freemen, as well as opposed to public justice, through corrupt practices, inimical to the legitimate interests of the community, and the spirit of the Constitution.

This laudable measure, so just, so politic, so equitably essential to the preservation of national peace, naturally brought into collision the ablest advocates of Reform, and the agents of Corruption. The great body of the people stood opposed to an odious, place-vending Oligarchy, grown old in crime, and bald in iniquity. The sordid and selfish hirelings of political turpitude marshalled all their venal resources, to stem the turgid tide of popular opinion and Legislative justice, so apparently interested in the noble cause of public right and free representation—and to thwart the zealous exertions of an unbiased, determined Ministry, firmly at their post, and faithful to the confiding trust of the expectant Nation. The debates on the propriety of the Bill were strongly and eloquently supported by the friends of the people, and as vigorously opposed by the tools of corruption ; while the divine emanations of the sublime passions of Liberty and Patriotism were audaciously met, in the senatorial field of argument, by the political sophistry and pompous declamation of the furious Oligarchs, contending, like Freebooters against right and justice, to hold, with avaricious tenacity, their time-sanctioned, lawless privileges, to the prejudice of their much-injured and ill-represented electors. The struggle was violent, and obstinately contested ; and, to all appearances, not likely to be carried to the satisfaction or expectations of the millioned multitude—neither consistently, nor in conformity, with the earnest wishes of the Sovereign, or the indefatigable exertions of the Ministry ; his Majesty, therefore, in the fulness of his prescient wisdom, soberly anticipating the evils likely to ensue from popular re-action, in the event of disappointment and defeat, with a promptness of decision peculiarly suited to the imperative occasion of State-emergency, appeared in the House, amidst confusion and uproar, and prorogued Parliament previous to its dissolution ; thus throwing back on their constituents the friends of equal representation ; and the deeply-incensed enemies of public justice, to put again, to the test of the Elective Franchise, the imbecility of corruption, and the omnipotence of popular power.

The General Election, consequent to the exercise of the Royal Authority, has just terminated in favour of Reform, a result which, it is anxiously hoped, will afford the Monarch and his Ministers a triumphant majority, in the New Parliament now about to be assembled, after the re-introduction of the Bill. There is no doubt of the Borough-mongers and the Corruptionists their employers, contending with chivalrous bravery to defend their falsely-assumed privileges ; yet, it may easily be

predicted, that they will ultimately be defeated and put to flight by the champions of the people, when encouraged by the approbation and cheering countenance of a Constitutional Sovereign.

In the proposed measure of Reform, the benefits that are intended for Ireland, are comparatively few in proportion to the other States composing the Empire. This savours of the Old System of Legislating for the Land of Wrongs.—Partial good, however, must eventually ensue to our country, when the Reform Bill shall have passed into a law, inasmuch as it will tend to destroy corporate monopoly and fraudulence, by breaking down the long invulnerable barriers of chartered corruption, to open a free passage to civil liberty, and municipal equality. The dawning prospect of the future is exhilarating to hope—may it continue to brighten with the rising sun of national freedom; and soon may our long-benighted Island, in common with the Sister Nation, enjoy the serene delights of unruffled peace in the full enjoyment of every civil and physical blessing that can make her heart rejoice in the sweet oblivion of past afflictions and former woes!

MOTIVES ASSIGNED FOR THE FOLLOWING PUBLICATION.

The present political qualifications of the Irish Catholics, differing so widely from the existing state of things at the commencement of the succeeding Poem, might influence the belief, that by the enactment of the *Relief Bill*, the ultimate object of the Author was obtained; and that, consequently, the necessity of giving publicity to *Ireland's Wrongs* was auspiciously superceded by an act of long-protracted, legislative justice, calculated to silence the incessant complaints of the national voice. It must be acknowledged that, through the above measure of public right, so long suspended, and so long deferred, much has happily been effected for the public good. Civil and Religious Liberty have thereby been established on the broad basis of equality; but equal privileges, or equal immunities, are not equally secured to the emancipated Catholic by its provisions, though his eligibility is fully admitted without restrictions; yet, with respect to civil advantages, with a few exceptions, it is a Bill more likely to benefit posterity than the present generation; as the tenacious holders of power and place will not, most probably, share their time-chartered privileges with their Catholic brethren and countrymen, so long as they have strength and will to hold, what they have for centuries possessed as exclusive rights, against both equity and justice. The Relief Bill, therefore, has only been productive, as yet, of *negative* good, while *positive* evil still exists here, to furnish fruitful sources of stationary and progressive grievances. Church Government—Absenteeism—Extraordinary Taxation—a large Military, peace Establishment—a Factious Police, constituted apparently for the annoyance more than the preservation of the public peace. These, and all the bitter fruits of the Union, combined with the collective oppressions and privations of the Irish people, are greatly aggravated by the unnatural severity of a depopulating, Sub-letting Act, that aims at no less than the extermination of the small

Tenantry on all the Estates throughout the land—rooting up, as it were, the great human forest of our country, to make room for a few ornamental trees of unproductive vegetation.

Selfish Landlords, for their own sordid views, had the influence to get this unsalutary law passed in their favour, that, by its provisions, they might tyrannise over the natural sympathies of human nature, to the imaginary improvements of their Estates; and woeful experience has already taught many thousands of their obnoxious tenantry, with what heartless rigour and rigid inhumanity they have exercised its privileges, to root out “a bold peasantry, their country’s pride.” Such unsympathising conduct naturally creates opposition, as a moral consequence emanating from petty tyranny; and the County of Clare, at present, presents an appalling feature of the general calamities that seem likely to flow from the wanton exercise of an unsocial and repugnant law, that endeavours to break through the dearest of ties—the indissoluble bands that reciprocally bind the heart and its warmest affections, to the patriotic relations of kindred and country.

Next to Reform in Parliament, a Repeal of the fraudulent Act of Civil Union between Ireland and Great Britain, appears the first and paramount *desideratum* of the well-thinking part of the Irish community, inasmuch as this measure of right and justice can only produce the life-restoring elements of national prosperity to our declining State. A civil Legislature, composed exclusively of the sons of the soil, and constituting a local, resident Parliament in Ireland, in that magnificent Hall where our Senators have hitherto assembled, must unquestionably feel more interested for the wants and exigencies of a dissatisfied, misgoverned people, than a foreign Parliament, indifferent to our rights, or heedless of our complaints—such as the great popular Assembly of Britain, in which the small proportion of Irish Members has little weight when the interests of Ireland are at stake. We are not ignorant of the cavalier treatment received by one independent Irishman from the haughty, supercilious arrogance of British Statesmen, when he has risen in his native pride, to support the claims of our country, or vindicate her cause. We have viewed, with no common concern, the ungentlemanlike courtesy paid, by the servants and slaves of corruption, to an intrepid Irish Senator, standing on the noble pedestal of genuine Patriotism, to defend his country and the universal rights of mankind; yet we have heard, with indignant contempt, the unmanly, dishonourable taunts and sneers of time-serving characters, towards a high-minded *Milesian Hibernian*, whose integrity and Philanthropy might have put them to shame and confusion, by the force of his judicious arguments, and persuasive eloquence! Such a man, however, was too honest, and still remains too steady to his laudable purpose to merit the esteem of the selfish Briton, who was unaccustomed to hear or re-echo the language of truth or justice. But their ignoble efforts might not shake or intimidate his lofty spirit any more than the idle winds could affect the firm, unyielding majesty of the mountain oak, that waves his branchy honours with superior dignity when assailed by hostile iv.

storms. This uncompromising Patriot has long stood opposed to the devastating hurricane of Faction—he has braved for thirty years the tempest of intolerant laws; and neither the insolence of despotic power—the calumnies of hireling traducers—nor the seductions of state-flattery, could unnerve his magnanimity, or unsettle his fidelity to his country; and for these exalted characteristics, has the boast and glory of Irishmen won the eternal gratitude of his injured nation, while, for the same reasons, he has met the serpent hiss and the fulsome ridicule of laughing Hyenas in the British Senate! It might now be expected, when Great Britain has usurped the greater proportion of the Irish soil, by lawless and unjust assumptions, called *Acts of Settlement*, that she would, at least, sympathise with the sufferings of her own transplanted children; for the population of Ireland must, in a very considerable degree, be the descendants of the Colonial English, or Scottish Settlers. To justify this statement, it is requisite to take a retrospective survey of the various colonizations of this country. The first body of adventurers that arrived on our shores from Britain were the Strongbonians, the earliest colonists of the English Pale, whose numbers grew by the frequent accessions of fresh troops and needy followers. These intrusive strangers extended along the Eastern coast, from the borders of Ulster to the shores of Waterford. On the unjust attainder and overthrow of the Earl of Desmond, in the reign of Elizabeth, 574,628 acres of the province of Munster became forfeited to the English Crown, which her indulgent Majesty apportioned out among English undertakers, at the rate of 3*d.* per acre; the great contractors conditioning for 1200 acres, and the smaller for various quantities of land under this amount, according to the stipulated agreement, that each chief occupier should build a Castle, proportionate to the value of his property. This tenure of holding Irish lands, under the crown of England, gave origin to the feudal Castles of different denominations still remaining in the South of Ireland; and afterwards extending over the other districts of the Island, with the increasing limits of the English power. By the pacification of Munster, that fair province became, almost exclusively, the property of the Anglo-Saxons. The Ultonian Province was first visited by a hostile English Army, led thither by John De Courcey; yet this partial and unproductive conquest of Down was soon resumed by the rightful chieftains. A considerable part of Ulster, however, was settled with English undertakers, in the reign of Elizabeth, on terms nearly similar to the Munster Territories, on the attainder of O'Niall, and his subordinate septs. These Settlements, though cruelly unjust to the hereditary children of the soil, were comparatively inconsiderable to the general Settlement of the Island in the reign of the First *James*, when the remnants of native property, that afterwards remained unviolated, were very limited in proportion to the territorial influence of the English landed proprietors; and even of those remnants, other portions were seized by the Saxon land-hunters in the time of *Charles the Martyr*. *Cromwell* came next, with his ruthless *Levellers*, to plant in native blood his Myrmidon

followers, after the Island had been wasted and depopulated. The residue of the Catholic sufferers were then pent up in a certain inhospitable district of Connaught, that had been previously desolated to prepare a temporal Purgatory for the wretched inhabitants. The Military, and money-adventurers, who joined Cromwell, when he came with full powers to reduce the confederated Royalists in Ireland, had vested a considerable capital in the hands of the Regicide, for the reduction of a kingdom that was to reimburse them with lands and spoliation. Such men were allowed the privilege of surveying the soil they had wasted, and of selecting the best portions, as a reward for their inhuman services, as well as for the capital embarked in the undertaking. The whole Island was thus surveyed, and disposed of, at the rate of *four shillings* per acre and under, even to one penny, for inferior tracts. But such lands, as the surveyors were pleased to return as unprofitable, were given to the common soldiers to the amount of 605,870 acres! while those that shared most liberally of the partition of the Irish soil, were such as had been instrumental to the untimely death of Charles the First.

Need it be matter of surprise at the present day, that English prejudices should exist here, where English interest and all-grasping monopoly had engrossed the soil, by rooting out the inoffensive natives? Should we not esteem it, almost miraculous, that any lingering traces of ancient nationality, in manners or religion, should remain, after so many ages of exterminating cruelty and indiscriminate devastation? Who, that understands the history of past times, will deem it strange, that Ireland should be divided in her children, now so heterogeneously mixed with the descendants of Puritans and Covenanters, still inheriting the bigotry and bad passions of their fanatical forefathers? The church-profaning Iconoclasts have passed away. Yet the mischievous elements of their hatred for Popery still remain, to operate, with malignant efficiency, on the misdirected minds of the *factious* portion of the Irish community, to disturb the peace of society, and disquiet the concordance of national harmony. The causes of the past have produced the melancholy effects of later times; and though their stimulating powers may sometimes pause or slumber, yet they have never died, nor will their energies decay, while the secret connivance of Government permits a privileged, predominant party to practise acts of wanton barbarity on their unoffending countrymen! As Ireland may, at present, be considered more a Nation of naturalized Britons, than native Irish, is it not strange that the Mother Country does not more warmly sympathise with the privations and exigencies of her own offspring! Like the Ostrich committing her eggs to the common fosterage of Nature in torrid regions; so seems Great Britain to act with respect to her children, sent hither to depend solely on the bounties of Providence, and the fertility of our soil, to nurture their fortunes into prosperous existence, in the genial warmth of our generous climate.—The degenerate English were, in former days, treated by the Colonial Governors as Irish enemies; and, as all, in common, have become Irish

in customs, manners, and almost in religion, it is reasonable to suppose that such conformity still entitles the Anglo-Irishman to the odium of degeneracy! The very soil and air of Ireland were formerly allowed to have a singularly naturalizing influence over strangers, so that whatever is planted here, whether animal or vegetable, naturally becomes *Irish* in all things, except religious prejudice, which, for ages, has partially preserved its generic character, though not in all its pristine vigour. Popery—that bug-bear of Fanaticism, is the obnoxious quality of the Irish soil—no means, yet resorted to, how inhuman soever, have been able to destroy it. It has thriven throughout the long-during crusade of persecution, and penal oppression, and now it overspreads the land. Well might Sir Arthur Chichester say, then, that our very air was tainted with its contagious infection!

In conclusion, the Author begs leave to state, that he anticipates many objections of the critical Reader to his work, inasmuch as some things have been written that are not perfectly adapted to the present, but the past. That prose should have been preferred to poetry, as the vehicle of his sentiments: and that the same theme is frequently renewed in corresponding rhyme. To the first objection, he answers, that as the Poem was not composed for the present generation alone, but for posterity; his historical relations, he trusts, will bear the scrutiny of investigation. To the second objection, he replies, that prose would have been preferred to poetry, had he not conceived that the moaning chords of the national Lyre was best fitted to respond to the wrongs of his country, and to breathe a softer tone of sympathetic sorrow on the listening ear. To the third objection, he can offer no satisfactory reply, in vindication of his conduct, more than this, that, from embracing an ample range of circumstances, with the frequent occurrence of similar transactions, the same signs may have as frequently returned with the same ideas, to give his production the appearance of tautology, without any intentional repetition.

Having brought the *Wrongs of Ireland* to a conclusion, the Author regrets that he cannot say as Dr. Horne expressed himself at the close of his Commentaries on the Psalms—they were happy hours that employed his labours. The self-imposed task, on the contrary, was painful in the contemplation, and melancholy in the execution, tho' actuated by Patriotism, and aided by a well-disposed and willing Muse. In stringing, like the Bard of Conna, the mournful Lyre of his injured country, to "awake the forms of old in their own dark, brown years," where his protracted theme was all of wrongs, sorrows and lamentations, he could indulge little joy in the prosecution of a task so distressful to feeling, and so overpowering to poetical sensibility.—Among his Harp-strings he sought for some chord of sprightly melody to gladden his heart, but he found none—the oppressive spirit of national sorrow had usurped dominion over all the wires that could vibrate to no melody but the dirge of wrongs. Of wrongs, therefore, he could only sing; yet were he to prolong his strain in accordance with but a small proportion of the injuries sustained by his unhappy country, he might from year to year through the continuance of life, like the breeze of the lonely grove among the strings of the *Aolian Lyre*, resume his elegiac strain from day to day, and never exhaust his Lyrical tale, in breathing the plaints of his nation's unprovoked wrongs.

P R E F A C E.

To expatiate on the political wrongs of the country of our nativity, and to delineate the darkly-shadowed picture of her penal sufferings and lengthened persecution, under the barbarous inflictions of English domination, through centuries of trial, calamity, and varied misfortune, is a painful task that naturally excites gloomy reflections and melancholy sensations in the susceptible mind of the native Bard who shall attempt to trace, with the pencil of History, guided by the sorrowing Muse, the sombre features of national distress, during the eventful Era of Ireland's civil debasement, and rigorous subjection. The adventurous Irishman, still warm with patriotic energy, who can dispassionately pursue truth through all the devious windings of Clio's mazy way, in the elucidation of fatal facts, strange vicissitudes, and frightful occurrences, appertaining to his unhappy country, from the Anglo-Saxon *Invasion* to the present period, must be more than Stoical in patience and resolution, in the prosecution of his painful task. Never has nation sustained more barbarous injustice than this persecuted country ; and the Annals of Empires furnish no parallel of a Realm so shamefully abused—so wrongfully traduced and stigmatised by venal and vicious detractors. Yet, notwithstanding the disgraceful calumnies, and slanderous strictures, of partial or prejudiced English writers, and still more illiberal and libellous Scottish Historians, and system-builders; sufficiently ample materials may be easily collected from the infamous host of Ireland's viperine villifiers to attest her ancient splendour, and comparative superiority over the surrounding nations, in the days of her intellectual brilliancy and national independence ; as well as mortifying facts, and circumstantial corroborations, to prove beyond the doubts of scepticism, the heartless cruelties, enormous in magnitude, and egregious in wickedness, she has heroically borne from Saxon tyranny and English despotism, together with the unexampled miseries she has patiently endured from the persecuting spirit of merciless fanaticism, since the introduction of a dissocialising foreign creed, enforcing new opinions, and inculcating strange doctrines on the repulsive, conscientious believers, of the ancient faith of the land.

It seems unnecessary to resort to impartial, native Historians, for an exposition of the wrongs of Ireland ; while her enemies boastingly and exultingly acknowledge the crimeful enormities of their countrymen, who, elevated, by England, to the rank of petty colonial tyrants, proved to our country the most perfidious of execrable monsters. With unpitying insensibility, the hireling scribe, or, perhaps, some military destroyer, describes the cold-blooded massacres—the inhuman butcheries of the innocent Irish natives—the vile intrigues of destructive treachery—the plots, the secret cabals, the plans of assassination—the lures—the leagues,

of bronze-fronted villainy, against life, liberty, and property ; as if it were a meritorious service rendered to Britain, to exterminate, if possible, a guiltless nation, that had been represented by the assassins of our liberty, as a wild uncultivated people, placed at the very *zero* of civilization, whom it was more morally necessary to annihilate than spare ; and so frightful have been the descriptions of the natives, sketched by the detractive pencils of artful and designing men, for the *thinking* inhabitants of England, that, even at the present day, it is difficult to persuade some of the more illiterate Anglo-Britons, that we, Irish, have not some monstrous appendages and propensities more assimilating with the brute than the rational creation ; and the epithet, "*Wild Irishman*," was once so generally applied to the Irish, that it is still remembered, and often used, as a term of innocent reproach, rather than as a just national opprobrium. Ye genuine and generous Britons ! do not suffer yourselves to be the dupes of your own credulity, in conceding belief to the detractors of our country. Attempts, indeed, were sedulously and iniquitously made, to make us barbarians, and savages ; but the several fruitless efforts of our inhuman persecutors have totally failed. Ireland is still a great and noble nation, that, for *three thousand years*, has preserved the distinctive traits and lofty lineaments of learning and civilization, in defiance of foreign hostility. Penal laws, since the Reformation, were enacted, in wickedness, to destroy Irish learning : severely did those laws press upon the vivid energies of native genius ; and though human faculties here, have outlived the rigid winter of oppression, the infamous causes hitherto put in operation, to debase the literary character of Ireland, are yet productive of evil efficiency and mischievous consequences, sufficient to place our national literature, in comparative contra-position to England and Scotland, in a situation of humbling inferiority. This state of things, however, cannot last—we still possess all the native elements of high intelligence : Irishmen begin to feel acutely the sense of civil degradation, and national debasement : they have been enslaved, though unconquered ; and they have been persecuted, though deserving freedom. The native mind, recovering from the stupor of silent despair, and awakened to the recollection of wrongs, begins to indulge the pleasure of felicitous anticipations—insulted pride, roused by indignation, resolves on self-redemption : the free and the unconquered have submitted, in vassalage, to a tyrannical Despot, through the flattering expectation of deriving the benefit of equal justice, and impartial laws under a fostering Government ; but the woeful experience of *two hundred and twenty-seven years*, has convinced them, that no other fate, than ruin and desolation, was ever intended for Irishmen and Ireland by British policy. It is high time, therefore, that the dupes of false professions should endeavour to recover their liberties, and redeem their invaded rights : active measures are in operation to restore native privileges ; but whatever effects may be produced by native independence, the future only can properly obviate.

Is it to be expected of Irishmen, who are deeply impressed with a painful sense of their present degradation and vassalage, yet still reflecting on

the former glory of their country, that they will henceforward endure with patient resignation, the iron yoke of the intrusive stranger, who came with hypocritical professions of friendship to seize our property with the merciless hand of the freebooter, and to rule with the arbitrary will of heartless tyranny? The *Reformation* neutralised its own fanatical malignity; the *Revolution* also failed in the performance of all its murderous intentions, but the civil *Union* of the British and Irish Legislatures crowned all the wicked works of Saxon perfidy and turpitude, to complete an imperishable monument of political infamy to the eternal disgrace of the perfidious nation that privileged such audacious state-swindling and shameful corruption!

A nation that had subsisted and flourished on its own internal resources, under an organised Government, for more than *two thousand years*; and that by a successive train of adverse circumstances and unanticipated events of a fatal tendency, had lost its freedom through fraud and treachery, yet retaining the principle of *magnanimous* achievements and native heroism for many centuries of insatiable cruelty and accumulated crimes, may be insulted and enslaved, like Greece and Ireland, and taught to suffer the galling yoke of foreign tyranny till patience sickens with persecution, yet will, assuredly, demand its pirated rights with a haughty voice, aided by a vindictive hand, to re-establish its wonted, patriotic character, when physical resources are found capable of successful recrimination, in the waning power of Intolerant despotism. The abuse of power and the exercise of usurped authority are often permitted, for a time, by Divine Providence; but the unjust Government, that tramples on the rights of human nature and the universal privileges of free-born man, has certainly met, or will yet be fated to meet, the angry vengeance of an offended God, for wanton severity and barbarous tyranny, practised on insulted innocence and persecuted Virtue!

Long subsequent to the decline of the great nations of Antiquity, Britain, slow in civilization, began to glimmer, through the cloud of her unsunned ignorance, with the faint eyes of new-born intelligence, wondering at the moral light that surrounded her, as she sat in her shaggy, skin garment, the rude, Island savage of the Atlantic Ocean. Her increase of knowledge was by slow degrees: her Roman Masters first became her haughty tutors; they elevated her ruggedness of character above the primitive standard of mere barbarism; and left her better than they found her. Anglo-Britain was also tardy in improvement, though generously assisted by philanthropic Ireland, till the brighter days of heroic *Alfred*, that illustrious prodigy of semi-barbarous times. The Norman Conqueror, by a change of Government, added to her territorial influence, without promoting her literature or civilization; but with the increase of power, by the accession of Normandy, she became eventually insolent, and offensively hostile to the neighbouring nations. Ireland the paramount object of her military ambition, soon conceded a pretext for political interference, if not for hostile invasion. A band of needy adventurers, espousing the cause of an immoral and refractory native prince, excited

little alarm, in a country armipotent in battle, though divided by rival Chieftains, proud in spirit, and ambitious in enterprise; the natural consequence of Danish wars, that furnished the primary cause for national division. How a few mercenary soldiers managed to keep possession of a part, and through their partial success, how English interest was propagated throughout the entire of this illfated Island, in after times, to the final undoing of the whole country by treachery and deceit; the Irish Historian, and the Minstrel of "THE WRONGS OF IRELAND" will best delineate.

Wales was next added, as an appendage to England, by means of the destroying sword. Soon after *Caledonia* felt the offensive rigour of her arms, directed by the bold Crusader, *Long-shanks*; while, in course of time, that grasping and griping nation, to evince her prodigality of character, lavished blood and treasure for empty glory in the fields of France. Forth from that day, England ceased to extend her conquests beyond those nations, till a New World tempted her avaricious cupidity, and lastly, the Old Continent presented new scenes of interest in the east, where she has progressively formed a colossal Empire on the humiliation and debasement of the Hindoo.

To exhibit to the world, striking marks of her extraordinary prodigality of character and thoughtless impolicy in support of legitimacy, she evinced great imbecility of judgment and foresight, through the intemperate exertion of her physical and fiscal powers, in leaguing and subsidising several of the great European States against the revolutionary sons of Gallic Liberty, to perpetuate human slavery and crush the proud spirit of popular independence. The unequal struggle, between the powerless impotence of legitimacy, and the energetic magnanimity of the disciples of Freedom, was long and sanguinary; and though war-loving Britain, in the prosecution of her favourite system, lavished profusely the blood of her triple nations, and much more than all her exhausted Exchequer could supply, in support of her darling scheme of human subjection, she finally retired from the field of strife, with blood-stained, unsubstantial glory and empty honours, to brood over the calamities and fatal consequences of an undischARGEable national debt, that still hangs like a dead weight upon her civil resources, to chasten her inefficient impolicy, and shew her the delusive temerity and inutility of promoting wars unconnected with her popular interests.

Long accustomed to dominating insolence, she still continues haughty and overbearing in her supercilious deportment towards our country, as if her power and spirit were yet capable of tyrannous exertions. Labouring under a strange infatuation of mind, England has always practised mistaken policy in the partial, or general government of Ireland: a contemptuous hatred and false prejudice against our country prevented, at all times, on the side of our persecutor, the unbiased operation of more generous qualities. Whatever Ireland may have merited of kindness, gratitude, or generosity, was commonly appreciated at an undervalued estimate, or repaid with steel. The *Land of the Rose* was ever envious

of the ancient superiority of the green, Island-country of the *Shamrock*. England, when arrived at a certain point of comparative refinement, became jealous of our priority of civil greatness, and felt ashamed of her own infancy of knowledge, existing in such intellectual inferiority in the neighbourhood of our celebrated literary Isle ; and, in proportion to her advancing power over our nation, her envious malice and consistent hate, too frequently betrayed her into acts of wanton, unprovoked hostility to effectuate the destruction of learning and letters. The Danes were less culpable in their ferocious devastations here, as heathen barbarians, whose inhuman deeds resulted from ignorance and moral blindness ; but the Christian Saxons had no such plea of exemption from all the blame which their unnatural, irreligious cruelties, infamously incurred, through odious acts of brutal ferocity against Literature, Religion, Arts, and Sciences, while trampling on the fanes of Religion, levelling God's holy Temples, violating consecrated Sanctuaries, defacing and destroying sacred monuments, consuming the venerable records of our high antiquity ; and persecuting with fanatic injustice the pious observers of the primitive Christian Creed ; to stamp the unhallowed perpetrators with ingratitude, evinced towards a generous nation to which unlettered England had been indebted for Learning, Laws, and Religion ! But envious detestation, so unforgiving, and so malignant, in its nature, when aided by power, and actuated by jealous prejudice, generally exhausts its ferocious spirit on all things great and ennobled that lie in the fatal track of its destructive tyranny. The Saxon *Thalabas* had no higher interest, in the violence offered to our literature and sacred monuments, than the intemperate gratification of malicious passions ; yet their doings were always directed by the basest motives, for iniquitous purposes, to bring our noble nation down to a level with themselves, and, if possible, still lower, by the deprivation of historical antiquity, so flattering to *Milesian* pride, and, at the same time, so honourable to Irish genius. Our forefathers were, at first, the objects of English resentment and lawless outrage on account of country ; and next, for the distinctive difference of doctrinal tenets and modes of faith : the former, more resulting from cupidity and self-interest ; yet the latter producing, more destructive efficiency, for the extermination of a religion that could not be uprooted, or torn from the soil by other means than the common sacrifice of all its professors. A retrospect of the dark ages of Irish Catholic persecution is frightful to Remembrance, and shocking in the contemplation ! Need it be matter of surprise to the learned, historical reader, that Ireland shou'd complain of unjust, unnatural, and unprovoked oppression ; or that the speaking wires of her plaintive Lyre should only vibrate to the voice of political wrongs, when a celebrated foreign Musician declared, on hearing some of our sweetly melancholy strains, that our Music seemed to breathe the regretful sympathies of a nation that mourned for its lost liberty ! Such was the just remark of the immortal *Handel*, whose critical knowledge of Music remains undisputed.

History is yet little cognizant of the crimes, the unburied crimes of Britain, which investigating Truth, and the universal witness, Time, will yet expose in their dark drapery ; and were it possible that the mournful ghosts of our murdered ancestors could be summoned from the world of spirits, to be marshalled in dreadful array before the astonished gaze of revengeful England, how would the awful, many-featured spectacle of her gory victims—the martyrs of her sanguinary, unfeeling rigour, horrify her recoiling senses, and awaken her remorse ! The train of white-robed innocents, who perished by her *Herodian* demonism, on the spear of the pitiless assassin, would present their gaping sides, streaming with guiltless blood, that cries to heaven for vengeance on the guilty. The brave soldiers, inhumanly sacrificed after surrendering up their arms, and imploring in vain for mercy, would stand forth with frowning indignation to complain against the perfidy of her sons, and the wrongs of war. The tender mothers, who suffered untimely and unjustly, with their unborn babes, through blood-thirsty brutality, would exhibit their sorrowful countenances, and cry aloud against English barbarity. The noble and magnanimous native chieftains, who, by abused professions of false friendship, and the profanation of the laws of hospitality, received the base reward of their confiding credulity on the penal point of the murderous spear, or the reeking dagger of the insidious deceiver, would rise, in menacing forms, gloomy and grisly spectres, shewing their blood-gushing wounds, where the life-current of heroic bravery had ebbed away. The reverend shades of the martyred Clergy, who felt the fatal effect of fanatic steel ; some who perished in the devouring deep ; some who met destruction in the wild retreats of their native land, where they had sought a dreary asylum from persecution ; others who yielded up their lives to witness their steadiness of faith, on the shameful tree, or on the blood-stained scaffold ; how affectingly and piteously would they all exclaim against the execrable deeds of British tyranny, that cut them off, unripe, from this sublunary world and the cheering light of day, to deprive Religion of its zealous ministers, and the spiritual communicants, of the comfort and consolation of their divine ministry. In fine, what has not Britain wrongfully done ? What has not Ireland patiently suffered and forgiven ?

The INVASION was productive of serious, though partial, consequences to Ireland : the REFORMATION extended the limits of national discontent, though, for some time, not of territory, with the promotive causes of internal strife and religious animosity : the REVOLUTION increased the penal severities of past times, with newly-aggravating enactments, through the introduction of political disqualifications among Irishmen, for publicly professing the Apostolic Creed of their holy ancestors, and acting in conformity to the dictates of conscience. Each of those fatally memorable periods gave origin to as many Eras of growing calamity for hapless Ireland ; and the same number of penal Epochs, for prosperous iniquity on the part of her enslaver ; and though a multiplicity of evils sprung from

every progressive century of her civil subjection—the UNION plunged our beloved country into deeper and more general misfortunes, and such as are likely to involve her in greater distress of a permanent kind, than has hitherto afflicted her deplorable children. Ireland conceded no warranted right to Great Britain, to privilege that power-loving nation to demand a union of Senates. She possessed no lawful authority, consistent with the example of other States, to deprive us of our National Legislature, because we had rashly placed ourselves under British protection, when we ought to have defied and despised her as an ungenerous enemy. The nefarious measure was an outrageous act of wanton injustice, perpetrated by political villainy on a duped and artfully deceived country, for unwisely submitting to English despotism without extending the right of conquest.

In the following HISTORICAL POEM, the *Wrongs of Ireland* are painfully and pathetically expressed, from the Invasion to the present eventful time, with scrupulous tenacity to facts, and supported by the best authorities. The work commenced, and was chiefly written during the Winter of 1828, when the *Irish Catholic Association*, was declaiming against the administrative injustice and oppressive enactments of Britain, and legislating as a popular, influential Body, that gave life, energy, and impulsive momentum to public spirit throughout the organised Nation. Ireland began to feel her strength renewed; and though a manacled and fettered slave, her ponderous chains seemed to lighten at the magic touch of exhilarating expectation. The people, awakened to a lively sense of their growing evils and accumulating wrongs, through the efforts of patriotic agitation, imbibed the political infusion of their independent countrymen, their loud-toned leaders, and seemed ripe for a revolt from penal sufferings, aggravated by the insolence of a Faction, that had been long favoured or countenanced by Government, to the no small annoyance of the peaceable and loyal Catholics. Two parties stood forth in hostile defiance of each other: the one, popular and physically strong; the other, limited in numbers, though great and influential. The Catholic party was mortifying and contemptuous in its public proceedings; the *Brunswick Confederacy* was haughty, proud, intemperate, and less guarded and cautious in political sentiment. The *Catholic Council*, chiefly composed of distinguished Barristers, or Gentlemen of cool, deliberate judgments, proceeded with resolute determination in the work of national regeneration: the great body of the people acknowledged and obeyed their mandatory authority, moving in simultaneous concert to their dictates and wishes. The prospect was alarming to the Government—Church Ascendancy anticipated the danger of a civil storm: the *Brunswicker*, like a hunted stag, stood at bay, even in the moment of paralysing trepidation, when fear most predominated. The defensive *Catholic*, bold as a wounded lion, beset with enemies, in the hunter's toils, rose superior to suffering, with natural magnanimity, to chastise his congregated foes; and had not the prudential caution of his Associated Advisers, restrained his powers.

of action, he, doubtless, ere this, would have risked the consequences of a trial of strength with the agents of power and oppression.

Dreading that a collision of parties might assume the formidable aspect of a civil war, in this province of the Empire, the policy of state, co-operated with the anticipating wisdom of the Senate to extinguish the increasing flame of faction, by dissolving the CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION, and, at the same time, coincidentally, the short-lived BRUNSWICK ASSOCIATION, to introduce the *Relief Bill*, and emancipate the *Helots* of Ireland. The Poem proceeded successfully; and, with the exception of a part of the sequel, was ready for the Press, when the disposition of the Royal Mind, the resolution of the Cabinet, and the justice of the Legislature, voluntarily combined to release the Irish and British Catholics, from political slavery, by repealing the *Penal Code*, so long a stigma on the Constitution. The Author, restrained by deliberative considerations, suspended the publication of a work which, as he then conceived, had, in a great degree, been rendered abortive by the unexpected liberality of Government. But now, after a lapse of nearly two years of serious reflection on the present state of things, and observing that his country has been rendered little more than nominally free, while still oppressed with power, and loaded with existing grievances, pregnant with injustice and wrongs; he resolved to place the production of his Muse before the bar of public opinion, that her complaints might be heard, and her patriotic effusions appreciated, according to their deserts.

From Irish unprejudiced Readers, the Author will naturally expect most favour: from English liberality he will still hope for courtesy and indulgence; but from Scottish generosity, he will not feel inclined to anticipate either clemency or mercy; though he may probably obtain negative forgiveness or silent contempt: the highest reward commonly conferred by the professional or gratuitous critics of North Britain on the literary or political Advocates of Ireland!

Works, on popular Irish subjects, expressive of patriotic feelings and native sympathies, are seldom eulogised or commended by a large proportion of British Readers, how laudable soever the efforts of national Genius may appear; while the herd of venal Scribes, that write against Ireland, and traduce her as a nation, are sure to be recompensed for their inglorious labours, by profit and emolument, for transcending empty praise; a meed esteemed less important in their eyes than solid and substantial advantages. Of the merits of his Work, or the probable reception with which it may be honoured, the writer will not attempt to form any delusive estimate: similar productions have been heretofore rather unfavourably received; so that the Author dares not flatter himself with the hope of greater success than his literary predecessors who have laboured, unprofitably, in the same field; but as he courts perusal more than interest, he will feel amply rewarded, if his composition should merit the attention of liberal and enlightened Readers throughout the Empire,

especially in England, where he is most desirous that his work should be best known.

In a Poem of such unusual extent, the critical Reader will, no doubt, discover many errors, and much to satirise; yet, with Historical Truth on his side, he will find an able Advocate against the severity of professional Reviewers, as well as illiberal critics. He has strenuously endeavoured to paint the sufferings of his long afflicted country, under English oppression, through all the vicissitudes of time and political revolution, since the dark Era of the Invasion, with a strict fidelity to impartial History. In the developement of sentiment and the elucidation of facts, his object has been, to represent the genuine feelings of Catholic Ireland smarting under the scorpion lash of penal correction, and breathing indignant contempt from wounded pride against her cruel, and merciless persecutors. Irishmen may, in the generosity of their noble natures, forgive the accumulated injuries of centuries; though they can never forget the operative injustice of English tyranny, and the egregious crimes of the British Cabinet, that parent source of all our national calamities!—The Irish Catholic has, at length, been restored to citizenship in his native land: he has been permitted, through Royal clemency, and Senatorial justice, to breathe the salubrious air of Freedom in his own delightful Island Home: he has been qualified to raise his voice in the Imperial Hall of British Legislation; yet he has still left, to torment his acutely sensible mind, the rankling mortification, that many grievances of painful importance, unfortunately remain, to mar his peace and impede his prosperity. Ireland, whether considered as a Protestant, or Catholic, country, can never flourish without the cheering presence of her own NATIONAL LEGISLATURE. Her dissatisfied children can never be perfectly reconciled to the British Government, while Church Ascendancy predominates over *national* interest, to blast our productive industry and retard the hopes of Agricultural or Commercial enterprise. A pampered, oppressive Hierarchy preys, like hungry Locusts, on the fatness of the soil, and luxuriates on superabundance, while the hardy sons of unprofitable labour are toiling in vain to procure a scanty subsistence for their wretched families. Monastic Institutions, with their princely revenues and alms-dealing benevolence, have passed away—their charitable beneficence has failed; but the riches which supplied their resources, have been vested in other hands, that minister not to the wants of the poor, or the cravings of humanity. The holy, austere Brotherhood, have ceased to distribute the gifts of nature and a bountiful providence to the necessitous part of the community; and the pious Sisters no longer pride themselves in the unbounded exercise of generous charity, for the means of benevolence are no longer in their possession. The lordly Castle, or the Episcopal Palace, rises on the sacred ruins of Ecclesiastical devastation, where the haughty Aristocrat, or the proud Prelate, spurns the unpitied pauper from his door, with heartless indifference. Human patience revolts from such altered scenes; and recoils from the presence of legalised oppression.

ABSENTEEISM, much increased by the Union, also exists as a permanent and aggravating national cause of discontent, productive of much misery and extending pauperism. This constitutes a political evil of no common magnitude, from which results a long series of distressing consequences. The *Pactolian* streams of national wealth are drained by its influence, without making any adequate return to supply the exhausting deficiency.

A large peace establishment of military protectors, furnishes another fertile source of Irish dissatisfaction and growing displeasure. If Ireland has been found a strictly loyal nation, why should she be incumbered with this weighty and unnecessary burden? Our police and constabulary forces, from political considerations, are still more vexatious and oppressive in their mischievous efficiency, as well as hostile to national tranquillity, and contrary to the nature of their establishment. No party-man should be constituted a peace preserver, or furnished with offensive weapons to annoy those whom he should protect; nor should a factious yeoman be permitted to carry arms for the gratification of murderous propensities, when called out to support the lawless interest of every petty tyrant who may afford him an opportunity for wanton barbarity.

Other grievances present themselves in the *Subletting* (depopulating) *Act*, and *Vestry Act*: the former operates with great severity on the small Tenantry, and, by its harsh and unnatural provisions, tends to uproot and exterminate many thousands of the most industrious and effective of the inhabitants; while the latter operates with crying injustice on the respectable householder and landed proprietor, through the means of the agents of Church Government, who compel the already overburdened native to yield to the unjust demands of selfishness and overweening cupidity. Against the injustice and continuance of this arbitrary law, the voice of the whole nation should loudly exclaim, till it shall have been amended, or entirely repealed. To advert to solitary or individual grievances is unnecessary, while so many require enumeration: a tolerably general view of these are taken in the Poem itself, though not with statistical or critical precision, as to the commensurate extent of the evils against which the nation complains. Some of these however are pretty accurately estimated by writers of comprehensive minds, ample knowledge, and eminent abilities, whose works are before the public, presenting such a gloomy prospect of political and moral evils as supersedes the necessity of a re-capitulation of the imposing facts, in a Poem already far exceeding the intended limits.

The Author has divided the work into five Cantos, with a previous EULOGIUM TO OGYGIA, as well as a Canto, introductory to the Poem. Each Canto commences with the several Eras of *Anglo-Irish* History: The INVASION: The REFORMATION: The REVOLUTION: The UNION: and lastly, The ERA OF INDEPENDENCE. Throughout the composition he has taken a cursory Review of the several, lateral Dynasties of *Anglo-*

Norman Sovereigns, from HENRY PLANTAGENET to GEORGE THE FOURTH, the late regnant Monarch of Britain. He has epitomised their lives and actions, as briefly as the nature of the subject would admit of; and has endeavoured to shew, how far their several Governments have operated on Ireland, either in a favourable, or unpropitious manner; while his several deductions seem to furnish arguments against the almost uniform and invariable injustice of British Kings, exercised towards his injured and abused country.

He has amplified considerably on the transcendent blessings of nature so liberally conferred on his native Island; and has strongly contrasted those divine gifts of providence, with the baneful effects of mal-administration and misgovernment, through centuries of oppression, characteristic of great impolicy and wanton barbarity in the Chief Governors of Ireland, acting under the instructions and dictations of British Sovereigns, as well as corrupt or partial Ministers.

It is not the intention of the Author to swell out his work with Notes and Historical illustrations, inasmuch as he conceives, that Annotations will be unnecessary adjuncts to a poem, so faithful to genuine Irish History.* General Readers, and all who are thoroughly acquainted with our Annals, will readily admit the close connexion of History and Poetry in the subsequent volume. But as a large proportion of British, and perhaps many Irish Readers, may not easily perceive the strict affinity between Clio and *Historic TRUTH*; he begs leave to observe that, where the adducement of facts may appear doubtful, he has candour and confidence to assure the sceptical misbeliever, that nothing has been stated which is not corroborated by the written testimony of undisputed Historians.

Some may suppose that the Web of poesy is but flimsy fiction: this is frequently, though not uniformly the case: poetry has been the undoubted origin of History, and the eldest Register and offspring of Tradition. The primitive fathers, in the ages of innocence and simplicity, adopted the harmonious art, as the best method of communicating the knowledge of past events: Poetry therefore may be considered as the very life and essence of History, and its noblest embellishment. Others are of opinion that the Muse is indifferent to politics. The reverse of this opinion has sufficient proofs of a contradictory tendency, not unknown to the learned world, to corroborate and support it.

On national subjects, such as the present, the loftiest and most sublime of the *Aonian Sisters* must feel themselves both delightfully and painfully employed on a theme where such scope is given to genius and descriptive talents. It affords a melancholy pleasure to the native Bard, to trace his country through the dark wilderness of her woes, with the eye

* This intention, modified by circumstances, the Author was obliged to abandon.

of Retrospection, to the bright landscapes of Antiquity, when she shone forth in the resplendent glory of her civil greatness, unrivalled and alone, the green-robed Queen of Waves. But what our country was in by-gone ages excites less interest than her present degraded condition: severely has her pride been chastened, and her noble spirit broken, by trial and affliction; yet the patriotic elements of re-generation are still in her possession: a reviving principle of re-creation belongs to her; that, like the Talisman of the Magician, or the wand of the Genie, retains a wonder-working efficacy. The love of Liberty and the fire of Patriotism have been long chilled by the damps of a frigid Destiny; but late occurrences shew, that their energies are still alive, and have passed, by transanimation, from father to son, in hereditary succession, through the disastrous Epoch of our country's humiliating servitude, to the period of her liberation from civil slavery and political degradation. Her brave sons have evinced unprecedented loyalty to their despotic Rulers, without a parallel, under the most mortifying circumstances, since the Revolution; their Allegiance, therefore, if a stronger stimulus than conscience can be given, will acquire fresh vigour from the liberality of Government and senatorial justice, exercised in their favour, after so many tardy years of supplicating patience, and baffled expectation; but Ireland or her children will bend no more to the yoke of slavery, or submit to the tyrannic will of Iron-sceptered despotism, while their national pride and physical resources are sufficiently strong to repel injustice and command respect. In past times, the pruning hook of persecution, and the blood stained sword of extermination thinned our country of inhabitants; and, from a populous state, comparatively reduced her to a howling wilderness, with a scanty, remnant population, that the ancient, Apostolic religion of the land might be rooted up, and annihilated. Persecution destroyed with sanguinary vengeance, till its thirst for blood was satiated. The wretched remains of a brave, suffering people still clung to the holy Faith of their pious Ancestors, in defiance of the persecuting spirit of religious fanaticism, and, contrary to the calculating folly of their tormentors, increased and multiplied exceedingly.—Such are the common effects of a persecuted Faith. Ireland now estimates her sevenfold millions; her sons have become civilized and enlightened, in despite of penal laws, hostile to the extension of knowledge, and inimical to the priests and professors of religious and literary Education.

Treated with fair handed Justice, our country will never complain that she has become a vassal to Great Britain; but conscious of her own strength, she will no longer bear the bondage of slavery. Compared with the nation to which she acknowledges fealty, her population is proportionably small; yet a limited people when roused by resentment, and united in sufferings and sympathies, can perform wonders, to vindicate their rights, and repel aggression. May the Almighty be pleased to grant, that the equitable spirit of British Policy may continue to legislate to

the prevention of dangerous experiments, that could not fail, eventually, to prove injurious to both Nations !

Linked in civil interests with Britain, may ours and the sister Island mutually unite in social affection and reciprocal offices of national concord ! The aggressor, repenting of past indiscretions, with a fixed determination to atone for former errors ; and the aggrieved country, nobly forgiving unforgotten injuries, with a generous oblivion of wrongs, and a conciliating disposition ; forgetting, as far as possible, what has already been forgiven. May Britain learn, by the practice of clemency and milder Government, the good effects of national utility, in the just administration of Irish affairs. May her ruling principles be governed by Justice and equity, while the tone, of her, hitherto, arbitrary will, shall assume a more conciliatory temper, than what woful experience has always found it ; and may she, never again, rashly attempt to tamper with an exasperated people, possessed of feelings so generous, and, at the same time, so indignant, as those which actuate the sensibilities of the Irish mind.

On the eve of publication, the Author esteems it expedient to introduce a few concluding remarks on the subject of a Legislative Repeal of the Act of Union, which, previously, to the present all-absorbing question of Reform, commanded very general attention throughout this country, and partially so, in the sister Island. That this political topic of national interest should remain dormant or unagitated, while Reform is in discussion, is prudentially necessary ; but if ever the people of Ireland, through blind infatuation, should suffer themselves to be diverted from this " life and death question," they deserve to see their unhappy country still more desolate, and themselves more miserable. Let the fawning and disgracefully temporising, venal votaries of self-interest, amongst us, oppose this measure of national salvation and vital importance, with all the unpatriotic efforts of filial Apostacy, to their odium, and their country's shame ; but let the sons of genuine patriotism who prefer honour, to disgrace, and civil independence to political vassalage, strain every nerve of their noble energies to effectuate a Repeal of that inglorious Act which has thrown the sable pall of death and desolation over the consumptive features of our declining state, which, if much longer unsuccoured by the unanimity of her children, in carrying this life-sustaining object into operative efficiency, must eventually become the most wretched, as she is, and has been, the most injured of Nations !

ARGUMENT.

Ancient superiority of Ireland over the other Islands of the Globe—transcendent excellence of her national Minstrelsy—early christian sanctity—High antiquity—salubrity of air and fertility of soil. Ireland the European school of Learning before, and after the dark ages—former seat of mystic worship and druidism—Her Pagan, and Christian *Æras* contrasted—the reviver of Religion and Letters in Western Europe—her former Freedom—Regal Independence—Music—Literature—Philosophy and Arts, eulogised—Interesting beauties of her natural scenery—her eminent, moral, and physical endowments—lofty natural characteristics—Allusion to her appropriate multiplicity of names and epithets—filial feelings of the Author sympathetically expressed—motives assigned for the adventurous spirit evinced by her sons as Missionary Saints, and persecuted Exiles—moral reflections on the degraded state of modern Ireland under Danish and Saxon Tyranny—Political longevity of the Irish Nation beyond those mighty contemporaneous Empires of coeval antiquity that have passed away, while the elements of her regeneration remain—still unconquered, though enslaved—still possessed of the principle of Freedom—A new era of Independence established by native patriotism—Pleasing anticipations of the Irish muse.

EULOGIUM

TO

O G Y G I A.

I.

Land of the Hero, and the Minstrel's Song !
That through thy green attire hast looked abroad,
O'er bounding seas--chief of the island-throng,
That smile to earth's illuminating God !
Ere thou wast sad in soul, or duped by fraud,
The Muse of History, to her ancient lyre,
Thy paens sung, before a foeman awed
Thy regal heart, to living strings of fire,
That full *two thousand years* of light and fame,
Shed circling glories round thy honoured name.(2)

II.

Thou shrine of Saints ! Religion's sacred Isle !
Lovely in holiness, in faith divine !
Parent of beauty ! in whose seraph smile,
The blending virtues and the graces shine ;
And soul-subduing modesty is thine,
Unrivalled nation of intelligence !
Around whose brilliant brows the Muses twine
The fadeless wreath of native excellence,
Which Memory's breath, and Pity's tears shall green,
Till Time decays with nature's sunset scene.

III.

Field of Antiquity and hoary towers !
With emerald-tinted mounts and velvet vales,
Where early springs diffuse their fragrant flowers,
To court the softly-sighing western gales :
On spicy wing, Health, o'er thy bosom sails,
Showering sweet incense on thy bloomy breast,
That fertile source whence plenty never fails
To draw profusion, bountifully blest
With generous soil, fine streams, salubrious air,
And all that makes thee fruitful, rich and fair.(3)

(6)

EULOGIUM TO OGYGIA.

IV.

Proud School of Learning ! Hyperborean seat
Of mystic worship—where the God-like Sun
Beheld his votaries, in devotion, meet
At Beal's altars, raised thy hills upon.(4)
Then blazed his pagan fires, and brightly shone,
Upon thy crystal waves, the twilight blaze
Of false religion ;—but those times are gone,
And Faith divine sheds holier, heavenly rays
Around the tombs of saints, that lived, and died,
The sons of true Religion and its pride.

V.

No longer now, as erst, APOLLO (5) leads
The hoary Druid to his secret grove,
To hymn his praise in Sacerdotal weeds,
And tune the wild Harp to unhallowed love :
His mystic rites, unsanctioned from above,
Have long since yielded to celestial Truth,
That brought from heaven her sacred laws—to move
Devotion's spirit, in the breast of youth,
And teach mistaken virtue, how to rise,
By Faith's direction to the ethereal skies.

VI.

The Christian Priest received APOLLO'S Lyre,
Which pagan hands a thousand years had strung,
While yet, unholy murmurs from the wire,
Idolatry prolonged with failing tongue :
Music remained ; though other themes were sung,
In purer unison to Gospel strains,
When meek Religion on thy fields was young,
And heavenly Hope illumined all thy plains :
Raising the soul to contemplate above,
The brighter prospects of immortal love.

VII.

Mother of Saints, philosophers, and sages !
Parent of patriots, princes, priests, and bards !
Thou ark of Literature, in by-gone ages,
That treasured science with devout regard.
When Europe prostrate fell in times ill-starred,
Resigning Freedom, Empire, Wealth, and all
To Vandal fury, when her Fate was hard, [gall] ;
As barbarous vengeance quenched her thirst with
Oh sweet, secluded island ! thou wast then,
The safe retreat of Hope and holy men !

EULOGIUM TO

VIII.

Sad Europe trodden down by lawless power,
For ages, 'midst the wreck of greatness, lay ;
Like Nature, when the skies of Winter lower,
When dark and dismal rolls the sunless day ;
Her humbled pride lay pining in decay,
Mourning its destiny, low in the dust,
Like TADMOR in the Desert—Ruin's prey, [bust,
Frowning o'er mouldering column, and crumbling
A wasted, wild, depopulated land,
The drear memorials of the spoiler's hand !

IX.

Wondrous to tell, and marvellous to read
Th' imposing truth, by History recorded,
That here, in safety, Genius sowed its seed,
When iron-hearted Vandalism lorded
Tyrannic sway—nor Meray's hand afforded,
To suffering worth through Europe's wide domain,
Till thou (if truth, the fact has rightly worded,)
Re-wastedst light to gild her fields again ;
Else had she longer in her darkness slept,
Unwaked by Learning—mournful and unwept.

X.

Still great and free, amidst the waves thou stoodst,
While Desolation spread o'er many a land,
When thou, the Queen of peaceful kingdoms, viewedst
The strife of death beyond thy ocean strand :
Fire-breathing war, with reeking bloody hand,
In mighty empires left a frightful void,
While thou, o'er Freedom's realms, thy olive wand
Waved, Goddess like, complacent, unannoyed
By savage man, that elsewhere made a waste,
And reared his iron throne on crowns debased.

XI.

Favoured by Heaven—by Providence endowed
With qualities most noble and divine,
Thou rotest like the sun, when not a cloud
Prevents the radiant God of Day to shine ;
The powers of might and majesty were thine—
With virtues rare to light immortal fame,
And thine the genius, learning to refine,
That sheds a lustre round thy honoured name.
A fadeless glory that shall never die,
So long as sunshine gilds the earth and sky.

XII.

Garden of Nature ! who hath ever seen
 Thy graceful landscapes uninspired with charms,
 Resistless, as when Beauty's magic mien,
 The amorous heart of Love's young votary warms .
 Ah me ! what pleasing, sensitive alarms
 Awaken in the soul of him who views
 Thy sunlit fields—thy land of Arts and arms—
 The minstrel scenes of Music and the Muse—
 Unenvied, unadmired, has never eye
 Beheld the features of thy Majesty !

XIII.

The God of Goodness made thee what thou art
 In excellence supreme above thy peers ;
 He gave thee ample nobleness of heart—
 A generous soul, with courage free from fears ;
 A sympathy of feeling, prone to tears,
 When Innocence and Virtue suffer wrong ;
 Honour—high-spirited, which Heaven reveres,
 The love of glory—and the gift of song ;
 Faith—sanctimonious faith ! of Eden birth
 The steadiest—warmest—ever dwelt on earth !

XIV.

Yet thou, fair Isle, of philosophic lore,
 Unrivalled qualities of heart possessed,
 Ere saints adorned thy silver-sanded shore,
 Or Christian fances arose upon thy breast ;
 For they who scanned thy worth, and knew thee best,
 Entitled thee the “holy western Land ;”
 “Eiron ; the happy island, and the blest,”
 Like Eve, made lovely by the Maker's hand,
 With rivers, harbours, lakes, capacious bays,
 Green hills, soft vales, smooth plains, and sylvan ways.

XV.

Land of a thousand names, by poets given (6)
 With numerous epithets thy worth to tell !
 No wonder thou shouldst wear the smiles of heaven,
 And all the world in excellence excel,
 In times remote, when thou lov'dst virtue well,
 Ere foreign, baser mixture was alloyed
 With thy divinity, when demons fell,
 In human form, the fanes of Faith destroyed,
 And spread pollution, with unholy feet,
 Through Virtue's Temple, and Religion's seat.

EULOGIUM TO

XVI.

Oh blessed land ! dear Island ! that inspires
My Muse with energy, my mind with powers ;
My tongue with speech, my breast with fond desires ;
To sing the splendour of thy regal hours
In ancient times, when, from thy kingly towers,
A thousand Harps the soul of Music lighted,
When Learning, Freedom, Minstrelsy were ours
Ogygian Isle ! (7) with Genius eagle-sighted,
Darting his radiance, like electric fire,
Through every life-string of the Minstrel's lyre.

XVII.

I love thee, Erin, native land of loves,
With filial zeal ; yet I have loved thee more
Devoutly zealous, in COLUMBIA's groves
And woodlands wild, when from thy sacred shore
I wandered for a time, to feel how sore
The pangs of absence tortured, far from thee,
Beyond the billowy waste where breakers roar,
While seas and surges parted thee and me :
Ah ! then I learned with soul-affecting pain
That life without thee courted peace in vain !

XVIII.

Dear Alma Mater ! hast thou true-born son,
Who could thy fond maternity forego,
Where'er his lot is cast, since first begun
The current of his vital fount to flow ?
Oh never ! Irishmen in weal or woe,
In every clime, their native land adore,
And feel, in absence, pain's acutest throe,
To think Fate binds them from thy emerald shore ;
While Hope, uncherished, in their bosoms, dies,
When Thought reminds them of their native skies.

XIX.

Yet, INNIS ALGA ! if thy sons were true,
If patriotic feelings fired their minds,
Why did they trust to waves, and waters blue,
To fickle Fortune and to faithless winds,
Life's doubtful destinies ? While Nature binds
The Irish heart for ever to the spot
Where Hope, its sweetest consolation finds,
Midst native scenes that interweave with thought,
The pleasing recollections of the time,
When Youth was like a spring-flower in its prime.
(10)

XX.

'Tis true, there was a period of thy reign,
 When from thy fragrant shamrock-tufted breast,
 Thy sons dispersed themselves o'er many a plain
 To christianise mankind, and see them blest
 With theologic virtues, deep impressed,
 Upon the truth-irradiated mind, [West,
 When thou, Faith's light-spring, brighten'dst all the
 And shedst on Europe's fields thy soul refined;
 Unrivalled land of intellectual beams,
 Thou wastedst radiance then on many streams ! (8)

XXI.

Induced by pious motives, warmed with zeal,
 Superior to contemporaneous states,
 Thy saintly sons, armed with Ithuriel's steel,
 To these unfolded heaven's eternal gates;
 But other themes the modern Muse relates,
 Of those whom galling, penal laws impelled
 To roam adventurous, courting milder fates,
 On shores less dear, by insolence compelled,
 To leave thy soft, green vales for other lands,
 Uncursed with power, unspoiled with impious hands.

XXII.

To him who deeply reads, compares, and views
 The wide-contrasted past, and present time,
 'Twill seem unstrange that dew-eyed Pity's Muse
 Should pour a strain of sadness through thy rhyme;
 He will not marvel much that woes should chime,
 With plaintive melancholy, through thy lays,
 When Memory wakes, to witness fraud and crime,
 And tell the glories of thy ancient days;
 While looks the mind, through wild affliction's waves,
 On humbled dignity---a land of slaves !

XXIII.

Fairest of Islands ! Freedom's former home !
 And is it here that crouching slaves can dwell ?
 Have all thy patriot sons inclined to roam ?
 They that erewhile, loved Liberty so well :
 Perished their prowess, ere thy spirit fell ?
 And are there none but those who tamely bow,
 To heartless tyranny, in Slavery's cell,
 Where heroes flourished ? Oh ! where are they now ?
 Low slumbering on the laurelled warrior's bed,
 While o'er their honoured dust th' inglorious tread.

EULOGIUM TO

XXIV.

What pity ! that a land so good and great
In moral virtues, liberally endowed,
Should nourish slaves or meet th' ignoble fate
Of coward, venal nations that have bowed
Submissively, to pander to the proud ;
And prostrate kiss oppression's ruthless rod,
As though it were by destiny allowed,
Ordained by Heaven, and registered by God,
That thou shouldst bear for centuries, the chain
Of vassal nations, reckless of thy pain !

XXV.

Yet was it not thy crime, nor with consent,
That savage foreigners o'erspread thy land,
To bid thy daughters and thy sons lament,
When stern invaders, haughty in command,
Purpled with native blood thy hallowed strand,
And o'er thy smiling landscapes spread dismay,
With murderous sword, and spear, and flaming brand,
To fright the genii of thy fields away :
Thus came the pirate DANES, who dearly bought,
In time, the sordid plunder which they sought. (9)

XXVI.

The Danes subdued in many a deathful fight,
Recorded by the sage Historian's pen ;
A greater scourge assailed thy regal right,
A band of needy and adventurous men,
Like hungry tigers, from their forest den,
Prowling for prey, beset thy peaceful fold,
Aided by one, false, traitorous shepherd, when
His perfidy by many tongues was told ;
One traitor stained with guilt, one dastard son,
Betrayed thy flock, and left our sires undone.

XXVII.

Need I remind thee, victim of the wrongs
Of Saxon vengeance ; how thou wast betrayed ?
Since many bards in elegiac songs,
Have registered the frightful havoc made
By persecution's desolating blade,
And all the nameless ills that thou hast borne,
Since first, beneath thy hospitable shade,
A Saxon sat, to make thy hopes forlorn :
Forth from that day thy comforts have been small,
Thy regimen, regret : thy beverage, gall.
(12)

XXVIII.

Thy unsuspecting soul, thy generous mind,
 But little dreamed, the Norman Saxon few,
 Enclosed within a pale should ever find
 The road to Empire, if thy sons were true ;
 Yet they, more brave than prudent, rather slew
 Their rival brethren, than attack'd the foe,
 Their common enemy, whose vigour grew,
 By their disunion, to thy overthrow ;
 Nor was it, till too late for reclamation,
 They witnessed thee a spoiled and ruined nation.

XXIX.

The sly, insidious foe, with murder stained,
 Beneath Religion's holy mask, disguised
 Deceit and guile, when falsely he obtained,
 The papal means which baseness had devised
 For sordid purposes, that first advised
 That holy engine to effect thy doom,
 By practising on minds that least surmised
 A despot's motives, legalised by Rome,
 That won submission from Hierarchial Chiefs,
 And fixed a lasting signet to thy griefs. (10)

XXX.

It matters not by whatsoever means
 The spell was bound upon thee—thou and thine
 Have been in thraldom—not by foreign skeins
 Defeat or overthrow, since GEOFFRY's line,
 Came with invasion, o'er VERGIVIA's brine,
 To blast the foliage of thy Laurel Oak ;
 To blight thy Shamrock wreath, and intertwine
 The sinews of thy strength with Slavery's yoke :
 Oh ! direful day, OGYGIAN Isle ! for thee—
 Hope, Learning, Commerce, Faith, and Liberty !

XXXI.

The merciless have triumphed o'er thy fall,
 Unconquered, injured Isle ! and they have smiled
 Like demons of destruction, when the pall
 Of desolation clad thy ruins wild ;
 Ah ! how have curs'd, polluted hands defiled
 Thy monumental beauties, and the fanes
 Of holiness, in Gothic grandeur piled,
 By votive monarchs on thy christian plains,
 Ah me ! how frail, the remnant now appears
 Of all the splendour of two thousand years !

EULOGIUM TO

XXXII.

Political dissensions made thee first,
The object of injustice,—next thy creed,
Obnoxious to Reformers, madly nursed
Ten thousand evils of infernal breed.
These scattered o'er thy soil the noxious seed
Of persecution, faction, penal laws,
Productive of full many a monstrous deed,
That sought for cruelty a groundless cause,
To fix eternal infamy of fame
To Britain's crime-degraded, haughty name.

XXXIII.

Hast thou deserved such treatment, loyal land ?
Say hast thou merited return so base
For thy fidelity, that might demand,
At least, the gratitude of Cerdic's race, [trace
And conquering William's sons, from whom they
Their spurious honors and their high renown ?
Yet, strange reward ! these offsprings of disgrace,
Instead of thanks, repaid thee with a frown ;
And for thy services they gave thee chains,
With mock regality for all thy pains.

XXXIV.

The UNION came, that compact of deceit !
To terminate the Drama of thy woes ;
A fraudulent collusion, to defeat
Thy future hopes, and aggrandize thy foes.
Oh ! had thy spirit in that hour arose,
To mar the deed that left thee but the name,
The specious shadow of a Queen, that knows
No regal right, save what the slave may claim ;
Unconscious Dupe ! that term so misapplied,
The UNION, left thee but insulted pride !

XXXV.

Erin, thou seem'st a Chronologic Tree,
Deeply engraven o'er with strange events ;
Upon thy trunk and branches, all may see
Memorial records, History's monuments ;
Deeds of the past, for which the Muse laments,
And sad occurrences that man deplores ;
Even on thy leaves, we trace the lineaments
Of crime and bloodshed on thy fated shores :
Ah ! who could dream that such a noble root
Would bear so strange a tree with bitter fruit ?

XXXVI.

And we have known that thou didst represent,
 At various times, through havoc scenes of death,
 A yawning sepulchre of vast extent,
 Engulfing Patriots, crown'd with Freedom's wreath.
 How many heroes slumber underneath
 Thy verdant bosom, that in battle-field,
 For Independence have resigned their breath,
 To thee bequeathing half-worn spear and shield —
 Oh! sad mementos for thy sickened sight !
 Distressful relics of th' unequal fight !

XXXVII.

Oh ! widowed Erin ! Sorrow's mournful Queen !
 Less beautiful by nature—less allied
 To ancient greatness, thou hadst never been
 So much the victim of invidious pride ;
 But thou, alas ! hast been severely tried —
 And much of penal suffering hast thou known,
 Since first thy flowers, with native blood, were dyed,
 When fierce TURGESIUS reared himself a throne
 On human carnage—followed by his hosts
 Of Scandinavian blood-hounds to thy coasts.

XXXVIII.

Fair garden landscapes to th' invader's view,
 Themselves presented in thy land of smiles—
 A paradise of beauty, which he knew
 Was worth the sacrifice of all his Isles ;
 For this were measured many ocean miles,
 And here he strove, like Lupine beast of prey,
 To hold thy tempting charms in savage wiles,
 Though hosts behind him shrunk like waves away,
 On Death's red-ebbing tide ; for, dearly paid
 The ruthless monster for the spoil he made.

XXXIX.

'Twas thus TURGESIUS reared a thorny throne,
 Upon thy breast like fiend of desolation ;
 And, for a time, he triumphed in thy moan,
 Glorying in tyrannous depopulation ;
 Yet thou wast then a proud, indignant nation,
 Alive to honour—boastful of renown,
 That rolled re-active, with reorimination,
 Against th' insulter of thy regal Crown :
 While MELCHA's memory lives, by fame enshrined,
 The fall of TURGESIUS shall rejoice thy mind.

XL.

By native prowess, sunk the daring Dane,
 In conflicts worthy of the Elio Bard,
 While life-blood flowed on many a crimson plain,
 From gaping wounds, of Chieftains deeply scarred.
 Of *Loughlin's* sons, how many came ill-starred,
 To find, amid thy vales, inglorious graves,
 Where foreign corsairs long and fiercely warred
 Against thy shores like battling ocean waves :
 The boldest Dane met heroism here—
 Defeat and death, upon thy lightning spear.

XLI.

The brave—though desperate, foe, by native steel
 For ever crushed—thy harder fate was next
 The inroads of insidiousness to feel
 From hordes less dreaded, that have sorely vexed
 Thy feelings; since, with false and base pretext,
 A vain, ambitious, artful Saxon king,
 The sinews of thy regal power, relaxed
 When peace internal felt the deadly sting.
 That poisoned, with its fell, malignant powers,
 The source of bliss, and hopes reviving flowers.

XLII.

Confiding Nation ! Britain's *Upas* shade,
 With breath pestiferous—life-destroying bane,
 A frightful desert round its sphere hath made
 Of desolation—mournful as the plain,
 Bestrewed with reverend relics proud and vain,
 Whereon, a princely ruin BALBEC stands,
 The wreck of greatness, frowning with disdain,
 Amidst the waste of subjugated lands,
 That flourished in their day, as thou hast done,
 And saw, in blood, deseed their setting sun.

XLIII.

Of “*Volney's Ruins*” thou mightst form a part ;
 For thou wast great and splendid in thy day,
 Till taught by War's depopulating art,
 That Pride, like mountain waves, will shrink away :
 What is Antiquity's superb array,
 But humbled majesty, which time has made :
 Nations, like men, grow, only to decay,
 And only flourish as a flower, and fade :
 They rise like stars, they dazzle—shine—and fall—
 And o'er their relics, ruin spreads her pall !

OGYGIA.

XLIV.

So BABYLON rose, with splendour, and declined
That mighty nation of primeval ages ;
So NINEVEH appeared—and left behind
Her frail remains to antiquarian sages.
Alas ! what ruined greatness still engages
The curious traveller's eye in many climes,
Whose ancient annals, but illumine the pages
Of Clio's volume stained with war and crimes :
Their remnant glories shine through many a blot
Of hardened vice—but, they, themselves, are not !

XLV.

GREECE, scientific GREECE ! where Learning lighted
Her orient sunshine, of resplendent blaze,
Shone brightly to the world ; but time benighted,
With clouding causes, all her thousand rays.
She set—and o'er her Muse-loved, classic ways,
A new-born nation spread the wings of power :
The full-orbed sun of Europe's former days,
That lighted Rome's colossal, civil tower,
Like heaven's own source of light, o'er half the globe,
Shed lustrous splendour from her gorgeous robe.

XLVI.

Imperial Rome, that, in her strength and pride,
Laid haughty nations prostrate at her feet,
And spread her giant limits far and wide,
The World's great Arbitress—of wealth—the seat
Shall it be said, and shall the Muse repeat,
That she, of sternest qualities of mind,
With merciless barbarians bowed to treat—
The supercilious conqueror of mankind !
And how she sunk beneath her ponderous weight,
Bending in low submission to her fate.

XLVII.

Yes ! Rome, of pagan Empires mightiest far,
Crumbled away in presence of her foes,
While thou, to westward, like heaven's Vesper star,
Amidst thy glories smil'dst, in sweet repose,
For millenary cycles—fair as rose
Thy sun-bright Liberty ; still peaceful shone,
Thy civil greatness—stranger to the woes
That fell earth's other, fated nations on :
Illustrious in letters—noble—free,
Secure thou sat'st amid thy zoning sea.

XLVIII.

Yet, land of lofty elements! though thou
 Hast been degraded, and by ingrates wronged,
 Who taught thee, in thy vassalage, to bow
 To haughty scorn that never yet belonged
 To brave invaders; they whose hate prolonged
 Their vengeance with their empire, ever since
 The hour FITZ-EMPEROR, with his thousands thronged
 Thy envied coasts to prey on innocence:
 Accursed Era, ushered in with crime
 That henceforth darkened all the links of Time!

XLIX.

Of mad misgovernment and partial laws—
 Of soul injustice, cruelly refined,
 Of rancorous hatred, that allowed no pause
 From persecution, wrought by zeal purblind:
 Of faith intolerant—faithless friends unkind,
 Of vile venality, and nameless foes,
 A victim thou hast been since fate assigned
 Thy lot with nations doomed to many woes;
 As if thy guilt deserved th' avenging rod
 Of retribution from an angry God.

L.

Whate'er thy faults—or errors of the past—
 So far as History leads the steps of Truth,
 Thy moral virtues, vice could never blast,
 Since Memory met thee, smiling in thy youth.
 And if thy path of trial was unsmooth,
 Harsh, rude, and rugged made to wound thy feet
 Thy suffering patience, sympathy will soothe
 And mercy will thy heart with gladness greet;
 For surely heaven will yet resent thy wrong,
 Through persecuted Faith, that suffered long. (11)

LI.

Unconquered Nation! from thy bleeding breast,
 That heaves at present like a troubled ocean
 Thy genius breathes, proud Island of the West!
 And all thy spirit seems in wild commotion:
 Thy Helot sons, so loyal in devotion
 To stern oppressors, have indignant grown:
 They feel their chains—pride rises on their notion,
 And native Independence, gives a tone
 To newborn patriotism, that, in form,
 Grows like a danger-brooding, wintry storm. (12)
 (18)

LII.

Thy soul expands with enterprising vigour,
 Nerving the sinews of thy strengthening power,
 To vengeance roused, by Britian's iron rigour,
 Thy firm, undaunted sons no more shall cower
 To insolence, that taught thy skies to lower,
 Through many a direful, dark, and dismal day,
 When Pity sat by Freedom's ruined Tower,
 Weeping sad tears o'er national decay;
 While slept thy spell-bound spirit in the wreck,
 Where demon Havoc marked his bloody track.

LIII.

But thou hast waked, at patriotism's call,
 To frightful recollection of thy wrongs;
 And thou hast flung aside the mournful pall
 Which clad thee in thy widowhood—when songs
 Of dirgeful woe, such as th' Bard prolongs
 Above the dead, sad Elegy has sung;
 Yet other task to Erin's Muse belongs
 Than woes which modulated sorrow's tongue;
 Or tuned, to misery's sympathetic strain,
 The Minstrel's Lyre, in persecution's reign.

LIV.

Now angel Oratory guides the speech
 Of gifted sons, whose tongues of soft persuasion,
 A moral and instructive doctrine preach,
 To friends and foes, adapted to th' occasion:
 No more, such men will brook or bear evasion,
 When they shall clank their fetters, and demand,
 Their rights—their liberty—when no dissuasion
 Shall thwart their purpose, or their claims withstand;
 They must be free—must break their chains asunder,
 Or shake Oppression's Throne with awful thunder.

LV.

A band of fearless patriots is thine own,
 A civil polity of Legislators,
 Whose power and influence lion-like have grown
 In presence of thy vile calumniators;
 They claim no epithet save "Agitators;"
 Yet they can wield the energies of mind,
 To combat foes; yet true conciliators,
 They will religious freedom to mankind;
 And lawful rights which they have been denied,
 Through jaundiced prejudice and selfish pride.

EULOGIUM TO

LVII.

A hand is on the *Lever* of thy fate—

A potent hand of mighty powers possessed,
Thy destinies to wield, and re-create

The love of Liberty within thy breast.

The LIBERATING CHAMPION of the West

Has conjured up the spirits of our sires—

The sons of freemen list his high behest—

As Hope sheds incense on her sickly fires;
While Peace and Concord clasp in Love's embrace,
And Joy sheds light on Union's smiling face.

LVIII.

Ogygian Isle! thy sombre Age is o'er,

Or expectation must be self-deceived,

And darkness on thy fields shall lower no more,

Nor will thy heart henceforward be aggrieved

By British artifice, which Faith believed

Less base in motives than, alas! she found it, (13)

For thou, from Slavery's chain must be relieved,

And all th' infernal, penal links that bound it,

So strongly, by oppression to thy state,

With all the rivets of a ruthless fate.

LVIII.

Mother of melody and song! I hail

The brightening prospects of thy future days:

I fancy music floats upon the gale

That bears to heaven the paens of thy praise.

Rise, Erin, rise! bid all thy minstrels raise

The hymn of triumph; for the moral fight

Is fought already—and the Hero's Bays

Surround the brows of many a conquering Knight;

The champions of the soil, who bloodless set thee free,

Have purchased Laurel Wreaths, for Liberty and thee.

END OF THE EULOGIUM.

ARGUMENT.

Solemn Introduction of the subject—Ireland compared to a Land of graves—a theatre of carnage—appeal to heaven, the divine witness of her wrongs—Invocation to the Harp of the West—Picturesque beauties of Ireland delineated—her Geographical and Physical advantages illustrated—Arrival of the invasive Danes—Spirited struggles of the natives against the first Invaders—successful triumph of their magnanimous arms—restoration of national peace—Inroads of the Saxon auxiliaries of Mac Murchad—Treachery practised against the Monarch—Visit of Henry II. compared to that of George IV.—Apostrophe to the late unfortunate Queen—her fate assimilated to persecuted Ireland—The Bull of Adrian IV.—its mischievous consequences defined—Insecurity of the Pale Government—Ireland still free and independent, beyond the English Pale, till after the accession of James I.—Duplicity of that artful Prince practised on Irish credulity—Evils resulting therefrom hostile to native freedom—Ultonian bravery eulogised—general expatiation on the wrongs sustained by Ireland—base qualities of the Saxon Colonists—American Indians less persecuted by the Spaniards than Irishmen by Saxon, petty tyrants—obligations of Britain and Europe to Irish generosity and benevolence—Monuments of Irish History still extant, in despite of the literary despoliation of the strangers—Revival of Ireland from the stupor of ages—Retrospect of her former days of Glory.

THE WRONGS OF
IRELAND;
HISTORICALLY REVIEWED.

INTRODUCTORY CANTO.

I.

Sad, slow, and solemn, let my numbers flow
In reverend pomp, comporting with my theme ;
For I must sing of wrongs and sovereign woe,
That long has brooded o'er the Muse's dream :
Let sadness like a melancholy stream, [verse,
Breathe plaintive murmurs through my mournful
While I enlarge on Erin's griefs supreme,
And my ill-fated Nation's ills rehearse :
Ah me ! I enter on my task with pain,
For sorrows deep, engross my plaintive strain !

II.

With trembling hand of caution, I aspire
To advocate my country, and to sweep
With pity's minstrelsy her pensive Lyre,
While Feeling's current, through my heart runs deep :
My nation's wrongs, that haunt the hours of sleep,
And frightful images, by day, present,
My troubled soul in wakeful tortures keep,
That make the sympathies of life lament.
My mother Isle, with all her thousand woes,
Robs peace of rest, and murders my repose.

III.

With retrospective vision, I review
Her former glory, when she was a Queen,
O'er-canopied with skies of azure blue,
With zoning seas of sparkling waters green ;
I sigh to think how mighty she had been
Before her unanticipated fall—
Ere foreign foes upon her fields were seen,
Or rapine revelled in her Regal Hall ;
But wo is me ! unconsciously she fell,
Without a crime—as Pity's Muse shall tell.

IV.

Long-during bondage has her spirit broke—
For ages past her children have been slaves :
Submissively, they groan beneath the yoke
Of Britain's proud OSIRIS—King of waves !
Our lovely Isle has been a Land of Graves—
A theatre of carnage, blood, and spoil,
The gulf of avarice deep, that yawns and craves
The fat, the wealth, and produce of the soil,
Nor feels satiety with these alone,
But sucks our country's marrow from the bone.

V.

God of the wronged ! Thou just one, slow to wrath !
The cycle of our bondage, most severe,
Is known to thee, since misery crossed the path
Of our prosperity—and waited here
Her pestilence and plagues, from year to year,
To curse our Island with infernal pests
And foreign evils, that have wrung the tear
From our regrets—and sighs from many breasts :
O God of Retribution ! come and see,
How Erin suffers for her faith to thee !

VI.

Come, Father of the injured, and behold
Her tribulation—and thy succours lend
To wearied patience, tried like melted gold,
To prove the worth of virtue. Thou the Friend
Of Innocence abused, in mercy send,
To us thy children, timely, heavenly aid
Against injustice, to whose will we bend,
That drains our wealth—and would our lives invade ;
And help us, Father, in the dang'rous hour !
Oh ! break our chains, and crush the tyrant's power !

Harp of the West ! awake, the Minstrel calls— (1)
Too long thy soul hath slumbered in the halls
Of desolation, where unswept—unstrung—
Deep, mournful silence sealed thy silver tongue,
Till ages rolled away on leaden wing,
Dark as a polar night, uncheered by spring.
Thou lyre, of many voices, that hast slept,
So long untuneful, while thy country wept,
Awake ! if music lives among thy wires,
For Sorrow's Muse, thy votive Bard, inspires

(23)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

To touch thy chords of melancholy tone
That best can chime to sad IERNE'S moan.
Spirit of love, and war, and woful songs !
Be ours the theme of injured Erin's wrongs,
Since first, by Saxon perfidy, betrayed,
She sat a mourner in the lonely shade
Of Woe's sad Cypress, in desponding mood,
The symbol of distressful widowhood.
If griefs perennial have not damped too much
Thy hallowed strings with life-benumbing touch :
If ruthless persecution, practised long,
With ceaseless rigour, on thy wires of song,
Has left the inspiring principle behind
To move the tender sympathies of mind,
Such as thy plaintive melody could yield
In former days, when from the well-fought field,
The Laurelled Chief indulged in softer charms,
Infused by beauty, than the clang of arms,
As peace, with all its magic influence stole,
Divinely, on his music-chastened soul.

Harp of the West ! if still in thee remains
The spelful spirit of thy former strains,
That breathed the pathos of celestial things,
And Heaven's intelligence through breasts of Kings,
Moving the passions with persuasive sway,
Unfolding, to ideal worlds, the way,
Through all th' unbounded realms of sentient thought,
With all the powers of life and action fraught ;
Associate with the SYLVIAN MUSE thy tones,
While ghost-like Memory utters sighs and moans ;
And we, in concert, plaintively will tell,
How Erin suffered, and how Erin fell ;
With all th' accumulated, varied woes
That banished peace, and martyred her repose,
During her long, dark, shadowy, starless night,
Uncheered by Hope's illusive, mental light,
Or aught that comforts patience, to bestow,
One gleam of gladness, on her sombre woe.

Creative Wisdom, when this ample Globe
Received existence, clad in verdant robe,
Our lovely Isle, with richest treasures graced,
Rising in beauty from the watery waste :
Amid the green-waved main she proudly stood,
Fair as the fabled daughter of the flood,
Sweet-smiling to the skies that gild the West
The first of Europe's Isles, supremely blest ;

(24)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND,

The clime of Health--of zephyr-loving flowers--
Of beauty, vernal sweetness, suns, and showers,
Green velvet vales, and woody, tow'ring *Sleves*
Whence many a fertilizing stream receives
Its crystal source, to irrigate a land,
Like Eve, made perfect, by her maker's hand,
And, haply gifted, all earth's Isles above
With marks of favour from Eternal Love.

The native Muse defines her, as the sphere
Of blooming Spring throughout the rolling year,
Enriched with plenty, wealthy in her stores
Of mineral treasures, and metallic ores :
With ample Bays, broad lakes, and noble ports,
To which the Commercee of the earth resorts,
To flap, with pleasure, in the Western breeze,
Her swan-white sails, secure from stormy seas.
Her scenes Autumnal, greet the eye of morn,
With yellow fields of richly-waving corn,
That, with their graceful garniture, unfold
The heaving bosom of a sea of gold.
Her undulating hills, with forests ercwned,
Shed sylvan grandeur on the vales around,
And view their leafy honors, where below
In mirror-streams, they downward, bending grow,
By bright reflection, towards th' inverted skies,
That far beneath attract th' observer's eyes,
When heaven, and heaven's reflected dome appear
Above, below, around, one glorious sphere !

Far o'er this blessed land the foot may stray,
Undreading serpents lurking in its way ;
No poisonous reptile basks amid her bowers,
With pestilential breath to taint her flowers,
That like her blushing daughters, chaste and fair,
With odorous exhalations scent the air,
That fans her garden-landscapes, and improves
The mild, green verdure of her graceful groves.
Ah ! who with unadmiring, heedless sight,
Has ever viewed this land of soft delight ?
Or who that ever looked upon her yet,
Could leave her verdant shores without regret ?

In Geographical position, placed
Apart from Rapine, in the watery waste :
From foreign envy screened by shielding seas--
By war unspoiled--in opulence and ease--

This beauteous Island, physically blest,
 Man's paradise of Nature in the West,
 For ages shone, with all her emerald charms,
 The seat of learning, and the nurse of arms :
 Saw prosperous virtues thriving in her soil--
 Abundance smiling on industrious toil--
 Health greeting Peace-- and Love saluting Joy,
 Where pleasures reigned, unblended with th' alloy
 Of hope's incertitude, or cares that shade
 The sunshine of the soul, when fears invade
 The realms of mind, to raise discordant strife,
 Among the powers of intellectual life.
 Throned on her mossy hills, she sat sublime,
 Surveying placidly her pleasant clime,
 That lay encompassed, with its Ocean-zone,
 Beneath her eye, all Freedom's, and her own.

Such was the Isle whence honour had its birth,
 Where social friendship brightened every hearth,
 And glowed in every breast, enlarging wide
 The hospitable heart of generous pride,
 Whose active virtues sympathised and felt
 For human woe, with pity prone to melt;
 Like virgin snow, before the warming sun,
 When first he shines earth's morning scenes upon,
 Succeeding terrors of a stormy night
 When Winters, bloomless wastes are cold and white.
 Exalted in her greatness, and endowed
 With attributes to make her spirit proud :
 Possessed of power's vast elements—a Queen,
 She spread her vestment of Imperial Green,
 To Liberty, and Day's effulgent God,
 In gorgeous, regal majesty abroad,
 Tuning her wild harp to harmonious lays;
 The songs of glory, and the hymns of praise;
 A happy land, with children great and free,
 Th' unrivalled Empress of the Western Sea,
 Brightening with Genius, peacefully she reigned
 With independence—and had long maintained
 Internal quiet—if her sacred ground,
 Her fame, and glory, had not shed around
 A native, sun-bright radiance, to illumine
 The envious land that sealed her direful doom.

First Avarice led the bloody-handed Dane,
 Impelled by hardihood and thirst of gain,
 To darken round her shores, like wintry storms,
 When elemental war, in cloudy forms,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND,

Lowers on the fading landscape, where complain
Pale visaged Autumn and her languid train,
As sad creation, and the mournful skies,
With mutual sufferings seem to sympathise.
Roused from their Island dens, for spoil and prey,
Through paths of blood, to mark their savage way,
With Tigrine fury—breathing fire and flame,
The predatory sons of LOUGHIN came,
In evil hour, to meet her Lion hosts,
In frightful conflict on our peaceful coasts,
Whereon Invasion had not once imprest
A hostile foot, since to her climate blest,
The sons of GOLAMH sought her sacred ground
With letters, science, laws, and fame renowned ;
With school philosophy to gild their train,
From southern fields---from once ennobled Spain.
To Scandinavia woful was the cost,
Sustaining struggles which she bravely lost,
Against a fearless, independent race
Whose courage never shrunk from foeman's face.
Too delicate of honour—and of life---
Too prodigal, to shun, or shrink from strife,
They met th' invaders, as the torrent meets
The brushwood in its course—and mighty feats
Of death and doughty valour were achieved;
Yet still with succours strengthened and relieved,
Th' hostile foe, maintained, by force of arms,
A dangerous post midst restless war's alarms;
Till native prowess triumphed in its might,
And LOUGHIN's sons forsook the field of fight,
When opposition could but ill withstand,
The conquering spirit of our steel-girt land.

The Danes subdued—intestine peace restored,
By patriot heroism's vengeful sword ;
A more insidious, yet less dreadful foe
Assailed our shores, to Erin's lasting woe.
Oh ! fatal day ! when *Strigul's* gloomy chief
First stained with native blood the Shamrock's leaf,
And planted in our soil the seeds of strife
That rankly threw, embittering human life
With poisonous fruit, whose fell, malignant bane
Effused its deadly juice through every vein
Of Civil Liberty, and lastly brought
A wild paralysis of sense, that wrought
Destructive consequences to our state
From year to year, too painful to relate.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

From one immoral, soul-polluting cause,
The philosophic Muse of History draws
The sad effects of one, inglorious deed,
To rouse a nation, made our country bleed,
For centuries dark, from every streaming pore,
And drenched our lovely Isle with human gore.

Ill-fated hour ! when DERVORGALLA fled
With Leinster's Monarch from her husband's bed,(2)
To spread of civil war, the wasting flame
O'er all the kingdoms of our Isle of fame.
Traitor of traitors ! Wretch by heaven accurs'd !
MAC MURCHAD ! Matricide ! of foes the worst !
Thou crime-stained Monster ! can thy ashes rest
In peaceful grave, upon thy country's breast ?
That generous breast perfidiously betrayed,
When crouching low, thou courtedst foreign aid
Against thy brethren, who, to punish vice,
By force compelled thee to affix a price,
For proffered services, on child and nation,
When bartering Freedom for thy vindication.
How came FITZSTEPHEN, with his train of Knights,
FITZGERALD, PRENDERGAST, to steal our rights ;
How Strongbow fought, by base Mac Murchad's side,
The villain-father of his plighted Bride ;
Or how was duped O'Conor's royal mind ;
What frauds were practised, faithless treaties signed,
'Tis bootless for the Muse to sing, or tell
Since Memory knows the painful facts too well.
Say, was it conquest ? No, it was deceit,
Guile, artifice and baseness, all-complete,
That triumphed o'er a nation much too brave,
And credulous, to scan the mail-clad knave,
That wore Hypocrisy's obscuring veil,
To mask the man, behind the coat of mail.

Next came, in all the pageantry of pride,
The great Arch-Hypocrite, across the tide,
With gorgeous, regal train of knights and squires,
To win submission from our thoughtless sires,
When saintly blood was ready to awake
Avenging British ire for BECKET's sake.
So sought our Island's shores in modern times,
A sceptred visitant mature in crimes ;
An equal hypocrite, with specious guile,
To prove th' allegiance of this loyal Isle,
When flying from a people's execration,
For deeds of perfidy and reprobation,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

That stamped a character upon the man
Who stood the first in persecution's van,
With heartless infidelity, to wound
A virtuous consort, good and blameless found,
Noble in soul, and generous as the sun,
Yea, excellent in worth to all, save one
Whose jaundiced, moral vision ill could see
A woman's virtues in their majesty.
Oh! persecuted Princess ! injured Queen !
Gone down to dust, to slumber there serene,
The emblem of my martyred land thou art,
Wounded in pride, till suffering broke thy heart :
Left like a royal wreck, by tempests tost,
On Desolation's shores, when all was lost
Which once, in life, possessed the powers to bind,
To temporal hopes, thy heaven-exalted mind.
Thy cares have ceased, thy woes have gone to rest,
Stilled is the troubling tumult in thy breast ;
Yet live, and ever will, thy wrongs, thy name,
A light, a landmark on the heights of fame,
To guide the bark of history, calm and smooth,
Through shoals of error to the port of truth ;
And future ages, to thy woes severe
Will oft concede a sympathising tear,
When they who persecuted thee, may only claim
For execrable deeds, ignoble fame !

Th' ambitious Autocrat, Plantagenet,
With double-dealing tongue, our chieftains met,
And, with his specious, plausible deceit,
Cajoled our princes, prostrate at his feet ;
Imposed upon hierachial sages' sense.
With BULL libellious, craft and sly pretence,
Till dupes involuntary, learned too late,
Their own misconduct from their country's fate.
In that accursed hour were forged the chains
That bound our land to penalties and pains,
And linked to Slavery's yoke, by slow degrees,
The fairest, noblest island of the seas.
Why were our sires so easily enslaved ?
Of rights and liberty, so soon bereaved ?
Were not our fathers, lions in the fight,
With hearts of strength that nerved the arm of might
To wield the deathful spear and lance of light ?

Then did their courage fail, that never shrank
 Before in battle, till, by steel, it sunk ?
 What cause unnerved our heroes in their strength,
 So dreaded by the Danes, that they, at length,
 Before a weaker, treacherous arm should bow,
 To plight allegiant faith, and civil vow,
 To vile transgressors—and, in tameness, crave
 The servile boon—the privilege of a slave ?
 'Twas not their military pride that bent,
 So much as meek Religion, innocent
 And inoffensive, that, to papal will,
 Bowed the submissive neck, that's bended still,
 To legatine authority, when Rome
 Directs in spirituals, that won't presume
 To touch at temporalities—or things
 Exclusively the right of regnant kings.
 'Twas ADRIAN's Bull, insidiously obtained
 From papal ignorance, that bound and chained
 Our fathers' freedom to religious zeal,
 Which blindly sacrificed (but not to steel)
 This fertile land, to duty, deemed divine,
 To Erin's grief—to all her sons, and mine !

Long pent within a pale, th' adventurous few,
 Who kept the Norman-Saxon good in view,
 Dwelt insecurely on their petty state—
 On all sides Ocean—or impending fate ;
 Their habitation fixed on stormy shores—
 Peace unenjoyed—the foemen at their doors !
 Their lot unenviable, thus to bear
 Precarious life in doubtfulness and care.

In this toparchial province of our land,
 The Saxon Satrap held his sole command,
 From age to age of ceaseless civil strife,
 Of varied fortune—and discordant life,
 Whose rubric calendar of bloody crimes,
 Records the chronic annals of the times
 When barbarous policy, in mischief prided,
 That loved, in hate, to see mankind divided !
 Still, virtually unconquered Erin, held
 Her regal power—and force by force repelled,
 Whenever predatory thirst of gain
 Allured the Saxon from his fenced domain.
 Too strong to yield to inroads, or admit
 The foe's encroachments o'er the limits set,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

The Irish held dominion, and enjoyed
Their Brehon laws—yet oftentimes employed
The hostile weapons of their feudal spirit,
Their fellow-countrymen, to disinherit,
Unheeding, and undreading foreign foes
That couchant lay their peace to discompose.

Presumptuous Ignorance! that would pretend,
Or boastingly assert, for sordid end,
That Ireland, as a nation, sunk subdued,
A British Province!—till with guile embued,
The Scottish mongrel-blooded JAMES THE FIRST,
With prejudice replete—a pedant nursed,
United Britain's rival thrones, and threw
His Pictish shade, my country! over you.
Conscious, at least, of partial, high descent
From Erin's kings, he claimed in Parliament,
Illustrious birth-right from our royal race;
Loud boasted of the lineage he could trace
To GOLAMH's sons—a fair and lucid line
As glory ever traced with light divine!
Was pride the prompter of his boastful theme?
Or did his egotism only stream
From sly duplicity, but to deceive
The land, still over-ready to believe
In false appearances, when native pride
Is with its fond credulity allied?
Confiding in an artful flatterer's words,
To us more fatal found than flaming swords,
Our country yielded to Britanic sway—
To Stuart's power—and Freedom mourns the day
That saw her brave Ultonian patriots yield
To dubious faith—and quit th' unconquered field.

Ulster! the last defender of the throne,
The Bardic sphere of haughty-soul'd Tirowen, (4)
That ceaseless scourge of Anglo-Saxon power,
The Bulwark of the North—the Fortress-tower
Of Independence, by the fearless guarded, (5)
Alas! how basely hast thou been rewarded,
For trusting overmuch to Pictish faith
That spoiled thee of thy all, save Glory's wreath,
Which patriotic valour had derived
From Fame—of which thou couldst not be deprived.
Ill-fated country! wronged and injured more,
Perhaps, than Nation ever was before,

(31)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Or since the day when English domination,
Commenced, deceitfully, thy subjugation.
The blackest chain of aggravated crimes
That ever linked a land to fatal times ;
The foulest deeds that history can record,
Impressed with infamy, by heaven abhorred :
The worst transgressions ever practised yet
By cruel man—without remorse—regret—
Or fellow-feeling, 'twas thy doom to see,
And feel, sad Erin ! through man's harsh decree !
'Twas not enough to grasp thy fair domains,
With all thy wealth---and load thy sons with chains ;
'Twas insufficient for uncurbed desire,
To see thy record-rolls in flames expire,
That so a jealous Island, without fame,
Might blast th' immortal honours of thy name ;
To satiate lawless passions, cruel, base,
'Twas not enough of vengeance—to erase
The monumental features of a Land
Renowned for greatness---ere th' unlettered band
Of savage Britons had emerged to light,
From native Barbarism's mental night.

No ! these could not suffice the envious hate
Of all the monstrous ministers of fate,
Whose iron-hearted tyranny destroyed
The all of Freedom which our sires enjoyed :
With more than Gothic fury walked abroad
These Island Vandals---sordid sons of fraud,
Marking their impious blood-encrimsoned path
With rapine, malice, death, insatiate wrath ;
And what, in Europe, Vandal, Goth, and Hun,
In merciless destruction, left undone,
Was here accomplished, by our fame deflowered,
When dragon flames unsparingly devoured
Antiquity's colossal, reverend Pile---
Th' Historic Column of our learned Isle.
Destruction yielded fell, demoniac joy
To those who sought our honours to destroy,
By every means that evil could suggest
Within th' imbruted monster's, vicious breast.
The fiend of devastation, wing'd with strife,
Here ruled, Hell's Regent, o'er the powers of life,

For ages of eventful; crimeful years,
 O'er which remembrance wept her bloody tears.
 This hungry demon, vulturine, for prey—
 For blood, still thirsty, held infernal sway
 O'er human victims, and like vampire crept,
 By stealth, on innocence, while it slept,
 To sap the vital fountain to its source,
 Without compunctions feelings or remorse ;
 And though a thousand life-streams flowed to slake
 This craving, fire-fiend of the burning lake;
 Yet still, for centuries, this imp remained,
 Unsated in desire, though blood was drained
 Profusely, and, at will, from many a pore,
 Till cruelly itself could crave no more !

Unhappy land ! to lasting miseries fated !
 What monstrous evils have been generated
 In man's degenerate mind upon thy breast,
 To wake thy sorrows and disturb thy rest,
 Since first a hostile, Saxon foot defiled
 Thy generous soil, when honour was beguiled !
 Black is the chain of crimes thou hast to count---
 Of invoiced miseries, long and large th' amount :
 Faith, duped by perfidy—and Truth deceived---
 Virtue contemned---and Falsehood most believed---
 Bravery insulted---Greatness vilified,
 By slanderous tongues that infamously lied
 Against a nation's creditable name
 Whose noble sons were brilliant lights of fame.
 My country ! great in qualities divine,
 Thy moral skies with luminaries shine,
 And hitherto have shone with radiance clear,
 Bright'ning Antiquity's dark Hemisphere.
 How hast thou been traduced ! fair Isle of saints !
 And made the parent-fountain of complaints,
 By underlings of power, who stigmatised
 The attributes they wanted, and despised :
 Treated that majesty they could not brook,
 With insolence of speech and scornful look,
 That spoke the dastard spirit, low and mean,
 Inflamed with envious jealousy and spleen
 Against a Land of heroes whose renown
 Had worn, in times remote, the civic crown

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Of western literature, when shadowy night,
In Gothic darkness, veiled the world of light,
And, o'er th' horizon of sad Europe, spread
Her raven-robe—as frightened genius fled
From Vandal barbarism's gloomy sphere,
To our *Flath-Innis*, and the Muses here.

What earth-born manners could not emulate,
Met here the vengeance of vindictive hate :
Malignant envy always most abhors
Those qualities which virtue most adores ;
And narrow-minded ignorance can prize
Nought that is great, unviewed with jaundiced eyes :
Th' illiterate may not learn, by reach of thought,
What eagle-eyed philosophy has taught,
Or science fathomed, by intelligence,
Deep in the mine of human excellency.
'Twas thus with our traducers—young in knowledge,
The camp their school—the field of Mars their college,
They hated Ireland and her polished sons,
As Greece and Rome had been by savage Huns,
And all that rude, uncultivated hive,
Which wanng majesty allowed to thrive,
When luxury debased—and wealth unnerved
That spirit which erewhile had never swerved,
But led to conquest and the victor's prize,
Th' intrepid brave, and Valour's best allies.

Rapine their study—vice and fraud their tutors—
Their practice cruelty—our persecutors
Maligned our nation, and, with specious lies,
Essayed her civil honours to disguise,
By every means which baseness could suggest,
And all the arts iniquity possessed :
By fire and faggot—falsehood and revilers—
Calumnious historians—sly compilers
Whom sordid selfishness, with language smooth,
Inspired with hostile enmity to truth.

Never before had day's effulgent sun
Beheld a Land, by man, so much undone,
Since first, with Godlike, world-surveying eye,
He looked on nature from the ethereal sky,
As thou, my country ! cruelly hast been
Beyond what fame records---or eye hath seen

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

For *fifty-nine**, and full *six hundred years*
Of penal torture---tyranny---and tears---
Wrongs---persecutions---murders---confiscations---
Rapacious wars---exactions---profanations---
Assassin deeds---with factions and divisions
Toparchial rivalry---unjust exactions---
Chains---dungeons---exile---multifarious cares,
And nameless evils, left to Slavery's heirs.

Yet why attempt t' enumerate all the ills
That lowered like storm-clouds round our native hills
With horrors, shadowing dark, their verdant hues,
Midst scenes best suited to the tragic Muse.

Compared to Irishmen, enslaved, degraded
By English foes, who treacherously invaded
Our peaceful shores, the Helots, in degree,
Were less in thralldom, happier, and more free
In PELOP's land, beneath the Spartan yoke,
Even with their humbled pride, and spirit broke.
Less persecuted were the *Carib* slaves,
In western Isles, beyond th' Atlantic waves,
By Spanish tyranny, when blood-hounds chased
The blameless Indians through their island---waste,
Where Man's rapacity and thirst for gold
Imbruted Christains, and made cowards bold.
Nor were the peaceful children of the sun,
When wolves Iberian rushed their fields upon,
With greater cruelty, or madder zeal
Obliged to suffer, than our sires to feel
The harsh inflictions of a tyrant's rod---
Th' abuse of power---the insolence of fraud.
We've had PIZARROS, yea! and doubly cruel!
As crafty CORTEZES, in long renewal:
We've had our Montezumas---oft betrayed---
Our GUATIMOZINS, dying undismayed;
With ATABALIPAS, who felt the ire
Of despotism's steel, if not its fire.

Painful the task, my Muse, to damp the strings
Of Erin's native Lyre, with crimes of Kings,
Or royal Minions, clothed with consequence,
To trample on the rights of Innocence,
From GEOFFRY'S Race through all the regal line
To GUELPH the FOURTH---that now, in life's decline

* The date is here altered, from 7 to 9 to suit the present time
from the year 1828 when this part of the poem was written.

The sceptic sways(7)—not one, of all the host,
Has wasted peace or friendship to our coast;
Nor has there passed one uneventful reign---
Nor unproductive of distress and pain,
To this hope-sickened Isle, whose self-denial
And patience, long have been afflictive trial,
Bonds---punishment---and humbling degradation,
With stern disdain and stoic resignation.

A time there was of most severe correction,
When *mere* Hibernians met with no protection :(8)
To them, the loss of life, was life to others,
And sons slew sires, and brethren butchered brothers(9)
Through instigating causes---always traced
To those, commissioned to “divide and waste.”
History records, what truth, in pain, hath spoken,
That treaties here were held, but to be broken;
Nor this a grievance singly to be stated,
When those who parleyed, commonly were fated
To fall beneath th’ Assassin’s reeking knife,
When Irish Chiefs, through honour, martyred life.(10)
Peace to the *Manes* of those victims brave,
They rest, with all their laurels in the grave,
While, marked with infamy’s disfiguring brand,
Have sunk the murderous satraps of the land;
Doomed, like *EROSTRATUS* to damning fame(11)
That fixes endless odium on their name.

Thy unsforgiven crime, my Country dear,
That cause of secret sighs, and many a tear,
Was not thy mild submission to thy fate,
But that thou wast magnanimous, and great---
Polished in manners---skilled in arts and letters,
And rich in saint and sage, when pagan fetters
Chained down the barbarous spirit of that nation,
Which, first from thee, received illumination !(12)
Priority of greatness, to a land
Whose vast ambition would the world command,
Suggested first the Tyrannous design
Of striking at the root of glory’s line,
By fiery Ordeals, that, in time, consumed
The names of saints and heroes, long inhumed
In venerated graves, with every trace
Of honour registered of Erin’s race;
That so, in Saracenic flames, might perish
All, thy nobility, so loved to cherish,(13)
Thereby indulging fiendish expectation
To break the spirit of th’ Ogygian Nation,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

That rivalled all the learned world beside,
In literary worth, and virtuous pride.

Here strung the Epic Muse in laurel bowers
Her heaven-strung lyre of vigour-nerving powers ;
Here learning flourished underneath the palm
Of placid peace in union's civil calm ;
And here, in still retreats of meditation,
Philosophy enjoyed sweet contemplation.
In olive shades, Minerva's green Alcoves,
Meek wisdom dwelt—while faith, in sacred Groves,
Leaned o'er her holy harp of votive praise
Proclaiming God's great, wonder-working ways.
Industrious labour sat beneath his vine,
And science searched her intellectual mine
Amid the scenes of prosperous civil life,
Apart from danger, and secure from strife,
While Europe's fields a frightful waste presented
Of desolation—long, and much lamented !
The day-dispensing God no radiance threw
On land so eminent—with sons so true,
So brave, so honourable, and united,
Till foreign foes the torch of faction lighted,
To kindle direful discord, and destroy
The blooming myrtle of perennial joy.
The learned world has owned th' imperial sway
Of hapless Erin in her prosperous day ;
Yet this, admitted fact, made England smart,
And nurtured envy in her jealous heart,
Awaking feelings she has ne'er forgot,
And why ?---Because it wounds her pride of thought
To own that gratitude is due to her,
Whose debtor's Eri's (self-styled) conqueror !
And were thy history, Erin ! now to write,
Though angels guided Clio's pen of light---
Though Truth sat scanning every line and page,
While Judgment weighed the works of seer and sage,
Stamping conviction on tradition's lore,
Till scepticism's self could doubt no more ;
Yet truth-suppressing Britain would defame
Our great antiquity—nor blush with shame,
To term the labour, superstition's trance
Of monkish legends crowded with romance ;
Or silly tales of wandering troubadour ;
Or fancy's wild conceits which fools adore.

But, Erin ! thou hast record-rolls to boast
 Of faithful chronicles—though much was lost
 When Saxon malice wickedly destroyed
 Th' Archives of learning---thus to leave a void
 In history's long-linked, antiquarian chain,
 That Ireland's glory ever might remain
 A dubious light, scarcee glimmering thro' the haze
 Of mist-enveloped times of former days.
 The levelling fury of barbarian hate
 Essays to crush whate'er is grand and great
 Beyond its own circumference of mind ;
 For savage ignorance is strong and blind,
 And furious---when its strong armed, brutal force
 Meets learning or refinement in its course.
 Its powerful energies are most directed
 Against what truth and knowledge most respected ;
 For nature's sympathies are only moved
 By what we've felt, esteemed, or learned, or loved.
 Thus did the Saracen fanatics waste
 The mind's rich store-house which had Egypt graced
 From SOTER's days, till Learning's proud Archives
 Perished, with all their time-recording leaves,
 That long adorned the world's vast tree of knowledge
 With fruits of genius decked with lingual foliage ;
 So falls by lightning-blast, a reverend tree,
 In Autumn's woods, with drapery fair to see,
 While pity mourns, the forest's branchy chief
 Dissolved by fire, in trunk, branch, fruit, and leaf.

From causes such was CUMBRIA taught to mourn,
 When LONG-SHANKS gave her chronicles to burn ;
 And visited her bards with persecution,
 To memory's grief---and learning's dissolution.
 Nor better fared the records of the north,
 When EDWARD's fiery dragons sallied forth
 To blast the Caledonian's former fame,
 By vengeful sword, and all-devouring flame.
 But here the harvest was of great extent
 In parchment lore, and mural monument ;
 So that th' work of havoc, once begun,
 Was long in doing—and yet never done.
 Malicious vigilance with zeal explored,
 All that it should revere---yet most abhorred ;
 And fire was never wanting, when our rolls
 Could draw combustion from fanatic coals.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

The active agent of destruction sought
Our faithful chronicles—by bravery bought;
And all that fuel could afford to fire
Were seen in flaming ruin to expire.(14)
But heaven, in mercy, spared in foreign lands,
From Learning's stubborn foes—from hostile hands,
The noble fragments of th' Historic Pile
That once adorned, and still adorns our Isle.
In spite of malice and despite of spleen
Our annals are unscorched—our isle as green
And fresh, as if the spoiler ne'er had trode
Upon her soil to waste the works of God.

And now, surviving penalties and pains,
Her ancient spirit rises in her veins ;
Back rolls her mighty soul on Memory's tide,
In wavy buoyancy of native pride.
In continuity of sufferings sore
Beloved Erin, unrepining bore
The lash of power—the scourge of persecution—
Wrongs, profanations, fetters, and pollution ;
But now my country lifts again her head—
Her energies revive—and nervous dread
Palsies the fear-shrunk arm of coward foes
Who would—but dare not, trouble her repose.
She calls our fathers' spirits from their graves
To animate the breasts of free-born slaves ;
And banished Freedom, while her bosom burns,
With light and life, and hopeful joy returns.
She comes omnipotent our chains to sunder,
And terrify the proud with voice of thunder.
Erin commands the Destinies, to wait
Upon her will—and guides the stream of Fate.
Slaves ! penal slaves ! No, no ! Her sons shall be
No longer Helots ; for they must be free,
Free as the buxom breeze that fans her hills,
And free as God and Nature made our wills ;
In civil and religious Freedom, free
As wavy billows of th' unshackled sea :
And free to think and act as subjects ought,
With every privilege of unfettered thought;
Claiming no more than loyalty should merit—
Allegiance yield---and freemen still inherit—

(39)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Equality of rights, with equal favour—
From bonds, exemption, by the state enslaver;
But more of this hereafter, when my song
Has dwelt sufficiently on former wrong.

To Erin's darker ages Memory bears
My pensive Muse, oppressed with filial cares,
To brood o'er native woes and griefs supreme,
And pour the plaints of sorrow through my theme.
Distressed, wronged, injured Country! shall I tell
The causes of thy fall, and how thou fell?
The task is painful: yet the Graphic Muse,
As Truth demands, must not the task refuse.
Disunion in a state still fatal proves
When Pride predominates---and Peace removes
From scenes of civil strife, where friend and brother
Wage wasteful, feudal wars, with one another.
Ambitious, neighbouring states will mark for prey
Those rival realms that open wide the way,
Through angry feuds, for inroad and invasion,
Whene'er impolity concedes occasion.
'Tis owned---a house divided cannot stand;
Such fate awaits a strife-divided land,
When pride or interest sways the civil scales,
Or power licentious over right prevails;
Yet oft, in states, fortuitous events
Create a cause that secretly foments
The flame of civil war, ere yet its form,
Of dire combustibles, breaks forth in storm.

United, happy, prosperous, great and free,
Our Country sat encircled by the sea,
When Scandinavia's fierce, rapacious hosts,
For prey and plunder, stormed our peaceful coasts.
The contest here was bloody, stern, and long;
For LOUGHLIN's sons were tigers bold and strong.
And hard to conquer, while their land supplied
Fresh, physical resources every tide;
And though they bravely fought, and fighting, fell,
With each defeat, their numbers seemed to swell,
And grow, like *Lernean Hydra*, in the fight,
That vainly strove against *Herculean* might;
Till crushed, at length, by more heroic men,
They mercy sought---and fought no more again.
But though the Danish, and Norwegian power
Was vanquished in that fate-deciding hour,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Our noble nation felt the mighty shock,
Like stately vessel dashed upon a rock :
The hardy spirit of our sires was broke,
Though proud in strength, asstands the mountain Oak,
When tempests, with the forest-chief, contend,
He may be broken ; but despairs to bend.
Preserving Liberty from hostile Danes,
Exhausted vigour from our country's veins ;
Poor, wearied Erin, much required repose,
And, for a time, she slept, secure from foes ;
But war and waste had changed the face of things,
Among provincial, and toparchial kings ;
The Danes deranged the union which prevailed
When, first our shores, they wantonly assailed :
In peace, they found our sires obeying order ;
Yet left disunion on our Nation's border ;
The Monarch's throne was filled by usurpation,
And fierce commotions rent this lovely nation.

'Twas then, th' ambition of a British prince,
By treacherous means, was furnished with pretence,
For hostile inroads, conquest, and invasion,
When rival states produced a sad occasion.
Thus Erin fell, and fatal was the cause
That purchased British wrongs, and penal laws.
Invasion, pregnant with a thousand ills,
Scattered its pests and plagues on Erin's hills ;
Baneful as those which Pharaoh's realm oppressed,
When hosts of evils swarmed on Egypt's breast.
From mad misgovernment, a fiend-like brood,
Received their birth, insatiable for food ;
Harpies, rapacious—Furies of the Den,
That teemed with pestilence and vice to men ;
Avarice, with many fangs, and greedy heart ;
Duplicity and Fraud, disguised by Art ;
Red-handed Cruelty---smooth-speaking Guile—
Insidious Cunning, with deceptive smile ;
False Friendship, with seductive, fair professions ;
Black visor'd Villany, of foul transgressions :
Scourge-bearing Persecution, breathing fire ;
Malignant hatred—malice, wing'd with ire :
Self-Interest, sedulous for self alone ;
Fanatic Zeal, with puritanic tone :

(41)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Blind Superstition, pleased with charms and spells ;
Conceited Pedantry, with cap and bells :
Short-sighted Prejudice, with looks awry ;
Vain-glorious pride, with supercilious eye ;
Despotic Tyranny, with scorpion rod,
And fell Injustice, false to men, and God.
These, Erin ! were the crime begotten pests,
That drained the life-blood from thy bleeding breasts ;
Spread wide contagion through thy sainted bowers,
And stained, with baneful breath thy sacred flowers ;
Wide o'er thy fertile fields diffusely spread,
The fruits of vice, iniquitously bred :
Than adders—scorpions—aspss—tarantulas,
More venomous in sting, to virtue's cause.
No wonder, then, that thou shouldst seem forlorn
In sorrowing soul, with cares so overborne,
When Ruin, all around thee, but presents
The sad remains of native monuments :
Th' ivied Abbey—spoiled by ruthless hands :—
The Regal Hall, that lonely frowning stands,
As if, in sullen mood, it could inherit,
Its injured master's unsubmitting spirit :
The crumbling walls of fortified defence,
That sunk before the foes of innocence :
These still are mournful features, to distress
The sadden'd sight of widowed loneliness.
And should Remembrance, when, in pensive mood,
Thou sittest musing deep, in solitude,
Give wild Despair to meet thy cold embrace,
In all the horrors of her maniac face ;
'Twere strange, if patience could withhold thy charms
From such a haggard inmate's loveless arms.

(42)

END OF THE INTRODUCTORY CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

→••••←

Apostrophe to the Sun, the sensible evidence of human vicissitudes—Invocation of the native Muse—uniform indifference of English Kings towards the interests of Ireland—Saxon misgovernment—lawless spoliation of the natives—venal English writers, the hireling traducers of the Irish nation—strictures on their want of probity—the Pagan Danes less to be censured than the insidious christian Saxons—summary chronology of English sovereigns from the invasion to the reformation—their policy with relation to Ireland politically examined—various circumstances in Irish History noted, during the period of the Plantagenet Dynasty—English by *birth*, and English by *extraction*, explained—Governors of the *Pale*, cruel, perfidious, and rapacious—divisions of the native Princes, a favourable pretext for the lawless invasion of their rights—schismatical changes in the English Church—violation of the rights of the English Clergy—suppression of the monasteries—Ireland exempt from the fanatical cruelties of Henry VIII. and of his daughter Mary, during those criminal and recriminative times of religious persecution,

THE
Wrongs of Ireland,

CANTO I.

The Invasion.

I.

Ancient of days! bright lamp of life to nature!
Thou beam-dispensing, world-surveying Sun!
To man's admiring eye, the fairest creature,
That ever human vision gazed upon!
'Tis long since thou thy glorious course begun,
High, in thy own blue, beauteous, cloudless heaven,
Where thou hast seen thy subject planets run,
Around thy brilliant orb, calm, smooth, and even,
In millenary circles six times over,
Since first this earth received thee as a lover.

II.

Luciferous orb! thou Godlike source of day!
Great soul of being, warmth, and vegetation!
Parent and nurse of floral sweets of May!
Divine, effulgent, spirit of creation!
Thou lookest, Lord of light! on every nation,
Not with a tyrant's, but a favouring eye,
Impartial, in its holy dispensation,
Of visual effluence, measured variously:
Son of the sky, with radiant locks of gold,
Thou seem'st like thy Creator, never old!

III.

Yet strange vicissitudes 'twas thine to view,
Since first, the Author of the Universe
Created thee, this rolling world, to view,
With all the spheres that blandly intersperse
Infinity—which bounds may not coerce,
Or limit, to confine Omnipotence,
Whose praises thou and countless worlds rehearse,
In adoration of his excellence:
Th' Almighty, Omnipresent, primal Cause,
That taught thee motion's everlasting laws.

IV.

Monarch of seasons ! leader of the years
That roll in circles round thee, and depart !
Thou fulgent centre of the wandering spheres,
To which, thy glories, life and light, impart !
No wonder, barbarous nations think thou art
The only God of Majesty above,
When thou, thy vivifying lightnings, dart,
On this opaque companion of thy love ;
For, truly dost thou seem, to mortal eyes,
The life-bestowing Ruler of the skies.

V.

But innate wisdom, on the soul, impressed,
Informs our intellects that thou art not
A Deity---in all thy brightness drest,
But God's reflection, to enlightened thought :
A lovely, self-illuminating spot,
By heaven's imperial Arbiter, assigned
A fixed, a local, constellated lot,
Among the lights of the Eternal Mind,
That shed on subject worlds, through endless space,
Th' effulgent beams of Everlasting Grace.

VI.

Thou system-regulating Lord of power !
That here, on this dark planet-sphere, hath seen,
Since ADAM's origin in Eden's bower,
When Maiden Nature smiled through virgin green,
Eventful changes, wrought by pride and spleen,
Among th' ambitious, vengeful sons of men,
While rebel passions, to this earth, have been
A ceaseless scourge, from sin its reign began,
And love of empire conjured, up from hell,
The fiend of tyranny on earth to dwell.

VII.

And thou hast witnessed, since the birth of Time,
What kingdoms rose and sunk, like ebbing waves,
In orient climes, through cruelty and crime,
Where Despotism scourged obedient slaves.
In sultry Africa, thou view'st the graves
Of Empires tyrannous that lived and died,
O'er which the desert wind, insulting, raves, [sighed ;
Where monsters triumphed, and where Freedom
And Europe's boasted nations, Greece and Rome—
Where are they ?—buried in Time's ample Tomb !

VIII.

O ! Sun, thou living evidence of things
 That lived their season, and have passed away :
 Empires, and emperors—kingdoms, and their kings,
 With all that wielded power, with lawless sway :
 Th' ephemeral tyrants long have had their day,
 And now their jarring elements are still ;
 Like Nature's breast, when stormy winds decay,
 As sovereign silence reigns o'erholm and hill :
 The conqueror, and the conquered, under ground,
 Are sleeping, side by side, in peace profound.

IX.

Yet here, O ! lustrous, world-surveying Sun !
 Thou see'st a Land ; but not as thou hast seen her,
 Before her pleasant fields were overrun,
 By foreign foes of grimly-fieroe demeanour.
 Erewhile thou saw'st her bloom, an Island, greener
 Than courts thy radiance midst the green-waved seas,
 And happy ; ere misfortune drew between her
 And love-united, civil Liberty,
 The sable curtain of a gloomy fate,
 Which left her widowed, waste, and desolate.

X.

Yet still she lives, and has outlived those realms,
 Coeval once in greatness—long decayed,
 Which all-destroying Time engulfs, o'erwhelms,
 Amidst the ruins tyranny has made :
Three thousand years thy splendours have delayed
 Upon her peopled, hospitable breast,
 And all those years, of science, light, and shade,
 Has History chronicled, and Bard rehearsed,
 In minstrel melodies, and chronic rhyme,
 To link the Annals of memorial Time.

XI.

Witness, thou source of light ! for thou hast known
 How eminently great, in former days,
 My country was, when Learning was her own,
 With Arts and Sciences, enwreathed with bays.
 Here meek Religion sung Jehovah's praise.
 To sacred Lyres, while many a saintly voice,
 Devotion's choral symphony would raise,
 Till listening Angel-spirits would rejoice,
 To hear the Universal Father's name,
 So eulogised on earth, with loud acclaim.

XII.

Insula Sanctorum then surpassed
All other Lands to Europe's utmost bound ;
Here, the proud Temple of the Faith stood fast,
While barbarous paganism reigned around :
A safe asylum here, Religion found,
When persecution left no resting place,
For Christ's confessors, on Europa's ground,
Where Vandalism streaked its bloody trace,
For Christian Faith to weep sad tears upon,
Till many a darksome age had come and gone.

XIII.

Lord of the beamy locks and face of smiles !
With what delighted, love-enamoured eye,
Must thou have whilom viewed the Queen of Isles,
With all her graces blushing to the skies,
When beauty taught her heaving breast to rise,
With virgin pride—a green, full-swelling wave :
A bosom that with woe could sympathise,
Whereon reposed the learned and the brave,
Ere Sorrow strung her Lyre of Heavenly tone
To native griefs—and sadness all her own.

XIV.

Parent of winged days ! Thou know'st the best,
How great, how noble, was my native land,
When, like Creation's Garden, in the west,
She shone through loveliness and beauty bland :
There thousand years she held supreme command
O'er learning, science, music, arts, and arms ;
And Freedom here—and Peace, with Olive Wand,
And Fame, and Honour, wove commutual charms
Around the throne of Majesty, to grace
Th' imperial state of Erin's Royal Race.

XV.

But now, thou lookest not, as thou hast done,
Oh Sun ! upon an Island of delight,
For hapless Erin, sad and woe-begone,
Saw despots spoil her of her legal right.
Lo ! Liberty has vanished from her sight,
And Peace and Concord from her shores have flown :
The Genii of her fields have taken flight--
Faith pines in fetters—and her Regal Throne
Lies, levelled with the dust, where dastards tread,
And wrecks of Empire o'er her plains are spread.

XVI.

Like thee, O Sun ! seen dubious through thy tears,
 When Winter's cloud-robe o'er the heavens is spread,
 Our lovely, noble country, still appears,
 Though lowering glooms are gather'd round her head,
 Through civil woes ; —as waking from the dead,
 She swells with life, and shews her beauteous form,
 By Sorrow chastened, like the Rose's red,
 That fades away in Autumn's withering storm ;
 Yet Health still sparkles in her eye of fire,
 And Hope sits drooping o'er her plaintive Lyre.

XVII.

Thou see'st.—and long hast seen, Bright Prince of Day !
 Diurnal witness of her desolation !
 That Erin's civil greatness pined away
 Beneath the blight of Saxon domination ;
 Yet still the principle of re-creation
 Remains—and still existed, to restore
 Lost Liberty, when meet to fill the station,
 Which power conceded to our isle of yore ;
 And Civil Hope, which tyrants could not kill,
 Outlives Despair, and comforts Patience still.

XVIII.

Shine on, thou bright Divinity of Heaven !
 While Erin slumbers, till her spirit wakes,
 When strength and vigour to her frame are given,
 By sleep and rest, when Freedom's morning breaks.
 The hour is nigh—the earth beneath me quakes—
 Erin is dreaming of the hastening dawn,
 That soon, o'er all her land of streams and lakes,
 Will spread its blue-wings, brightening field and lawn,
 And like thyself, diffusing new-born day,
 When Spring looks smiling on the scenes of May.

Recorder of the wrongs my country bore,
 In other times disastrous, heretofore,
 And all that aggravated Erin's griefs,
 Through foreign foes, and native feudal chiefs,
 Sing, plaintive Muse ! and painfully rehearse,
 In honest, fluent, truth-depicting verse ;

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Till our tormentors listen to the strain
That bears the burthen of a Nation's pain.
The tale were long to tell, if Clio's pen
Recorded all the tyrannies of men,
In this ill-fated Isle, that well might be
Defined, in sooth, " The land of Destiny !"
From right-invading, sly PLANTAGENET
To GUELPH the Third, who lives in our regret.
As Lord of England's Pale—or Ireland's Kings,
It mattered not who moved, of power, the springs,
In this abused, deflowered, neglected isle,
That never shared an English Monarch's smile,
Or sovereign's favour---till the generous prince
That died the last,* and lived without offence.
Him only as a king, a sire, a friend ;
Just and impartial, Erin should commend,
Of all the sceptred line from Henry, down
To regnant GEORGE who wears the Triple Crown ;
Our English monarchs to enumerate,
Is only numb'ring penal links of Fate,
That Ireland's proud, indignant spirit broke,
And bound herself and sons to Slavery's yoke.

The Norman-Saxons, here with power invested,
Against all human laws and rights protested
Except their own : Their selfish hearts desired,
All that our fathers held ; and fraud required,
From vassal princes ; what the conquered hold,
By right of treaties : lands they never sold.
Insinuating Avarice, through division
Of rival states, decreasing, by excision,
Enlarged the limits of the English Pale,
To strengthen Despotism clad in mail.
Whatever promises Fitz-Empress made,
Were unredeemed, and native faith betrayed,
By petty tyrants, men, by Fate, accurs'd,
Like Tantalus, to ever-during thirst;
Insatiate thirst, for venal, sordid wealth,
By murder, treachery, fraudulence, and stealth.
In this sad Island civil discord raged,
While Henry's mind was otherwise engaged,

* This remark applies to George the Third, as George the Fourth was then alive. His present Gracious Majesty, William the Fourth, it may also be presumed, will prove an illustrious and praiseworthy exception to the impolicy of his Regal Predecessors.

With strife domestic, in a foreign land,
 While here Injustice ruled with stern command.
 The filial traitor, yet unbearded JOHN,
 His father's favourite, though his basest son,
 In boyish years, to govern was deputed,
 With all his flattering followers, cloven-footed : [tutors,
 Priests, Lawyers, Courtiers, vile-tongued slanderous
 Italian Friars, Satraps, and Freebooters :
 A courtly, supercilious, Norman train,
 In pride vainglorious---insolently vain !
 Alas ! with this fiend-hearted embryo-man,
 Vested with lordly power, here first began
 Our nation's slanderers, basely to abuse,
 The Lyric Island of the Western Muse.

Here *Matthew Paris* and *Giraldus Barry*,
 Libelled our fame, to please the son of Harry ;
 And of our manners, polity, and nation,
 To England gave a false delineation ;
 Which, (aided by the venal scribes that wrote,
 Malicious fictions---since for knaves to quote,)
 Implanted prejudices, deep and strong,
 In English minds to guide their judgments wrong.
 The evil grew, and flourished like the weeds
 Of rank corruption's rottenness, that breeds
 A noxious growth of physical abundance
 To choke a nation's florified redundancy.
 The *Pale* Historians, dazzled with the blaze
 Which Irish History shed from glorious days,
 With owl-like, purblind optics, ill could bear
 Truth's radiant sun of sense-o'erpowering glare ;
 Which, proving too effulgent for their sight,
 They turned aside to search, in error's night,
 For shadowy visions of imagination,
 To weave the web of falsehood's fabrication,
 With wild improbabilities, and lies,
 For Truth to spurn, and Honour to despise.
 To write down Ireland soon became the fashion,
 When every paltry scribe indulged a passion
 For writing calumnies, to undermine
 The fabric of our history, and malign
 A lofty nation, proud in native honour,
 With foul aspersions cast by knaves upon her.
 From Cambrian Barry, of defaming tongue,
 To Richard Musgrave, what a host has sprung
 From nothingness, to eminence of place,
 By libelling Ireland and her noble race !

Who, ever yet, in patronage, has failed,
 That Erin's honour, or her sons assailed ?
 Who, ever yet, indulged the scribbling vice,
 At our expense, and failed to raise his price ?
 On other subjects, failure might ensue ;
 But Ireland's slanderers always had their due :
 Corruption and apostacy, vile slaves !
 Made books, and terms—and England paid the knaves ;
 No matter what expense it cost the nation,
 If tomes were swelled with Ireland's desamation !

RICHARD, surnamed "the lion-hearted king,"
 With Christian red-cross bravely triumphing
 O'er haughty infidels, could ill attend
 To Ireland, or her wrongs, as foe, or friend.
 The hater of the cross, proud Saladin,
 He sought to punish, more than sons of sin,
 Who, with the name of christian, tyrannised
 O'er christian brethren—and, in hate, despised
 The sacred structures of Religion here,
 On which they trampled in their wild career ;
 As if no Saviour Christ redeeming died
 For this fair isle, so much to faith allied.
 The Danes were cruel to the christian cross
 When Erin languished o'er her sacred loss
 Of ruined churches and demolished fanes---
 The reverend victims of the pagan Danes.
 But what, in ruthless pagans, was excused,
 Must be to christian enemies refused ;
 For faith divine her precepts had not taught
 To Loughlin's sons, when they this mischief wrought ;
 Yet gospel faith, in virtue, so refined,
 So gifted with humanity of mind,
 Should milder principles have moved in those
 Who owned her cross, yet acted as her foes.
 The hostile Saxon, though of kindred creed,
 Was not, by faith, from prejudices freed :
 The Catholic Englishman was not embued,
 In fellow-feeling to the multitude,
 With that fraternal kindness which should breathe
 Good-will to all, that dwell, the skies, beneath.
 The Irish Catholic Christian, in his mind,
 Was not so piously to heaven inclined,
 Or worthy of that sacred brotherhood
 Which twines, in unity, the truly good ;
 Else had our sires possessed a higher claim
 On those whose rites and ritual were the same ;

And, nothing differing, but in situation,
Descent, in morals, habits, and in nation.

Yet these distinctions were, by far, too much,
To escape destruction's torporific touch ;
Or merit favour from the exclusive few
Who, bounding lines 'twixt Faith and Nations, drew.
Had Catholicity been held the same,
In grasping England—and the Land of fame,
Our churches had escaped the spoiling hands
Of sacrilegious, devastating bands
That, in their levelling fury, nothing spared,
Not even Sanctuaries, safe declared.
Goths---Vandals---Saracens---were not more cruel
Against God's fanes---nor more profuse in fuel,
Than were fanatic Saxons to our temples,
Of which they left us manifold examples.
Strange inconsistency ! they ruined here
An *Irish* Church, and reared a *Saxon* near ;
For this they had their motives—and their priests,
Of Roman birth, to solemnize their feasts ;
Because the Irish Clergy, bound by union,
Excluded foreigners from Faith's communion,
In sacerdotal robes, without the Pale,
Where foreign power and influence were frail.
The Pale dominion, grew by slow degrees,
A nest of hornets, near our hive of bees,
Whose prosperous industry, for many a day,
Became their plunder and devoted prey :
These mercenary foes to civil order,
Like bandits lived on Erin's eastern border,
To fright the genius of domestic peace,
From all the mansions of our *Western Greece*.

Oh ! base return, from ingrate English debtors,
To this enlightened, liberal Land of letters,
For all the favours previously conferred,
In former ages, meriting regard,
When Ireland held, of discipline, the rule,---
Was Europe's Tutress—and the *Saxon school*—
The book of knowledge---Learning's classic seat—
Religion's Temple—and the calm retreat
Of sage Philosophy—the Lyric sphere
Of Music and the Muses, sheltered here ;

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Where hospitality, and education,
Were blended generously for every nation.
Full well, the early Saxon rulers knew,
That hence their greatest King his wisdom drew,
With high accomplishments of mind—to raise
His honoured name beyond the powers of praise.
What were the Anglo-Saxons heretofore,
When first they landed on the British shore ?
Unlettered hordes ! with savages on par,
Who knew no science—and no art, but war;
Till this illumined Isle, in time, afforded
Laws—Letters—Faith—as history has recorded ;
These humanized their minds and barbarous manners,
By Christian Doctors bearing Gospel banners.

Ingratitude ! thou basest, earth-born crime,
That ever tainted Virtue's moral clime,
To thee we owe our ruin, and our wrongs—
Our lamentations—griefs—and plaintive songs—
With all the chilling woes, that fell, like frost,
Upon a country that we loved—and lost !
Ye sceptics ! who, with silver tongue, and smooth,
Declaim aloud, against Historic Truth,
Go to our ruined Temples, where they lie,
Amid their loneliness, where wild winds sigh :
Ask of our Altars, why, they were profaned—
Interrogate our fields—why blood has stained
Their floral gracefulness—and question, why
Our regal palaces of Majesty
Lie levelled in the dust—and seek to know,
The cause of all this mighty overthrow
Of civil greatness, from our slumbering sires,
Where death entombs their energetic fires,
That claim the tribute sigh—and they will tell
By signs, and silent eloquence—how fell
Our noble structures—and by whom they perished,
For faith and freedom, which our fathers cherished ;
And still their mournful relics, frowning stand,
The sad memorials of an injured land !
Ah ! me the woe-worn heart of memory bleeds,
To think of all the sable-visaged deeds
Which our enslavers perpetrated here,
Inhumanly unjust, from year to year—
From age to age—through every monarch's reign,
That ruled as Sovereigns o'er this fair domain !

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Of all the kings, the Annalist records,
That wore the pompous name of "*Ireland's Lords*"
From Geoffry's offspring, and Matilda's son,
To faith-reforming Tudor—never one,
The royal ægis of protection, threw,
Between our country and the privileged few
That governed here, with lash of scorpion sting,
And penal rod of many a petty king.
Egyptian bondage to the Israelites,
Or Islam tyranny to Grecian rights,
In measured cruelty, with what beset
Our sires in Slavery, bears no parallel !
A pagan prince imposed an iron yoke
On Hebrew slaves; and Moslemism broke
The spirit of the high-descended Greek,
Because he loved a Saviour mild and meek :
Fanaticism made the Spaniard cruel
When Indians perished by destructive fuel;
But Ireland's persecutors had no plea
For stern oppression, crime, and perfidy.

While gallant RICHARD, with his conquering band,
Was reaping laurels in the Holy Land,
Young Lackland, Lord of Ireland's Pale domain,
Gave despot Deputies the power to reign
O'er Anglo-Irish subjects, kept in fear
By petty Governor, and vassal peer,
That awed the vanquished Province by alarms,
From ceaseless warfare, and the clang of arms.
Devoted, hapless Erin, then became
The land of martial earthquakes, and of flame—
Volcanic flames of lava, bursting forth,
In boiling torrent-streams, from south to north;
And, from the Eastern borders to the West,
O'er all our Island's inundated breast ;
The dire effects of passion's lawless sway,
And rebel wills, for many a painful day.

Brave *Cœur de Lion*, laurell'd, reached the shore
Of England's Realm, a Conqueror, once more :
Released from prison, joyful was the greeting
Of Prince and Subjects, on their happy meeting;
Yet short the time of exultation lasted,
Till all the Hero's blooming hopes were blasted

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

By just revenge ; for, claiming feudal right,
Untimely fell the gallant Red-Cross-Knight ;
And hapless Erin neither wept, nor sighed,
When Saladin's proud Adversary, drooped and died.
Then JOHN, the filial Ingrate, seized the Throne,
And grasped the rod of empire, not his own,
With hands imbrued, alas ! with kindred blood
(A nephew's heart poured forth its crimson flood)
The murderous uncle, to his execration,
Assumed the crown by lawless usurpation,
And played the tyrant with a coward heart—
His aim ambition—treachery his art.
Inclined to justice, England could not brook
Th' assassin wretch whose nephew's life he took ;
Meanwhile, to generous Ireland he resorts,
And favour, of his subject barons, courts,
When dread of English vengeance sends him hither,
Till clouds disperse, and yield to milder weather.
The base usurper here with measures mild,
His equally indignant serfs beguiled :
He gave them Saxon laws and regulations,
Comporting with the English ordinations ;
Then left them to indulge their feudal passion,
When war and rapine were the ruling fashion.
Plunder, they loved, and unprovoked aggression ;
Encroached, on native rights, in long succession ;
And what, by force, they could not safely gain,
They strove, by meaner causes, to obtain ;
For fraud was used, when desperate prowess failed—
And falsehood, more than honesty prevailed.

Why need we marvel at the insurrections
Of Irish Chieftains, goaded by exactions
Of faith perfidious, when the injured found
Their trust betrayed—their honour basely bound
By treaties, which their crafty spoilers broke,
To bind them closer to their iron yoke.
Honour indigenous our Sires possessed,—
The noble plant was nursed on Erin's breast ;
Our fathers cherished it with fond devotion,
And trained its odorous sweets amid commotion ;
Or, in the halcyon shade of smiling peace,
Matured its growth, and bade its powers increase :
'Twas Glory's Flower—the fairest in her train,
Without one blemished grace, taint, spot or stain,
(55)

Till Saxon winds, and Saxon hands defiled,
 The offspring of the Gods, fair Virtue's child.
 Our wronged, insulted country—to the shame
 Of those whose hated memory bears the blame,
 Was censured for rebellion, when her sons
 Had no protection 'gainst those Myrmidons,
 Who claimed their ancient birth-right without cause,
 By non-extension of protecting laws.

Alone, within the Pale, could subjects find
 Security, for property defined ;
 And Irish tributary princes fared
 Like common enemies—by law, debarred
 The promised privileges of safe protection,
 From those who won their much abused affection.
 Beyond the Pale, the withering Hemlock-shade
 Of English law, no spreading progress made,
 Lest, baneful as it was, its gloomy sway
 Might shield the public plunderer's destined prey.
 But English magnanimity achieved
 A chartered victory, for her sons aggrieved,
 O'er royal tyranny and faithless guile,
 That might have promised blessings to our Isle,
 Had MAGNA CHARTA, to our sires, extended,
 As right required, and justice had commended.
 Yet, this great, Royal charter nobly wrung,
 By feudal force, from mean, perfidious tongue,
 Was much too great a favour, to bestow
 Upon the law-excluded, common foe,
 Whose fleey honours, doomed for sordid ends,
 Promised more spoil, as enemies, than friends.
 But what could Ireland or her sons expect,
 From cruel JOHN—so villainous in act ?
 Himself the crouching slave who feared the frown
 Of papal power, and sacrificed his crown ;
 Thus meriting the stigma of disgrace—
 The brand of infamy on name and race.
 The Monster died, as every tyrant ought,
 With maddened mind, and care distracted thought,
 Leaving his filial hope, his only son,
 To ratify what he had never done.
 HENRY of Winchester--so fond of *Wassail*—
 The sovereign Pontiff's tributary vassal,
 Confirmed, at least, one memorable deed :
 'The famous, feudal rights of *Runnymede* ;

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

And those extended to the Pale Dominion,
On Royal Favour's broadly-spreading pinion;
Yet Irish tributaries, unregarded—
By English Legislators, ill-rewarded,
Partook not of the Monarch's princely favour,
Through secret measures of each vile enslaver.
Young LONG SHANKS* presently became the Lord
Of Anglo-Irishmen, as scribes record;
And English Palesmen, with exulting voice
And gratulations, hailed their monarchs choice.
But EDWARD, aspirant to fame and glory,
(So runs the thread of Biographic story)
Left disappointed hopes behind him here,
To follow fortune through her wild career,
In search of martial glory and renown,
The Hero's Laurel---the Crusader's Crown.
EDWARD was brave, and ardent, with ambition :
His sire the slave of will and superstition,
Who, through a lengthened reign of strange events,
Removed no cause of Ireland's discontents :
Crime, and recrimination---war and strife,
Disturbed the land, and much embittered life ;
Peace found no resting place on Irish ground,
And foes noctivagant made sleep unsound ;
The stranger, and the native, lived in dread
Of danger, still impending, overhead :
War ruled the battle-field by day---and fear
Presided o'er the night, throughout the year :
Distressful state of civil life to those
Who knew its horrors, and endured its woes !

The military EDWARD, when enthroned,
Pursued his passion, while our nation groaned
Beneath the ponderous weight of sore oppression,
Unjust exactions—unprovoked aggression.
Brother, was, instigated against brother,
That guilt might smile to see them slay each other ;
Stern laws were made to aggravate distress,
And widen Ruin's frightful wilderness.
It mattered not, what code was recommended,
By English Monarchs to the unbefriended ;
The Despot Toparchs of the Pale, were sure,
Their own self-interest, always to secure ;

* EDWARD I.

(57)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

And, where the law infringed their right of plunder,
They wisely rent it virtually asunder ;
Lest hunters, bent on game, should lose their prey,
If power, from privilege, took that right away.
Encroachment crept with military stealth,
On native sovereignties, and private wealth ;
And like a cancer spread its cankerous bane,
In dire contagion, o'er each fair domain,
Which Irish Chiefs had held, from sire to son,
Since Brehon laws and tenures had begun,
Successively, for ages immemorial,
By ancient usage fixed, and prescriptive.

With lawless inroad, first *De Courcy* led
His predatory bands, to rapine bred,
Towards ULLAGH's peaceful plain's, DUNLEVY's Land,
With desolating war, and flaming brand.
The strife was sanguine, but the foe prevailed,
While human Vultures, savage-like, regaled
Their ravening appetites with purple gore,
As havoc feasted on *Ulidia's* shore.
Proud, martial Munster sunk by slow degress,
And rose again, like calm, and turgid seas ;
Nor was *Alnecma's* spirit long at rest,
When fraud assailed—and cruelly oppressed.
The soul of majesty still lingered there,
And "*bloody-handed*" vengeance, did not spare
Unjust assailants, (6) when, as wolves, they came
Intent on plunder, breathing death and flame ;
And, had Disunion, with the seeds of strife,
Forbore to poison peaceful, civil life
Among her sons, our Isle had never borne
A galling foreign yoke, and Saxon scorn.
But rival Royalty and Usurpation,
Had rent the Union-girdle of our nation,
Leaving the avenues of power unguarded—
The gates of Freedom open and unwarded ;
Exposed to insult, crime, and innovation,
Perfidious fraudulence and domination.

Perhaps 'twas fated so, that Isle so blest,
So great and happy, should be thus distressed ;
Else had she crushed the serpent of Deceit,
In prosperous infamy, beneath her feet ;

(58)

Or strangled reptile Cunning's wily snake,
 Ere poisonous malice gave it strength, to make
 Such devastation, with its baneful powers,
 Among our island's sacred, sainted bowers ;
 So had the enemy of native quiet
 Indulged, not here, in wantonness and riot,
 To make our fields th' arena of confusion,
 Where beasts of prey spread slaughter in profusion ;
 Like cruel sports, and carnage most inhuman
 That pleased, erewhile, the semi-savage Roman.
 Oh ! Island of the brave ! had Saxon foes
 Came undisguised ; to murder thy repose,
 As came Fomoria's less ignoble race (7)
 We had been spared the painful task, to trace
 The march of Tyranny throughout thy realm,
 When statesmen slumbered at the regal helm,
 Heedless of danger, when the sunken rocks
 Of Insecurity, with frequent shocks,
 Damaged the noble vessel of the state,
 And shewed the horrors of impending fate, }
 For safety and salvation, when too late. }

TURGES arrived, arrayed in hostile Mail ;
 Not so, the insidious founders of the Pale,
 Who came, like wolves, in fleecy garb of sheep,
 To spoil our folds, when sunk in peaceful sleep,
 The care-unttroubled shepherds, lay supine,
 Undreading foes, in dark, embattled line.
 " An open enemy may prove a curse ;"
 Yet sages say, " a faithless friend is worse :"
 The Saxon clad himself in specious dress--
 The robe of Faith--to compass our distress.
 Hypocrisy, deceitfully, put on
 Religion's vesture, to impose upon
 A country over-yielding in belief,
 And unsuspecting, to her lasting grief ;
 Yet ev'n when truth had proved her trust betrayed,
 By those who came in Friendship's stole arrayed,
 In christian patience, long the sufferer bore
 The insolence of power--till hope, no more
 Could dare to self-deceive her confidence,
 With flattering promises and false pretence.
 The Matron felt her wounds with painful smart ;
 Like furious lioness that feels the dart,

Wing'd, with destruction, from the hunter's bow,
 When dreadfully she turns upon the foe.
 How often dearly has the plunderer paid
 For bloody havoc by Ambition made !
 How frequently her sons' recrimination
 Reduced the Palesmen nigh to desolation !
 And had they been unanimous, as brave,
 Their tyrants would have rolled, an ebbing wave,
 Back to that stormy ocean, whence they came,
 With billowy surges, bearing wasteful flame ;
 But partial opposition strove, in vain,
 To crush the foe, or break th' enslaving chain
 Which bound the native to his iron fate,
 With aggravations painful to relate.

A gateless temple, Concord, once had here,
 Crowded with votive worshippers, sincere,
 That offered incense, at her sacred shrine,
 Whereon, long blazed Truth's lambent flame divine,
 When our beloved country was as free
 As sportive air that fans the summer sea.
 Her sons were then, in union, firmly bound,
 Even as the Fasces, with their girdle round :
 Strength, linked to strength, in harmonised communion,
 Unmixed in race—unbroken by disunion,
 Till first, the Danes—and last, the Saxons broke,
 The heaven-cemented, strong, fraternal yoke
 Of fascial brotherhood, that kept united,
 A valorous race in which the Gods delighted.
 The social bond of unison, once severed,
 Division—to our spoilers, soon delivered
 The keys of power, by which, to find the way
 To civil greatness and o'erbearing sway.
 Of dire dissension here, the English seeds,
 Produced a prosperous growth of noxious weeds ;
 That sprung and flourished, like pernicious tares,
 To injure virtue—and increase our cares ;
 Yet still our country felt her situation,
 Through all the vital channels of sensation ;
 And like her own loved Harp, when out of tone,
 Breathed wild discordance through her plaintive moan :
 Her fitful spirit spoke its strange alarms,
 In proud, defensive, frequent feats of arms,
 Against the common enemy, that stole
 Sweet peace and concord from her troubled soul.

Her restless foe, that gloried in, and prided
 To see her children, through deceit, divided,
 Grew strong, by fraudulence, and fierce contentions,
 Midst rival Chiefs—provoked to fell dissensions,
 By over-reaching Artifice, that bred
 The cause of strife on which its vitals fed.
 The avaricious Saxons' many hands,
Briareus-like, desired our rightful Lands,
 And seized, by every base and treacherous art,
 Of all our sires' inheritance, a part,
 And would have grasped the whole, if lawless might
 Had power sufficient to extinguish right;
 Yet, all that vice could plan, or cunning frame,
 Could never quench the patriotic flame
 Of native independence—or suppress
 The Irish veteran's feudal haughtiness.
 Bravely our heroes stood, like stags at bay,
 Prepared to triumph in the deathful fray;
 Or sink o'erpowered—and dying, leave behind
 A meet example, to instruct mankind,
 How sons of Liberty, can fight, and die,
 When Freedom's death-light, sparkles in the eye.

Heroically, long, our chiefs withstood
 The prey-pursuing, lawless, foreign brood,
 That came, like hosts of locusts, to despoil
 Our generous, lovely, kind, fructiferous soil.
 'Twas force, repelling force, from reign to reign,
 And ceaseless warfare, o'er this fair domain,
 From age to age, through merciless oppression,
 Injustice, lucre, rapine, and aggression.
 The native spirit of retaliation,
 Once, never slumbered, in our hapless nation,
 From cruelty's dark Epoch first began,
 When Erin's soil, became the viper's den,
 Till double-dealing, Pictish wiles, deceived
 A trusting land, that promises believed.
 A STUART's promise! who has ever yet
 Confided in, without prolonged regret?
 Or, who, of all their generous friends, and good,
 Has ever claimed, and found their gratitude?
 The name of STUART, Ireland should detest,
 Because it made oppression more oppressed,
 And added chains to slavery's ponderous fetters,
 To make our sires to suffering patience debtors,

For disappointed hopes and expectations—
Insulted Faith, and duped anticipations.

*Six hundred years, our struggles now have lasted,
Since masked Invasion, Freedom's Laurels blasted,
Yet are we still unruly by equal laws,
Though loyalty, has long removed the cause
Of partial justice, whose infernal sway
Has triumphed over right until this day.
Our ancestors have often vainly sought,
That personal protection, which they bought ;
The shielding privilege of the English Code,
Which from the parent source of Justice flowed ;
And there were Kings—and Deputies—a few,
Who would, to Irishmen, have given their due,
Had not the selfish-hearted Palesmen marred
The Royal boon, with scornful disregard.
Far other things their Parliaments enacted,
Against the native, and his life, directed ;
Besides dissocialising laws, that rent
The bonds of friendship, by dismemberment :
Unwise enactments 'gainst our Irish fashions,
All tending to arouse the angry passions
Tow'rs stern Injustice, and its cruel crimes,
The black dishonours of evanished times.
How mad th' impolicy of those that ruled
The English Colony ! O ! how unschooled
Were those who governed here, for selfish ends,
As God's Vicegerents—or as Virtue's friends,
In legislative wisdom, and the arts
Of civil policy, that conquers hearts
By soft persuasion, whose benignant power,
Makes nations prosper, and their fortunes flower;
That mingles mercy, with its stern decrees,
To heal the wounds of national disease !*

Alas ! Misgovernment, has proved a curse
To us, and ours, as well as to its nurse :
Through bad, or partial laws, we've been undone
By all the ruling race of Geoffry's son ;
For here, the Representatives of Kings,
That lived remote for many hundred springs,
Were much alike in character and quality,
And only rival votaries of venality.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Through many reigns, th' Historic Muse can trace
A line of Deputies that brought disgrace
Upon their nation, through the vilest arts,
That ever issued from the worst of hearts.
Some rare exceptions, are we taught to own,
Of men more just, who filled the Viceroy's Throne ;
Yet these, alas ! were few, and far between,
And, like to heavenly spirits, seldom seen.
But little good resulted to our nation,
From such, throughout their mild administration ;
For every measure, by our friends, advised,
Was strangled in its birth, or neutralized,
By every petty tyrant, that had made
Their Gods of gold, and villainy their trade.
Power—ill directed power ! their strong protection,
Their business spoil—Injustice, their direction.
Yet, slept our fathers, like coy, bleating sheep,
When, prowling wolves, the pass of danger keep ?
No, their's was proud resistance, brave defence,
To shield the filial fold of Innocence ;
In bloody conflicts, fought from year to year.
With griping foes—the lessons were severe—
The chastisement impressive—dearly bought,
Which, to our enemies, our fathers taught.
The sons of Erin, like their bounding ocean,
Awaked by storms—arose, in wild commotion,
To stem the hostile torrent of Invasion,
When prowess nerved them, for the bold occasion.
This fact, the heroes of the Northern waves,
Could justify—if from their silent graves,
Their spectre could arise, again, to tell,
How strong ! how brave ! the arms, by which they fell,
When Irish Valour, wielded Freedom's Sword,
To light to death, full many a Danish Lord,
Whose mournful mounds, where sepulchres are green,
Remain, memorials of the sanguine scene !
Not so, the Saxons dealt, when to our shores
Invasion rowed, with all its paddling oars ;
For those who came, on purpose, to invade
Our lawful rights—by specious arts betrayed
The native Chieftains, till their falsehood tried
Successful fraud—then threw the mask aside ;
To shew what monsters of obtrusive power
Came hither, to despoil, destroy, devour,

This Land of Liberty, and every blessing,
 That Nature yielded, worthy man's possessing.
 Too late, our Country found she was deceived,
 Because she specious promises, believed ;
 And from that hour, her peace-forsaken spirit
 Resolved, her children, vengeance, should inherit,
 Against the treacherous, violating nation,
 That, o'er her Freedom, lorded usurpation.
 That Erin's, noble genius, never slept
 In quiet, from the time, when baseness crept,
 With steel unsheathed, upon her calm repose,
 In Faith's disguise, concealing murderous foes.
 Her restless bosom, bursting with disdain—
 Her royal heart—the throbbing seat of pain,
 Have sent forth torrents of contemptuous ire,
 To punish perfidy with native fire.
 Through all her trials—long as they have lasted—
 Her sense of wrongs—nor time—nor hate has blasted :
 Still lives the courage of our Land of letters,
 Though bound, like Giant, in enslaving fetters ;
 While tyranny beholds, with what disdain,
 The mighty Captive clanks her ponderous chain :
 And should it, in the paroxysm of strength,
 Be snapped in twain, by energy, at length,
 The moment that her slave-bonds burst asunder,
 Must fill th' enslavers' hearts with fearful wonder.
 But hush ! my Muse, it is not thine, to sound
 The prophet's trumpet, to the world around :
 Let nature work its way, till Freedom calls,
 Her watchful warders, to her bastioned walls ;
 In patience wait, till Liberty invites,
 To strife of arms, the Champion of our rights ;
 Then breathe thy soul thro' Valour's martial shell ;
 For wond'rous tidings mayst thou have to tell !

Already hast thou sung, of such disasters
 As marked the progress of our earliest masters ;
 Yet, darker deeds, that still remain unsung,
 Must find a language, and a fluent tongue.
 An iron-hearted Sister, full of guile,
 Has England proved, to this deserving Isle,
 Through every age, since first she linked with ours,
 Her fell, malicious, vigour-blighting powers.
 The Muse of History, never yet recorded
 A parallel of nations, that afforded

Such tyranny, and slavery, yoked together,
 Since Rapine's Vulture, first began to feather.
 So long as feudal Ireland, grieved the foe,
 In bold defence, that kept his vigour low,
 The hateful spoiler, in his spoliation,
 Might urge pretensions for retaliation;
 But when our, still unconquered country, claimed
 The shield of British Laws—while yet untamed
 By foreign power—when Ireland bowed to Britain,
 Not through necessity, but choice—so smitten
 By persecution's rancorous hate—Ah ! why,
 Were Nature's rights abused by perfidy ?

When national distinctions ceased, in time,
 To furnish motives for aggressive crime,
 Oh ! why, for conscience' sake were penal fetters
 Imposed on Faith, by Erin's ancient debtors ?
 Man has a right, beyond the gift of princes,
 To worship God, as conscience influences ;
 And, if a subject, bearing due allegiance
 To him that rules, in dutiful obedience,
 His merits—not from courtesy, or grace,
 But universal right, all power and place—
 Official situations—all immunities,
 Which subjects hold in legalised communities;
 Unshackled by restraints, on creeds, or freedom,
 No matter how his christian mind may lead him.
 In by-gone times, when England only hated
 Our envied Land, because she was related
 To ancient eminence, which Britain wanted,
 A jealous prejudice her bosom haunted,
 That made her scourge alike her foes and friends,
 In cruel wantonness that none commends.
 Pride, Anglo-Norman pride, even here divided
 The lordly Palesmen, who, in turn, derided
 In fulsome enmity of heart, each other,
 As if they sprang not from one common mother.
 English, *by birth*, and English, *by extraction*,
 Were mutual, frivolous objects of detraction ;
 And they who last inhaled the British air,
 Evinced such insolence as none could bear.
 'Twas deemed a stigma, on the English pride,
 To be, with Irishmen, in blood allied;
 Yea, in-so-much, that they who twined their fame,
 In social interest, with the Irish name,

Were deemed as outcast brethren, so united,
And, for degenerate spirit, spurned and slighted,
In common hatred with our hated nation,
The constant object of their desamation.

Beloved Ireland ! still, in name, a Queen,
A fruitful source of wealth thou mightst have been
To sordid Britain, if her civil school
Had taught her rulers wisdom, not misrule.
Proud in her strength, she now might bid defiance
To artful states, and scorn their mean alliance,
If mad impolicy had not employed
Its wicked will, to leave our land devoid
Of all, of every thing, that might have grown
A plenteous harvest to support the Throne,
When state-necessity, with danger near,
Should need our succours in the day of fear.
Our English Governors, all like, in kind,
Came wise ; and left state policy behind,
A quality, 'twas bootless to employ
Where Despots reigned to plunder and destroy ;
To spoil, and sow division was the fort
Of every Toparch, sent from Britain's Court :
They ruled with terror, and reduced the Pale
To pay for cruelty, black-tribute, Mail ; (8)
And of their masters little can we boast,
From him that first descended on our coast ;
False HENRY, who, to Ireland, broke his word,
Till reigned a generous Guelph in George the Third.
The First,* by treacherous, double-dealing art,
Transfixed a dagger in our country's heart :
The Second,† busied with crusading toils,
Looked down contemptuous on our civil broils :
The Third,‡ the most ignoble of his race,
By nature cruel, insolent, and base,
His supercilious scorn, unwisely flings
Against the manners of the Irish kings,
Who come respectful, and in courtly guise,
To pay their stripling lord high courtesies :
The Fourth,|| in favour, Magna Charta sends
To benefit alone his English friends ;
Yet suffers not an Irish vassal chief
To share, in right, this legalised relief :

* Henry II. † Richard I. ‡ John. || Henry III.

The Fifth* of those, our mighty lords anointed,
 Inspired a hope that soon was disappointed,
 When Holy War, to regions Asiatic,
 Invites to arms the Christians, brave, fanatic,
 Who, Irish, cleric Palesmen, sorely vexes
 With tithing tenths, required as sacred taxes ;
 Of English kings, the sanctified demand,
 From him who first set foot on holy land ;
 Nor were such claims unsanctioned by the Pope,
 In whom, the selfish centred sordid hope.

The Sixth,† a prince irresolute and weak,
 Disposed, in favourites, social charms to seek :
 (The vacant bliss of shallow, frivolous minds,) Proves pleasure hollow to his cost, and finds
 His sceptre powerless, and his throne of state
 Beset with evils of impending fate :
 Too impotent in arms to keep the field,
 The son of Long-shanks shames his father's shield :
 Resigns to Scotland, what his sire had won,
 By right of conquest—and is soon undone !—
 Ireland, is traversed by adventurous BRUCE,
 Where warring states, as usual, hold no truce,
 Till destiny decides on battle-plain,
 That Erin's hope, should, by his foes, be slain.
 The seventh Sovereign,‡ dread and scourge of France,
 The curse of Scotia ; wields the conqueror's lance,
 And spreads, to north and south, his mighty hosts,
 In dark, embattled line, on many coasts ;
 While hapless Ireland, of her graces shorn,
 With never-ending, civil strife is torn ;
 Like to a costly robe, by robbers rent,
 The lawless bandits claimed emolument.

Duke LIONEL next, is hither sent, to raise
 The English interest, by th' accustomed ways
 Of making laws, impolitic and cruel,
 To add to civil discord, flame and fuel,
 Through rig'rous laws, by selfish tongues enacted,
 That much the limits of the Pale contracted,
 When Anglo-Irish colonists preferred
 The *Brehon Code* that, more, of Justice shared ;

* Edward I. † Edward II. ‡ Edward III.

While Ireland strengthened by the ceaseless quarrels
 Of hostile colonists; when reaping laurels,
 The English Monarch—of his conquests, vain—
 Was desolating France on *Cressy's* plain;
 Reckless how fared the military land
 Of those who fought beneath his high command.
 The *Eighth*, degenerate monarch of his race,*
 Though most unsuited to his regal place,
 Becomes a sovereign while in leading-strings,
 And proves the most unprosperous of Kings.
 A regnant Prince—to riper manhood grown,
 With fawning favourites smiling round his throne,
 He plays the prodigal in courtly pleasure,
 And hither comes, a spendthrift seeking treasure.
 In splendid pageantry, our tutored nation
 Receives him—with such sly dissimilation,
 As English hypocrites first taught her sons,
 In turn, to practise on those modern Huns.
 Princes and Toparchs at his foot-stool bow,
 With seeming honesty—but faithless vow;
 For when he turns, for England, to depart,
 They soon declare the workings of the heart,
 In wasteful vengeance, on his subjects here,
 That spared not, vassal, deputy, or peer.

Again he comes, revengeful in his ire,
 With flaming sword, and devastating fire,
 To meet a foe, in chief of less degree,
 More proud in soul—more terrible than he.†
 For England's shores he spreads Misfortune's sail,
 To give existence to a tragic tale,
 Recounting royal miseries—woes supreme,
 Of which he formed the melancholy theme.
 The *Ninth** a prince, ambitious in design—
 A proud Usurper of *Lancastrian Line*,
 Next sceptred reigns; but crossing right succession,
 Paid dearly, through remorse, for his transgression.‡
 As usual, if no worse, our state affairs,
 Progressively, produced new civil cares,
 To plague the discontented English Lords,
 As each historian of the Pale records.

* Richard II. † Mac Murchad, a powerful Leinster chief. ‡ Henry IV.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

The Colonists, grown weak by disaffection
And feudal strife, are taxed for self-protection,
By Irish Chieftains harassing their border,
And spreading round its limits wild disorder ;
Teaching the foe, the misery of dependence,
Where native courage lorded high ascendancy.

The *Tenth** liege sovereign, enterprising, brave,
And politic—was more resolved to save
From foreign power, those conquests England made,
When **EDWARD TERTIUS**, Britain's sceptre swayed,
Than well disposed, by laws, to regulate
The jarring interests of our factious state :
Instead of friendly intercourse, we find
Enactments shameful to the English mind(9)
'Gainst Irish residents of all degrees
Who lived in England—friendly refugees :
Penal inflictions, and severe privations,
Hostile to nature, and the laws of nations ;
While Erin's sons, on Gallia's northern shore,
Were lavishing their lives at *Agincourt* !

Th' *Eleventh*, enthroned† a youth of manners mild,
Became, in name, a sovereign, when a child :
Born heir to kingdoms which, in time, he lost,
With life itself, when wayward fortunes crossed
The path of Destiny : his fate severe,
From sympathy, deserves the sigh and tear ;
Though, for our nation's welfare, sire or son
No good, efficiently, had ever done ;
But, like their predecessors, gave the reins
Of power to despots—and to Ireland, chains.
Laws were enacted ; but their harsh provisions
Were only framed to propagate divisions
Between the natives, and to give th' ascendant
To every needy, English-born dependant ;
For still the last that came was most befriended,
Most cherished, fostered, favoured, recommended ;
And every swarm that landed on our shore,
Rolled, wave-like, on the hosts that came before ;
Till each, for many a day, like breakers toss
On Erin's rocks, were dashed to spray and lost ;

* Henry V. † Henry VI.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Or sunk, like billows of a troubled Ocean,
Amid the strife of national commotion.

When HENRY *Sextus* saw his prospects lower,
York's dreaded Duke,—sent hitherward with power—
By milder measures towards the native princes,
Atoned, in part, for many past offences;
And won by justice and conciliation,
So much the favour of this generous nation,
That Irish gratitude his cause espoused,
When kindred blood the fiend of faction roused,
To waste the land, for many a dreadful day,
With civil war, in all its dark array.
The *White Rose* languished when York's Champion fell,
And sad for him was Ireland's last farewell.
She, faithful to her friends—and to her foes
Compassionate—had few to sooth her woes;
By her, even friendship's semblance was caressed,
And partial favour warned her glowing breast;
Because her ample heart was soft and kind,
Her nature bounteous, as her noble mind:
Large in her spirit proud, to honour prone,
Yet never sharing goodness like her own.

The *Twelfth* possessor of the English Throne,*
For gallantries, and fierce injustice known,
Permits our Island-feuds to spread alarms,
Through rival enmity of chiefs in arms.
Inhuman laws, promoting civil strife,
Are fraught with fate against the native's life,
As well as those of Mercantile restriction,
Of harsh, prohibitory interdiction,
To shackle commerce, and, by power, restrain
Milesian interests, that the Pale might gain,
Undue advantages, from Royal bounty,
When dwindled from a *Province* to a *County*. (10)
The desolating rival English factions
Created here disunion, and destructions,
Spreading the wasting flame among those Earls
That took, or felt, no interest in their quarrels;
While Ireland's jarring sons, with long aggression,
Though still divided, strengthened by oppression,

* Edward IV.

And might have been, of foreign influence, free,
Had union urged them on to Liberty !

The *Fourteenth* sceptered Monarch* Ireland's Lord,
A moral monster, by mankind abhorred,
Ascends, through kindred blood, the throne of State,
And dares the vengeance of impending fate.
From such a wretch, could Ireland hope for good ?
In mind so base, there lived no gratitude—
No gentle quality, to tame his nature,
And give deformity a milder feature.
His tyranny was short; yet what remains
On record of his deeds—our Isle complains,
Was narrow-minded policy, at best,
Directed tow'rds a Land so much distressed.
The Royal Murderer ends his short career
At *Bosworth field*, without one pitying tear ;
And Tudor's, ancient Cambrio-British race,
In Richmond's Lord, assumes his regal place.

The *Fifteenth* potentate,* and *Seventh Harry*,
United Factions, when he deigned to marry,
Yet proved of Husbands, not in love, the kindest,
Nor yet, in parsimony's wisdom, blindest :
Lancastrian, by legitimate descent,
Tudor, in blood, thus artful monarch blent
The rival Roses in connubial ties,
Though not in all its tender sympathies.
Colonial Ireland more the Yorkists loved,
And, to their interests, strict adherence proved,
In memory of their friend and advocate,
Who met, at *Wakefield* fight, the hero's fate.
Through this adhesion—Tudor's jealous power
Grew slowly here,—and, in an evil hour,
Imposture even threatened to dethrone,
The reigning prince, through prowess not its own.
This brought upon the Pale—now less become,
Than half a province, Henry's vengeful doom :
The Irish Colony, in *Erin* schooled
By Royal edict—henceforth must be ruled,
By genuine English Governors, to awe
The Rebel Lords, with stricter British Law.

* Richard III. Edward V. is passed over unnoticed intentionally; his reign being merely nominal.

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THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Poyning, the Knight of legislative fame,
Supporting Tudor's interests, hither came ;
And laws are passed—and other laws enacted,
While power commands that such should be respected :
All offices of state and civil station,
With right Episcopal, within the nation,
To new-come favourites of the Prince, are given,
While Anglo-Irishmen, from places driven,
Become more wedded to the native manners,
And braver soldiers under Irish banners.
In sooth, the Pale, by slow, unseen degrees
(Shut out from England by dividing seas)
Had Irish grown, in manners, customs, laws,
Language, and dress, from motive, choice, and cause,
Even from Plantagene's more splended days ;
But chiefly from *Carnarvon*'s passive ways ;
Yea, insomuch, the Pale had, through declension,
To narrow bounds contracted, on th' Ascension
Of Richmond's Heir ; and then had scarce existed,
If native bravery had but willed, or listed.
Heroic *BRUCE*, though thwarted in designs,
Broke down the barriers of the English Lines,
And left the weakened Colony exposed
To native inroads, timorously opposed.

Our *Sixteenth* regal *Lord*—and soon our *King*,
Succeeds his sire*—of vice the putrid spring,
The fiend of cruelty, debased with lust—
A murderer, stained with crimes, yea, more unjust—
Lawless—despotic—treacherous,—and inhuman,
Than ever loved—or persecuted—woman :
The slave of passion—tyrannous as *Nero* :
Vain as *Mark Anthony*—a tilting hero,
Devoted to his pleasures and ambition,
Even at the risk of horrible perdition.
His monstrous deeds by History are enrolled,—
They live in blood—and need not be re-told,
Further than what concerns my present theme,
My country's wrongs and grievances supreme.
The wicked Author of the *Reformation*,
Assails the Irish Church with innovation ;
And all our Monast'ries, in time, reduces,
For sordid ends, corrupt, and venal uses ;

* Henry VIII.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

And sedulously strives to propagate,
His own Supremacy, throughout the State ;
But this our pious Clergy nobly spurned :
And " Faith's defender," with indigualence burned,
Resolving through our passive parliament,
To make the Irish for their Faith repent.
Lord GREY—the same unfortunate Lord GREY,
Who soon was summoned by the wretch, to pay
The forfeit of his life, was ordered over,
With ample powers, by Catharine's faithless lover,
To lure the nation under base protection,
By specious means—or bind it to subjection.
With artful policy, and promised favour,
The ruthless tyrant tried each sly endeavour,
To win th' allegiance of the native princes ;
While, to his English subjects, he evinces
A stern authority, unjust and cruel,
By blocks, by gibbets, and devouring fuel.
A Parliament, submissive to his will,
The Pale possessed—resolved through every ill,
To bear him out, whatever might betide,
And gratify his overweening pride ;
But Ireland of his treachery had her share,
When brave, illustrious, denized Kildare,
With all his house, and all its noble Earls,
Were fatally exposed to pains and perils,
Through one rash act of filial vengeance taken,
In desperate valour, when by hope forsaken.
Our Island felt most sensibly, the shock
Throughout sensation, when the murderous block
Deprived her of the gallant Geraldines (11)
By covert Hatred's vile, malicious means.

Our Abbeys sunk, and on their ruins rose
The battlemented palaces of foes,
Who claimed their portion of the holy spoil,
Because they shared the sacrilegious toil
That levelled low, our sacred institutions,
And gave God's altars to the worst pollutions.
Henry, at heart, more knavish than fanatic,
A desperate despot, lawless and schismatic,
Gave to religious politics inflections,
That plunged our country into strange distractions :
Wild, jarring creeds, polemic wars produced,
That roused the angry passions, and infused
Sectarian prejudice, which grew and strengthened,
As Time, with annual links, his dark chain lengthened.

The stripling king,*—the puny, sceptred boy,
 Assumes the ermine, while his friends employ
 The force of power, and all their subtle art,
 With doctrines new to subjugate the heart;
 And while Fanaticism, minds, subverts,
 A civil policy, as base, exerts
 Its sordid wiles, our state to undermine,
 By striking at the root of Honour's line;
 The vile suggestions of a Somerset, (12)
 Whose deeds prolengthened Erin's sad regret,
 For Anglo-Irish Butler's race betrayed,
 And doomed to death by poison's baneful aid;
 While native sympathy lamented sore
 Th' untimely fate of duped, deceived O'More! (13)
 The Old Religion, reverend in its form,
 Rouses its energies to stem the storm
 Of young, enthusiast, newborn, modern zeal,
 And chooses for her champion, Shane O'Neill.
 He rises, in his majesty, and shakes
 His formidable terrors, while he makes
 A desert round him, in his detestation
 For all the advocates of reformation.
 Then first the flames of holy war began,
 Between two modes of faith, that man and man,
 Divided, in opinion, from each other,
 Might foster prejudice in friend and brother.
 Religious zeal then lighted up its fires,
 With heated passions, and devout desires,
 Fanned by the winds of Superstition blind,
 And bigot Ignorance to plague mankind.

Mary the First, that first, a sceptred Maid,
 With royal power the land of Britain swayed,
 With other motives, to the throne, succeeds,
 While Reformation languishes, and bleeds.
 She wields the sword of keen retaliation,
 And punishes with stern discrimination,
 Reflecting back her father's cruel crimes,
 And shadowing out a picture of the times,
 When Smithfield blazed, and Tyburn's fatal hill,
 Exposed the victims of a tyrant's will;
 The object different, but th' effect the same,
 Whether the instrument was hemp, or flame.
 But Mary's conduct, doomed to execration,
 By those who deem'd it worthy of damnation,

* Edward VI.

(74)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Possesses qualifying, half-redemption,
When Reason yields the motive for exemption
From self-willed, self-imbruted criminality,
Her bloody sire's predominating quality.
This persecuting Princess hath been blamed
Beyond demerit, through such guilt, as claimed,
In after-times a privilege more inhuman,
Than ever stained this crime-avenging woman,
When Innocence and Truth, without a cause,
Became the martyrs of Draconic laws
Where covert Cruelty's assassin-hand,
Destroyed in secret under high command.

Had Mary been a Neophyte of faith
Of modern birth—by infamy, a wreath
Of hissing Gorgon snakes, around her head,
Had not been twined—with fear-inspiring dread :
Her ancient creed—obnoxious to the new—
Reforming critics on her memory drew ;
And obloquy its darkest shadow cast
On all her active measures, first and last ;
While venal writers---puffed with new devotion,
To suit the times---distorted every motion
Of power executive that appertained
To MARY's deeds, alas ! too deeply stained !
And much too indefensible for truth
To palliate or approve ; or yet to smooth
With florid diction, such as partial HUME
Has, later crimes be-glossed, with verbal bloom.
One act of rigid justice man laments
(For which the heart of sympathy relents)
In Dudley's fate---and hapless LADY GREY,
Whom filial love from duty taught to stray,
When sires, ambitious of ascendant power,
Unwilfully destroyed life's blooming flower,
In blushing youth, by tampering with the laws,
And yielding power, for punishment, a cause.
Yet shall the deed deserve our execration,
If public justice stamps with condemnation
Usurped authority, and regal names
Falsely assumed---the right another claims ?
A milder sacrifice than that required
Had been more laudable, and more admired ;
But those were times of aspect grim and stern
When man, from tyranny, had most to learn.

END OF CANTO I.

(75)

ARGUMENT.

Apostrophe to Religion—Its primitive purity—gradual decrease—Paganism established on its ruins—the rapid decline of original virtue—the degeneracy of mankind—man's self-willed apostacy from Divine Revelation and Primeval Grace—call of Abraham—Revealed Religion still preserved among the people of God—spreading of Idolatry and the Mystic Worship over the earth—Restoration of Religion through the Redemption—Heavenly Faith, revealed to the Gentile Nations, after the coming of Christ—Divinity of the Christian Worship—Fanaticism, Bigotry, and Self-interest, at variance with its mild doctrines—Holy Wars commented on with censure, as uncharitable and unchristian—Deficiency of fraternal and social love, opposed to the sacred precepts of the Gospel—Moslem fanaticism exercised against the Christians—Persecuting spirit of Pagan Rome—Heathen Superstition, less blameworthy than Christian Intolerance—Modern Saints characterised—Christian Mammon-worshippers, a disgrace to Religion—Fatal effects of Religious cruelty—The Reformation, with its pernicious consequences—Persecuting malignity of Queen Elizabeth, towards Ireland—Multifarious evils resulting therefrom—Penal sufferings of the Irish Catholics—Exterminating injustice of the Elizabethan Government—National jealousy of Britain, a cause of enmity towards Ireland, her ancient superior in civil greatness—British and Irish Independence, contrasted—Uncompromising loyalty of the Irish People, in the service of Britain—Their merits unrewarded—Ostentatious boastings concerning British Liberty—Modern Superstition of the Anglo-British community—Irish Catholic Christianity compared to the Banyan-Fig-tree—Miraculous increase of the Irish Catholics under persecution—Patient expectations of the Irish Nation, for Civil and Religious Freedom—Happy consequences likely to flow from the restoration of native rights—Appeal to Justice against Oppression—Close of the Canto, with an appropriate, political Allegory.

THE
Wrongs of Ireland,

CANTO II.

The Reformation.

I.

Divine Religion! Guiding Star of Truth!
By bounteous heaven first wasted from above,
When Nature, smiling in primeval youth,
Received thee as the boon of sky-born love:
With Faith seraphic, and the gentle dove
Of Peace, thou camest to created man,
His moral faculties of mind to move,
When human reason in the soul began,
To teach his spirit, in its new abode,
To cherish Hope, and praise Creation's God.

II.

Beneath thy guidance, when the world was young,
In happy innocence remained mankind;
Thy golden precepts dwelt on every tongue,
And virtue ruled the empire of the mind:
But man grew haughty, insolent, and blind,
In course of time, and loved, and practised sin,
Forsook thy ways, and fatally resigned
To sordid passions purity within:
Forgetful of thy dictates, and forsaking
The paths of virtuous Truth, for Idol-making.

III.

And much has man been punished for his crimes,
Since, from thy guardianship, he turned aside,
To follow vile propensities, in times,
When earth-born vanity created pride,
In evil hour, his energies to guide,
And lead Ambition through the ways of vice,
The empire of creation to divide,
Where lucre lured, or riches could entice;
God's image only seemed impressed on gold,
And Virtue, for its sake, was pawned or sold.

IV.

Coneupiscent desires of sordid sense
 Usurped the throne of Reason, and subdued
The realm of Righteousness, in whose defence
 Were sacrificed the remnant of the good;
Presumptuous Infidelity imbrued
 Its impious hands, in hallowed, saintly blood,
While brazen-fronted Arrogance pursued
 The ebbing tide of Faith's receding flood;
Till Paganism overspread the earth,
 And gave, to false Religion, fiend-like birth.

v.

Then holy Abram heard the heavenly call,
In far Chaldea, where, in Ur, he dwelt;
The last surviving Patriarch from the fall,
Whose knee to Babel's idols never knelt:
He heard the parent voice of God, and felt
Abhorrence at the sinful ways of men,
Finding his bosom with devotion melt,
Then fled with Faith, to plant its stem again,
As far to westward, where remote it grew,
Through Israel's seed, to flourish for the Jew.

VI.

O'er Canaan's brief and limited domain,
The light of revelation only shone,
While heathen doctrines, with their rites profane,
Spread lurid darkness Gentile nations on :
The sun of Truth divine, that rose upon
The land of Israel, had to eastward set ;
From other climes, its beaminess was gone,
Where once it blazed, and night-clouds linger yet,
O'er Asia's continental nations wide,
The dire effect of vice and human pride.

VII.

The Hindoo worshipped in his mystic caves,
The generative principle of things, Boodhu ;
In Cathay*, Superstition's votive slaves
Devotion paid to Chan-ty, Tien, or Fou :
Absurd philosophy, disciples drew,
False science to pursue, where Chaldee sages,
Their Astrologio horoscopes once threw
The barbarous practice of those gloomy ages ;
When vague astronomy's yet doubtful ray,
Led, half-enlightened, Learning's sons astray.

VIII.

From eastern climes, the mystic worship passed,
To Egypt, with its gods and pagan rites :
Greece mystified, in turn, and Rome, the last,
Saw heathen truth through mystery's dubious lights,
Inhuman Orgies, that the sense affrights,
Through gloomy years of ignorance, prevailed.
Till with mythology's beclouded nights,
Of misty shadows past, new day revealed,
The promised sun, to brighten Christian climes,
Whose light shall blaze effulgent through all times.

IX.

Meek Christianity ! with thee returned,
The pure religion of celestial spheres,
Which man received, ere he his error mourned,
When Eve, our mother, shed regretful tears,
Throughout a life of penitential years,
From Paradise and bliss, an outcast driven,
To feast on sorrow, and, on couch of fears,
To dream of death, the punishment of heaven ;
Inflicted on herself and all her seed,
Till man's atoning Saviour-God should bleed.

X.

The Christian Creed enjoins, that every brother
Should be, in love and harmony, combined,
As Christ ordained and willed, with one another,
Like friends, in warm affection, intertwined.
Ah me ! we follow not the precept kind,
Of our Redeemer, or his high command,
To love each other, when, alas ! we find,
That all neglect, what all must understand :
The law of God, so plain, and simply spoken,
Which Christians oft have read, and oft have broken.

XI.

Behold your deeds, ye cross-believing nations !
With shame reflect on what your crimes have done,
Witness the harvest of your desolations,
In gore, deep-crimsoned, where, in streams, has run
Your brethren's blood, all votaries of the son
Of Righteousness, who, for your sakes, atoned
The wrath of heaven, that you, and we, might shun
Eternal death, where fiends their fate have moaned,
In flames unquenchable, the flames of hell,
Condemned, to which, by Adam's crime, we fell.

XII.

The fields of Christendom are spread before you,
Where Christian spears have lavished Christian blood,
Oh! think ye of the crime, to battle bore you
Ye worse than Infidels! and view the flood
Of kindred life-streams, shed by hardihood,
Might shock the most barbarian, Paynim land,
Where Gospel Truth has spread no leaf or bud,
To shame the handiwork, of God's right hand;
That knew the right, yet consciously defied,
The sacred cause for which a Saviour died.

XIII.

Of Holy Wars, by Christian zealots planned,
We've heard sufficiently—yea, heard with grief,
How fierce fanatics drenched the Holy Land,
With blood of Infidels: How many a chief,
(Because he entertained a false belief)
His fellow mortal for Religion slew,
To stain the christian hero's shameful leaf,
And stamp the bigotist, in colours true,
That sought renown, in such a cruel manner,
To Faith's disgrace, behind the red-cross banner.

XIV.

Fanatic cruelty, by heaven detested,
Deserves, of all, the general execration:
By man presumptuous, and with power invested,
Should innocence sustain his indignation,
Or hateful enmity? because salvation,
Exclusively, he boasts, to bid defiance,
To every fellow-man of God's creation,
That claims not brotherhood in Faith's alliance;
Or dares observe his creed with due respect,
As conscience guides, and reason should direct.

XV.

Should self-sufficient mortals tyrannise
O'er those, to whom, has never been revealed,
The sacred truth that opens to the skies
A vista, from the ignorant concealed?
Should Bigotry its giant falchion wield,
With murderous vengeance, nations to destroy?
Because they bear not Faith's protecting shield,
And sword of persecution, to annoy
Those unillumined children of the earth,
To whom Religion gave no second birth.

XVI.

The Moslem worshippers in *Palestine*,
 The erosiered, christian pilgrims persecuted ;
 Deeming their barbarous tyranny divine,
 When vengeance, on the cross, they executed ;
 So pagan Rome essayed to see uprooted,
 The Vine of Christianity, in vain,
 Believing all her pious work well suited,
 To please her Gods and Goddesses profane :
 Each practised cruelty, through superstition,
 But sinned not, like the Christian, to perdition.

XVII.

As did **IBERIA**'s fortune seeking sons,
 Beyond th' Atlantic main, in *Colon's Land*,
 Who, thwarting conscience, that Hispanian Dons
 Might grasp at wealth, with avaricious hand,
 Lit persecution's faggot-firing brand,
 The inoffensive Indian to consume,
 Alleging that they came at heaven's command,
 And sanctioned by the papal see of Rome,
 To plant the Faith, in blood, beyond the main,
 Where sordid sinners worshipped golden gain.

XVIII.

God's Image, stamped with lineaments divine,
 Seems unattractive to the Zealot's eyes,
 When interest teaches bigots to define
 The price of Lucre's death-doomed sacrifice :
 The venal heart explores, beneath the skies,
 A dearer object, for its warm devotion,
 In yellow ore, that moves more sympathies
 Of votive souls, than He who rules the Ocean,
 The Earth, and Heavens ; that sits supreme above,
 And views the workings of man's sordid love.

XIX.

Gain is the glittering Deity, that claims
 More universal worship from mankind,
 In every land, than those exalted names
 Which Faith first blazoned on the virgin mind.
 Religion now, monoculous, or blind,
 The hallowed steps of sanctity pursues,
 Where wealth attracts, and molten *Molochs* find
 Their venal worshippers of golden views :
 The remnant of the just are few; and rare,
 Who reverence still Creation's God, in prayer !

XX.

For one misguided, self-deceiving mortal,
That thinks his own the only Christian Creed,
Ten thousand enter in at *Mammon's* Portal,
The devotees of Avarice, humble-kneed :
Fanaticism sees its victims bleed,
With pious satisfaction ; yet how few,
Have perished by its power, in rash misdeed,
Compared to hosts whom faith's pretenders slew ;
To gratify their lawless lust for plunder,
With fire and faggots : flaming swords and thunder.

XXI.

And there be canting Hypocrites, that make
A mockery of Religion—saints who trade
On godly goods, who watch, and pray, and wake,
To people heaven with souls—that priests, well-paid,
May fatten on credulity—betrayed
By Pharisaic sanctity, whose kindness,
Is not Samaritan, the wretch to aid,
But lead the sightless, with the hand of blindness ;
Or practise pious falsehood, to deceive,
For selfish ends, the dupes that dare believe.

XXII.

And worse than Infidels in faith are those,
Who own the cross, yet cavilling disagree
On points of doctrine, minds to discompose,
And foster prejudice, too blind to see
Its latent errors, whatsoe'er they be ;
And yet contemning all that dare profess,
Such modes of faith as differ, in degree,
From that which marks its ultra-saintliness :
Religion ! much abused ! how torn and rent,
Have been thy robe, and chaste habiliment !

XXIII.

Beneath thy specious mask, what fraudulent guile,
Have Hypocrites deceitful perpetrated,
In this oppressed and persecuted Isle,
Which, for her faith has been depopulated !
Yes ! she, to doctrines pure, who consecrated,
The holy Altars of the Christian's God,
Like him, by cruel men, was immolated,
And scourged by REFORMATION's ruthless rod ;
When Christianity exchanged her dress,
For fashions now, in days of good *Queen Bess* !

XXIV.

Of all the evils that our Isle accursed,
 This brought the most malignant in their kind,
 Productive of calamities, the worst,
 That ever pressed on Erin's suffering mind;
 Alas! it came, how like the *Samuel* wind,
 With death and danger on its stormy wing,
 To sweep our lovely fields, and leave behind,
 A desert wild, on which might sit and sing,
 The Muse of Memory, to the Harp of woe,
 The dirge of Freedom's, final overthrow.

Erin, my country, mother of distress!
 The tide of thy misfortunes, all confess,
 Was great in flux and reflux, since the time,
 When hostile Saxons came with craft and crime,
 To sow the seeds of enmity and hate,
 In wide dissemination, o'er thy state.
 The filial struggles of thy children proved,
 How dear their country, and how much beloved!
 How proud their spirit, and their sense of right,
 Evinc'd in many a fruitless, bloody fight!
 Victim of wrongs! *four hundred years* hadst thou
 Mused o'er thy miseries, with dejected brow:—
 Thy fertile fields the prey of lawless strangers;
 Thy gallant sons exposed to ceaseless dangers,
 And thou, thyself, in widowhood, repining,
 O'er cruel deeds of faithless man's designing;
 Yet what were all the sufferings thou hadst known,
 Before **ELIZABETH** possessed the throne
 Of persecuting England, when compared
 To those severer destinies, prepared
 For thee and thine, when **TUDOR**'s bigot rage
 Resolved, exterminating war to wage
 With holy faith, and all that heaven loved best,
 For qualities divine upon thy breast?
 A horror of the past assails my mind,
 When Memory wakes the doings of mankind,
 Among thy scenes of beauty, armed with strife,
 Against religion, liberty, and life.
 Faint were thy struggles, Matron! heretofore,
 Compared to those, unvanquished valour bore,
 To shield the cross of Christ from impious hands,
 When **Persecution** spread her murdererous bands,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Of mad, reforming myrmidons abroad,
To thin thy folds, and waste the House of God.

Ah me ! what blood was lavished, to sustain
The ancient faith from foul pollution's stain !
What thousands perished for Religion's sake !
To injured heaven, a holocaust to make,
For crimes committed by fanatic rancour,
That left thee only Hope's sustaining anchor,
Which Catholic Christianity had given,
When man's Redeemer oped the gates of heaven !
But, Royal Martyr ! why should I prolong
With stubborn facts, the tenour of my song ?
When these are known by all, who wish to know,
The causes and effects of all thy woe ;
In fine, the fruitful and infernal source
Of Erin's wretchedness, and what is worse,
The loss of empire, liberty, and honour,
First darkly flowed, in evil hour upon her,
When to our shores, our Island, to unbless,
Like locusts, came the Neophytes of BESS,
Darkening our moral atmosphere with ills,
Of gloomy aspect to be-cloud our hills.
Full of new faith, with Reformation armed,
ELIZA's minions, with devotion warmed,
Resorted hither eagerly to plant
The seeds of Doctrines BESS was fain to grant
To this ill-fated land, that but despised,
The Royal favour, and the schemes devised,
To propagate in Ireland's Catholic nation,
A new Religion of man's fabrication.
To strengthen which the pious, virgin Queen
Sent persecution, fired with rancorous spleen,
To clear the soil, and water well with blood,
The ground for crop, so new, so pure, so good,
And fruit-producing ; but we must lament,
For thee, my country, TUNOR's worse intent,
Who forged in hell, her penal chains, to bind thee ;
With terrible machines to bray and grind thee :
Tortures for conscience, and the strong artillery
Of hypocritic cant, and pious raillery !

O'NEILL, O'CONNOR, DESMOND, and O'MORE,
Like champions fought thy freedom to restore ;

(84)

Yet thou, and we, lost Ireland ! live to rue
 The deeds of GREY—MOUNTJOY—and fierce CAREW;
 Names, that, in blood, indelibly are written,
 Upon thy heart and memory, sorely smitten !
 That virtue, not of earth, but heaven-descended,
 Which should, for excellence, have most commended
 Our sires to their tormentors : faith divine,
 Promoted Ireland's national decline,
 When selfish zealots prowled, like beasts of prey
 On all things Catholic deemed—and swept away
 Religion from our shores, that long had thriven
 Upon our soil—the purest under heaven,
 The altars of a Christian Saviour vanished,
 When MAMMON's sons, God's sacred worship banished
 From Sanctity's abode, to plant a creed
 Of man's invention, with infernal speed,
 Upon the ruins of our holy fanes,
 That strewed their fragments wide o'er many plains ;
 And still their frowning, broken members stand,
 Demanding vengeance on the spoiler's hand,
 That left the altar priestless—and the priest,
 An outcast fugitive, that wolves might feast,
 And ravening Rapine desolate the fold
 Of ancient faith, for plunder and for gold :
 That blood-desiring Vultures might be fed,
 And Vampires batten on the saintly dead !

They who have seen the pictures of distress,
 Sketched by the agents of inhuman Bass,(1)
 In frightful colours, have portrayed these times,
 Of impious sacrilege, and nameless crimes,
 When Ireland, one vast sepulchre presented—
 O'er which the Ghost of Freedom long lamented :
 A law for every land beneath the sun,
 Nations have claimed, and given, save only one,
 Our wretched Island, paramount in woe,
 High heaven has seen by tyrants humbled low,
 Where nature's cries for mercy were unheeded,
 And man, in vain, against injustice pleaded !
 Yes ! well I know a country that has borne
Six hundred years of tyranny and scorn,
 With patience practised in the Stoic Art—
 Sustaining life with energy of heart ;
 Within whose Ocean bounds the Spoiler's power
 Fell damply on her breast with mildew shower,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Blighting her fertile landscapes all that time ;
To widen Desolation's desert clime.
Curs'd with Misgovernment, and all its ills
Condemned to suffer from despotic wills :
Traduced, despoiled, insulted and maligned
Crushed by Oppression—mortified in mind,
Would Reason's cool dispassionate Advocate,
Suppose that Erin's were a happy state,
Under the cruel, merciless dominion
Of those that first for country—then opinion,
Scourged with a Scorpion lash our noble Nation,
To drive her on to acts of desperation,
That Rapine's sons might revel on her charms
And Avarice conquer by the right of arms ?

Why talk of Helots? why of Negro Slaves ?
While Ireland sits amid th' Atlantic waves,
Chained, like *Andromeda*, by lawless power,
For iron-hearted monster to devour ;
Till some intrepid *PERSEUS* sets her free,
And slays the ferine dragon of the sea,
Which loves to torture, not destroy, its prey,
That life more tardily may ebb away ;
Shame on thee Britain ! that so long has prided
In demon arts that, Ireland's sons, divided !
Shame on thy vaunted honour ! Empress Queen !
That long, on us, hast breathed thy love in spleen !
Thy pompous statesmen, in their fine orations,
Proclaim thee " Glory of surrounding Nations ; "
But art thou generous, liberal, kind, or just,
To those who, in thy honour, place their trust ?
A mongrel Nation, formed of many a race,
Which History, in its features, can retrace ;
Without antiquity, or ancient fame—
Known but to Moderns by an uncouth name ;
Such country, near a greater, must be jealous
Of high nobility—and none need tell us,
That such a country in a prosperous state,
Will not be overbearing in her hate,
To those whose greatness waked her envious ire,
Ere yet she dared to arts or arms aspire.
A crouching State that often changed her Masters,
And bore, with tameness, multiplied disasters,
From every prowling, predatory band,
That chose to spoil and desolate her land :

A mixed community of barbarous strangers,
 By fierceness nerved to brave the front of dangers,
 May grow to savage greatness, not uncommon
 To kindred States—for instance, take the Roman,
 That grew, from every runagate outcast,
 'Tis true, a mighty empire at the last,
 Yet semi-barbarous still, and marked with traces
 Of all its ancient, hybrid, scoundrel races.

Not so my country, beauteous in her tears,
 That wears the laurels of *three thousand years*,
 Milesian Irish still, through all events,
 And wondrous still for native monuments ;
 Her freedom and her faith she nobly cherished,
 While rival hosts in valorous conflict perished ;
 Till Saxon cunning duped her by degrees,
 And *Pictish* Faith confirmed the fates' decrees ;
 Yet still her sons survive extermination,
 Still virtually she lives, the IRISH NATION,
 And still do millions of her youth inherit
 The ancient, lofty, proud, Milesian spirit.
 Britain, that now, in Zenith of her glory,
 Divides her power 'twixt rival *Whig* and *Tory*,
 Has grown, like Rome in miniature, a Queen
 Imperial, but with less of regal mien,
 Like Rome, in cruelty, she has delighted,
 Like Rome, her baneful breath has Freedom blighted ;
 And, like that despot Arbitress of Nations,
 She purchased infamy and execrations
 From subjugated States, that knew her best,
 In bloody robe of persecution dressed,
 But not in Clemency's angelic Stole
 Or Truth-like shining through a generous soul.
 Why is it thus ?—And why has Britain tried
 By cruel means, to *govern* and *divide*
 A people, liberal as the bounteous Sun,
 And brave as ever sunshine smiled upon !
 Steady in loyalty—faithful to their trust—
 In manners hospitable, kind, and just—
 Courteous to strangers, even to a crime—
 Their country, of the world, the dearest clime :
 To laws amenable—to justice prone,
 Though to their prejudice (2) and early known
 To worship honour with sincere devotion,
 And give the heart to Love's devout emotion.

Courageous in the field—and strong in fight;
 Yet, blending greatness with superior might,
 They never triumphed o'er a fallen foe,
 Nor dealt, inhumanly, a treacherous blow,
 When vanquished enemies, who bravely fought,
 The life-sustaining meed of mercy sought:
 Our princes lived, or perished, with their crowns,
 They followed Glory, scorning fortune's frowns;
 And when the Fates cast shadows on their way—
 They challenged danger in the sanguine fray—
 Opposed, with Patriot valour, all resistance,
 Esteeming honour dearer than existence;
 For what is life, or empire, to the Brave,
 When Glory's radiance plays not round his grave.

Devoted to the Muse and tender Lyre,
 When Peace had chastened War's impassioned fire,
 The gifted, Irish warrior sweetly sung,
 In vocal cadence, to his Harp well-strung,
 The feats of Heroes, and the strife of shields,
 To calm Retirement's valleys, woods, and fields;
 Breathing a plaintive recollective moan,
 O'er wires that waked to Memory's melting tone.
 The earth is wide in bound's, and Ocean boasts,
 Of numerous nations round her subject coasts:
 Yet billowy ocean never laved the shore—
 Of land so great in excellence, before—
 So wondrous, strange, so eminently gifted,
 With attributes of genius, nobly lifted
 Above the neighbouring world, that slept around her.
 When Fame and Glory with their wreaths, had
 Crowned her.
 Our Country, placed amid her bright, green waves.
 Was then the land of freemen—not of slaves:
 The seat of Learning, ere its heavenly light
 Broke elsewhere, in the West, on mental night:
 Ours were the Isle—the Era—and the age,
 Of Bard, Philosopher, and reverend Sage,
 And all that merits primogenial claim,
 To intellectual eminence and fame,
 Before our radiant day of science broke,
 In dawning lustre, on those realms, that woke
 From slumbrous ignorance, at Erin's call,
 And threw aside the soul's obscuring pall,
 Here long had civil History truly traced,
 Our classic nation midst the watery waste;

And here Chronology had noted down
The lineal Masters of the Irish Crown, (3)
In due succession, registered in rhymes,
Adapted to the country and the times,
When Poesy sweet, in fame-recording verse,
Taught Erin's Muse-loved Minstrels, to rehearse
The deeds of heroes, in immortal lays :—
The meed of merit breathing dueous praise,
To many a noble, lustre-lighting name,
That brightened Erin's Galaxy of fame,
For Millenary Cycles—ere upon
The gloomy breast of Britain, Genius shone,
Or learning and philosophy could find,
The path of science to the British mind.
Splendid, in majesty, with laurels crowned,
Our lovely, regal nation smiled around
On heaven's divine creations, blandly gracing
Her beauteous landscapes worth the painter's tracing,
While barbarous Britain, clad in shaggy vest,
Sat lone, in solitude, like savage dressed,
Unsunned by Genius, frightful in her wildness,
With features rude, unsoftened yet by mildness,
Or those attractive lineaments of face
Which mind illumes, and science loves to trace.

What was the mighty Empress Queen of waves,
That now a despot rules her subject slaves,
When conquering Caesar landed on her shores,
With all his veteran hosts and splashing oars ?
The parent Island of *unlettered* hordes,
Trained in the exercise of spears and swords
For personal defence—or when occasion,
Gave power th' ascendancy for fierce invasion ;
When tribe met tribe with Indian-like ferosity,
And brutal vengeance, scorning generosity,
Or sympathy of heart to one another ;
Unlike the children of one common Mother,
Whose interests nature should have intertwined,
With nobler qualities of heart and mind.
Nor ceased their rancour in the field of strife,
While superstition claimed the captive's life,
Which cruel, monstrous rites ordained to be
A human victim to some deity—
False as the worship by fanatics paid
To pagan idols in th' unhallowed shade
(89)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Of consecrated groves, where priests austere
Taught ignorance, with awe, to hope and fear.
Unbound by tender ties the British sire
Trafficked in kindred blood or fame's a liar;
When History states, that children oft were sold,
By *British* parents, for *Hibernian* gold; (4)
And Rome bears witness to the shameful trade—(5)
The odious commerce, practised, to invade
The laws of nature and its sympathies,
Love's filial links, and life's domestic ties.
Imperial Rome records the painful truth,
That she has witnessed oft the British youth
(Let proud and haughty England hear the tale)
Exposed like cattle in her streets for sale,
Long subsequent in time to christianity—
A proof of Britain's savage inhumanity,
In modern times, when heavenly light divine
Began on Europe's pagan fields to shine:
The effluent beams of God's beneficence,
Shed on the world for man's atoned offence.

Compared with Ireland, in those early days,
What claim can Britain urge to pride or praise?
The Sister Islands, as the Gods have seen them,
Comparisons were odious drawn between them!
Ours was a nation fated to disasters,
Yet not, like England, to a change of masters,
Tameley received, till England's domination
Lorded her ponderous power by usurpation,
Progressively, and with oppressive sway,
O'er this delightful land for many a day;
Till centenary epochs multiplied
Around the sphere of wounded, native pride.
Yet were our fathers of that dastard kind,
That reed-like bent to every hostile wind,
And crouching owned, for peace, each foreign yoke,
Feeling with fearfulness each warrior's stroke,
As felt the sons of Britain when each band
Of fierce invaders visited their land?
No! envied Ireland, by the world admired,
And, like to beauty's graceful form, desired
To trembling cowardice, the scorn of earth,
Or shrinking dastards, never yet gave birth:
(90)

Her sons full often tried in battle-field,
 Might lavish life, ere Valour's heart would yield ;
 And never yet was other nation known,
 So prodigal of being, as our own !
 Existence here seemed only to inspire
 The soul of honor with ethereal fire,
 To light the hero to the patriot's doom,
 And kindle Glory's beacon o'er his tomb :
 So high the pulse of martial bravery beat,
 With fearless courage, warmed with fervent heat,
 That death was sought in preference to defeat.

With force magnanimous, the dauntless Dane,
 For empire strove, amid our fields, in vain ;
 And though opposing heroes long contended,
 The strife, in favour of our country, ended ;
 For what wont native independence dare,
 When freedom is the prize, or price of war !
 No hour of slumber patriotism knew,
 While lived a doughty Danesman to subdue,
 And till our sires reduced their foreign foes,
 Their haughty spirit never knew repose.
 And who could boast that peace, amidst our bowers,
 Was ever seen to flap her wings o'er flowers,
 In Erin's valleys, from th' ill-omen'd day
 That saw Invasion's Saxon flag display,
 Its flickering drapery in the western breeze
 That flaunted round our shores and green-waved seas ?
 The Haleyon of internal quiet here,
 Denied tranquillity, and awed by fear,
 Built not, in still security, her nest,
 On Erin's troubled, wild, tumultuous breast,
 Nor sought her coasts, till, like her Mountain Oak,
 The stormy wars of many ages, broke
 Her lofty nature that disdained to bend,
 So long as power its influence could lend,
 Nor was our country conquered, but deceived
 By false professions, which, her sons believed,
 Were pledged in faith and honor like their own,
 Though emanating from a treacherous throne.
 Alas ! our credent nation had been taught
 Full many lessons with experience fraught,
 From English masters that might rouse suspicion,
 When Britain sympathised with her condition.

In all the compacts with that kingdom made,
 The wrongs were ours—and Ireland was betrayed;
 Faith seemed a pledge, fit only to be broken,
 And seals of falsehood were the specious token,
 When Saxon fraudulence, for motives base,
 Deceived by treaties Erin's trusting race;
 And though, our oft-duped nation, long deceived
 By English perfidy, false tongues believed,
 A thousand times again, yet still her heart,
 Insensible of baseness, as of art,
 Conceded confidence and trust to men,
 Which faith could bind not—foolishly again.

Yet were her duped, dishonoured sons less brave
 In Britain's cause, when bound like serf and slave?
 Allegiance (taught the Catholic by his creed)
 Inspired his loyalty to fight and bleed,
 Even for a tyrant, if the Despot claimed
 A subject's duty, while his sovereign named:
 The Catholic Faith strict loyalty evinces
 To all, who by "God's Grace" are ruling princes;
 Nor can that man be catholic in profession,
 Who dares to measure duty by discretion,
 In fealty to Monarchs, constituted,
 As Kings, by legal birthright, undisputed.
 His rigid discipline no course allows
 Save that which justifies his lawful vows
 Of liege submission to the powers that be,
 In stern, unbending, stubborn loyalty;
 And he, whose will, would point out other road,
 Than that of duty to his King and God,
 Becomes to both a rebel, void of grace,
 An outcast libertine for scorn to trace.
 Had Catholic subjects held the reins of power
 In martyred Stuart's danger-brooding hour,
 His royal blood had not been madly spilt
 In hæreth atonement for imputed guilt;
 Nor had the Pictish Scots, for groats, betrayed
 Their sceptred Lord, who claimed protection's aid,
 In adverse times, from puritanic fury,
 When power supplied the place of Judge and Jury;
 While Anarchy, with Monarchy, at strife,
 Pursued with bloodhound thirst a sovereign's life.

Nor was it Catholicity that dyed
 Its sanctity, by turning regicide,
 When Revolution's awful, civil shock
 Brought inoffensive Bourbon to the block,
 And sacrificed a mother and a Queen,
 Beneath the all-destroying guillotine :
 'Twas Ultra-liberalism deluged France
 With noble blood—and raised Rebellion's lance
 Against Religion and its laws divine,
 That christian martyrs with the saints might shine,
 Where cruelty, no more might exercise
 The horrid rites of human tyrannies.
 Enough is said, and evidenced, to prove
 That ancient faith inculcates peace and love,
 With every virtue that can best enforce
 Good will to men, in social intercourse;
 Unblinded by that prejudice of mind
 Which deals out partial justice to mankind;
 Looking benevolence in tainted breast,
 Lest active Charity, its heavenly guest,
 Might with a suffering, fellow-mortal share
 Its generous bounty—should the suppliant's prayer,
 From other altar than th' approved, ascend
 To man's protector, and unbiased friend.
 The Irish Catholic, faithful to his trust,
 By facts can prove this reasoning to be just,
 Since Usurpation sanctioned Revolution,
 And gave our fanes and temples to pollution.

With rigid loyalty, since William's reign,
 How patiently resigned to wear his chain,
 His ponderous penal chain of torturing trial,
 So much requiring stoic self-denial,
 Has been the Catholic christian, law-excluded
 From every post where profit was included,
 Or honour gained, or wealth accumulated,
 Or fame, or civil greatness, emanated,
 Except the field—the sanguine field of glory,
 With streams of Catholic blood so often gory.
 Yes ! bigot Britain, we have fought thy fights,
 Thou plunderer of our property and rights !
 We've shed our dearest blood that thou mightst reign;
 Yet have we lavished precious life in vain,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

An hundred years of slavery—yea, and more,
Has Catholic Ireland penal fettters bore
For conscience' sake ; and still the slave remains,
For faith—not infidelity—in chains :
A martyr, for religion, sore oppressed,
Because her creed was old—and not addressed
To Mammon-worshippers—to earthly things—
To power and profit—places—pensions—kings—
And all that wealth and greatness might desire,
Ambition covet—and the vain admire.
Not negative allegiance have we shown,
But positive and true, to Britain's Throne,
Through every change of Dynasty—and time,
Though creed and country both were deemed a crime ;
And though mendacity of venal scribes
Compared our feudal clans to savage tribes—
Painting our ancestors grotesque and wild,
Their morals monstrous—and their faith defiled
With superstitions, heathenish, and strange—
Idolatrous and damnable ;—no change
Of loyal sentiment has been produced
On us, their offspring, through our sires abused ;
For still, like them, to heavenly hope we cling—
Give God his due—and duty to our King.

Tried in our loyalty, so much, so long,
By persecution, piracy, and wrong—
Disfranchisement—privations—and exclusion—
Intolerant bigotry—lost rights—delusion—
And all the arts that malice could invent,
To aggravate the heart of discontent,
From false professions, and the ills we've borne,
In civil vassalage, from Saxon scorn ;
If loyal under all those great aggressions—
And unrepaid by favours and concessions,
Say would the slave that lost his liberty,
Be less a subject, denizeden and free ?
You answer, no ! for such accords with reason—
The Helot will congratulate the season,
That breaks his chains, with love and gratitude,
And feel his heart with thankfulness renewed.
Religious liberty, for us, requires
The civil freedom of our freeborn sires.

(94)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Who never forfeited their rights, nor bartered
Their legal privileges, by honour chartered,
Till ultra-duty, to a faithless prince,
Produoed the ruin of our fortunes, since
That luckless hour, when Catholic Ireland bled,
To shield the crown on truthless Stuart's head.
Taught by their creed to exercise allegiance,
As liege-men to their king, in strict obedience,
Our fathers sacrificed, at duty's call,
Wealth—nation—birthright—liberty, and all,
To purchase vassalage and penal chains—
Oppressive laws, and slavery for their pains!

Our patriot ancestors most nobly acted
To him, whom perjured Britons disrespected,
Though sworn, in fealty, to guard his throne,
And tender loyalty to him alone.
Those rebels to the laws, their king, and nation,
Prepared to favour foreign usurpation,
For motives politic, and rob their sovereign
Of power executive, and right to govern,
In those tempestuous times, of *Whig* and *Tory*,
When Faction dimmed the light of regal glory ;
As surgy, wild Intolerance billow'd high—
Sweeping from Monarchy its majesty ;
To shun a parent's much lamented fate,
The fearful *James* resolved to abdicate,
And trust his fortunes to our steadier Nation,
Where faithful subjects raised his expectation.
Nor were his hopes deceived in our allegiance,
Though basely duped for singular obedience ;
For he, who left his Realm without a Master,
Left dupes to witness many a sad disaster,
Which to our lot, as Royalists beset,
For which injustice has no parallel.
Our country, for fidelity and honour,
Had manacles and setters bound upon her ;
And ancient Faith, with persecuting brand,
Was hunted like a monster from the land ;
Because we kept our vows, by heaven appointed,
In shielding as we ought, our king anointed,
Against a *pseudo-prince* who dared to stain
The regal purple, where his sire should reign.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Our patriots, after all they'd sacrificed,
With loss of property, were disfranchised;
Yes ! base reward for all their brave resistance !
Our Chieftains lost political existence,
In course of years, when prejudice grew stronger,
And persecution made their slave-links longer;
Till wrung from State necessity, at length,
A boon was given—and Erin gathered strength :
Th' elective franchise, every subject's right,
Suspended long, by power's tyrannic might,
Was to the Catholic citizen restored,
When Revolution's thundering cannons roared,
With awful peals o'er terror-smitten *France* ;
As far *Columbia* sheathed her conquering lance.
Fear, civil fear, and dread of threatening dangers,
Made England courteous to the "Land of Strangers;"
Else might our pride have been degraded still,
Had Britain acted from her headstrong will—
That will, so arbitrary, when it can
Prevail o'er right, and shackle free-born man.
In justice niggardly, from inclination,
To Ireland's prayer and ceaseless supplication,
Imperious England slowly has attended,
To acts of justice towards the unbefriended.
Of liberal treatment—yes ! we've had a token—
Some links from Slavery's fetters have been broken ;
Yet still we feel our bondage and our chains ;
And still, our civil liberty remains
A captive unreleased, in durance vile,
Too long a dungeon-inmate from our Isle.
Accursed prejudice, and bigot zeal,
First forged our fetters, wrought from moral steel :
Fanatic artizans, in judgment blind—
With holy ignorance, of erring mind,
Employed self-interested, saintly knaves
To weave the web of Destiny for slaves ;
When Mammon smiled, as smiles the Moslem Turk,
To see his agents actively at work,
Preparing chains for christian necks to wear,
That Infidels might laugh—and patience bear
Her galling bondage, with resigned submission,
Till heaven, in time, should pity her condition.

Intolerant Britain, boasts of subjects free ;
Yes, pompously proclaims the liberty

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Of many states, that prop her triple Throne,
While Irish millions under slavery groan,
For conscience's sake, deprived of civil freedom,
Because their faith, for lucre, won't mislead them.
Away with all thy boasted liberality,
Thou parent of oppression and venality !
Forbear thy canting, Bible-spreading Britain,
For on thy deeds, thy character is written,
In rubric symbols, sanguine, deep, and red,
With blood of martyrs for Religion shed.
Thy venal scribes may eulogise thy name,
And bid the winds disseminate thy fame :
The mercenary hypocrite may write
Thy panegyrics, as the friend of right ;
And laud thy even justice to the skies,
With all its fellow-feeling sympathies ;
But 'tis too late for hireling Bards to praise thee,
Or strive above the frowns of scorn to raise thee :
The Universe has heard thy captive's cries,
And Mercy bids thee cease to tyrannise.
Thy black transgressions call to heaven aloud
For vengeance on thy head—thou Empress proud !
Whose ear is sealed, when loyal faith demands
The meed of right and justice at thy hands ;
And thy unbending brow of scornful look,
Meets meek entreaty with incensed rebuke :
The Nations know thee now, thou despot Queen
Though long thy covert works have secret been :
Thy partial government, which men detest,
The press has wasted to the East and West,
As far as either Indies can extend,
And far as fatal truth her plaints can send.
The noble nation, which thou hast bereaved
Of liberty and rights must be deceived,
So long as thou canst practise, with impunity,
Thy wicked policy, at opportunity,
To make the world detest thee, as it ought,
With all thy crimes so infamously bought.
Deceive not with professions, if, indeed,
Thou wouldest the cause of suffering virtue plead,
To shield thy character from censuring nations,
That load thy name with damning execrations..

The Christian States, comparatively free,
With haughty indignation looks to thee,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

The last of all the European lands,
To yield what justice for mankind demands :
Equality of rights to all who claim
A loyal subject's throne-supporting name;
Withholding power and privileges from none,
And leaving creeds to God, and minds alone.
When thus, to justice, thou art well-inclined,
With heaven-taught liberality of mind ;—
And deign'st to govern freemen as they merit—
The just will hail thy new-enlightened spirit,
Deeming thee equitable as a nation,
Beyond thy own presumptuous arrogation
Of present, liberal policy ; while here,
The marks of persecution still appear :
A chartered faction, countenanced by power—
A favoured Hierarchy, whose mouths devour
The fatness of the land of toiling slaves—
A pensioned host of peace-preserving Knaves ;—
A Magistracy, prejudiced and blinded
By erring judgment ;—Hirelings, evilminded,
Employed to scandalize, and sow sedition,
Through lying Journals, stamped with self-perdition !
The slaves, the bondmen, helots, and their claims,
Remain as erst, and tyranny still reigns !
And mad Intolerance, wild fanaticism,
Religious hatred and illiberalism,
With barbarous policy, poor Erin rule,
As if the Master were abroad from school ;
And sturdy students gloried in uproar,
When rebel Anarchy gave laws once more.

To judge by acts, the sons of Britain seem
As unenlightened by Truth's mental beam,
As when, in sovereign ignorance profound,
The heretic and witch, were burned, or drowned,
To gratify the fell, fanatic fury,
Of Zealot-Judge, and savage-minded jury,
Who thought they served their God by such purgation :—
Oh ! barbarous thought of hell's infatuation !
Could aught but fiends indulge so wild a notion
As think to honour God, or his devotion,
By sacrificing, to the Great Creator,
The guiltless creature as an innovator,
Who haply strove to luminate the mind,
And cure, with moral means, the morbid blind !

Here persecution; with inhuman blade,
Has sedulously strove, and long essayed,
T' exterminate the deeply-rooted tree,
Of Irish, Catholic Christianity ;—
Yet all in vain, the scion, like the stock,
Transplanted, clings to Faith's eternal rock ;
And spreads, and flourishes, and stronger grows,
The more the hurricane of passion blows.
The tree of Christianity, at first,
Was by the sacred blood of martyrs nursed :
The saintly juice, through all its branchy veins,
Conveyed fertility; as through the plains,
A fruitifying conduit ramifies
Its healthful streams, t' enrich and fertilize
The meadow-land of nature, and produce,
A crop luxuriant, for the Master's use:
The Christian *Palm* by persecution thrrove,
Productive, in the fruits of truth and love ;
And every precious drop by pagans shed
Enriched the roots, and taught the tree to spread,
Till o'er the Universe its branches threw,
A goodly shade for heaven's bright sun to view.

So here oppressive tyranny manured,
With Christian blood, Faith's *Fig-tree*, and matured
Its everlasting, Apostolic roots,
Till each arborial branch, with virtue's fruits,
Was gracefully o'erhung like Apple-boughs,
By Plenty, wreathed around Pomona's brows ;
And though this sylvan of the heavenly grove
Was often lopped, by bigotry, to prove
Its generative powers, yet every branch,
That persecution pruned, its growth, to staunch,
Renewed its vigorous strength, from being polled,
And sent forth branchy honours manifold ;
Till all our sacred Island-limits made,
A bounding circuit for its reverend shade.
Our holy faith, how like *Banyan-tree*,
That grows in Indian forests, fair to see :
That re-productive, vegetable Mother,
Which, from one parent-stock, creates another,
From every pendant bough that hangs around,
When once it sympathises with the ground,
Productiveness, again begets production,
By Nature's kindly, genitive instruction ;

Till, from a single tree, a forest grows,
 Continuously, in fair, concentric rows :
 Weaving above, between the earth and skies,
 One of creation's richest canopies,
 Braided with flowers and fruits—where wild Birds sing;
 A tree still blooming, and the pride of spring.

In Irish soil, Sectarianism pines,
 Where Anti-Catholicity declines :
 In course of time, as it has been before,
 No other plant will thrive on Erin's shore
 Than that which flourished fairest and the first,
 By saints so cherished, and by martyrs nursed.
 No poisonous *Bohn-Upas* underneath,
 Its healthful shade, its pestilence shall breathe ;
 Nor shall the *Orange-Hemlock* prosper long,
 Where adders may not thrive, our groves among.
 Then Britain cease to persecute our nation,
 Nor rob us of the Anchor of salvation,
 To which, with constancy, our fathers clung,
 Through every storm that, Freedom's *requiem*, sung,
 In lamentable times, when Reformation
 Bespread our isle with death and desolation.
 If heaven has willed our faith to flourish here,
 Pure as the light which beautifies the sphere :
 A faith divine, descended from above,
 Breathing benevolence, and speaking love :
 The source of all the virtues that can bless
 Man's human state and future happiness ;
 'Tis vain to war with God's supreme decree,
 Or mar th' Almighty's all-sufficiency :
 What Providence ordains must have existence,
 Despite of man's impolitio resistance ;
 And far, as facts demonstrative, can teach
 A stronger argument, than Sophist's speech,
 The proof seems evident, that here was given,
 To Catholic faith, a seat ordained by heaven ;
 Else had it perished in the stormy strife
 Of hostile elements, at war with life,
 Since blind fanaticism first began
 To injure truth, estranging man from man,
 And veiling social friendship's cheering sun ;
 What demon acts of mischief have been done !
 What shocking cruelties have been recorded !
 For Pity's tears, what cause has been afforded !

What deeds of darkness have been perpetrated !
 What martyred saints to heaven have been translated,
 By bigot zeal, devotion puritanic
 Intolerant prejudice, and crimes Satanic ?
 Which, were they registered, in black and white,
 And chronicled, as Faith requires, aright,
 The horrid tale would make even Courage quake—
 Affright the soul, and bid the heart-strings break.
 Yet all the schemes by Reformation, tried,
 Have proved abortive, on th' Aggressor's side ;
 While Ireland triumphs, in her faith secure—
 Surviving all affliction could endure :
 Strong, in her millions, Catholic Ireland grows
 The awful terror of her rancorous foes :
 A dastard race that, for their venal ends,
 Would drive, from earth, both God's, and virtue's
 friends ;
 And, rather than forego their baneful hate
 To catholicity—would reinstate
 Disorder—anarchy—and wild uproar,
 Ere dread to witness what she was before :
 A *Papist*—free, as when the world began,
 Esteemed by God, and reverenced high by man.

We seek not separation from the state,
 Which long has bound us to a penal fate ;
 We crave no more than God and nature, will
 To free-born man, heaven's object to fulfil :
 The Irish Patriot, faithful to his creed,
 Detests rebellion—and would rather bleed
 Than war with conscience—that internal agent,
 Which, o'er his honest soul, presides, as Regent,
 With legislative wisdom, to direct,
 To constituted powers, their due respect.
 This sacred sensitive of Catholic hearts,
 Its right-divining principles imparts,
 And teaches Hope to bear with patience here—
 Sustain distress—and punishment severe ;
 That future glory may, through self-denial,
 Confer a radiant crown, for virtue's trial,
 Where tyrants have no terrors---and where Kings
 Lash not their slaves, with rods, and scorpion stings.
 Never has nation underneath the sun
 Been so degraded—and, for faith, undone,
 As this once blessed Isle, by man perfidious,
 Under the semblance of a power religious :

For *Country* first, our noble sins maintained
 A lawless foe—that griped, and grasped, and drained,
 Their national resources—till the blood
 Of Erin's heart poured out its ebbing flood ;
 Reforming *Hypocrites* came next, with creeds,
 To propagate new faith by shameful deeds,
 That to their injured victim clearly proved,
 That *Avarice* was the *Idol* Britain loved.
 The *Puritan* and *Covenanter* came,
 Breathing their gospel zeal with sulphurous flame :
 With lucre in their hearts, they sought our land,
 With God's own Book upraised in *Dexter* hand ;
 Yet girt with flaming sword of *Reformation*,
 To work in death, midst scenes of desolation.

Self-interest hither pointed out the road
 To every knave and traitor to his God,
 Whom ravening *Rapine* sent in quest of prey,
 To make our plains a blood-enrimsoned way.
 This was the *Theatre*, and this the *sphere*,
 Of ruined spendthrift and adventurous peer,
 Whom *Fortune* had forsaken, and despised,
 Where vice and crime had early naturalized,
 In that perfidious realm which forged our chains,
 And still for us a cruel fate ordains ;
 With *Acts of settlement*, and *Acts of Grace* :
 With *Revolution*, and its motives base :
 With faithless treaties, made but to be broken—
 With specious promises, in falsehood, spoken,
 By artful rulers and ignoble princes,
 In all the turpitude of false pretences !
 O ! heaven, how wronged, abused, deceived, and slighted,
 Has been our country !—and how ill-requited,
 For steady loyalty; unparalleled
 Since first mankind, by virtue, were impelled
 To bear, with patience, tyrannous decrees,
 And all that despots, in their madness, please !
 What boon of British Justice do we seek,
 Beyond what *Islamism* grants the Greek ?
 We ask not restitution for our lands
 Which spoliation seized with ruthless hands,
 Sanctioned by power—and by injustice urged,
 To see our Island-realm of papists purged,
 In that unholy age, when to our cost,
 Our fathers fought for freedom which they lost.

If equal rights be loyalty's reward,
 Why should our rulers idly disregard,
 The just appeals of Catholic supplication,
 For common justice, to our injured nation ?
 We live in civilized and liberal times,
 Then why should we be bondmen ? not for crimes,
 But faith immaculate—and why should laws,
 And penal statutes, furnish still a cause
 For persecution, with unfeeling rigour,
 In all the barbarous, puritanic vigour,
 Of times intolerant, in fanatic ages,
 Whose deeds ensable History's modern pages,
 When warm, enthusiastic Neophytes
 In Reformation—seized upon our rights,
 As Corsairs take, perforse the christian's wealth,
 While blinded conscience, scarcely deems it stealth ?

Ireland has sunk full oft in population,
 Before the demon of extermination ;
 Yet still she thrives and prospers through aggression,
 And rises in her might beneath oppression :
 In spite of bonds, a Giantess she grows,
 The awful terror of her frightened foes :
 With many heads, and many willing hands,
 A proud colossal spectacle, she stands,
 For Nations to survey, with anxious wonder,
 Till indignation bursts her chains asunder !
 Ungrateful Britain, mother of deceit,
 Has seen her often prostrate at her feet,
 Humbly submissive, seeking restoration
 To rights, long pirated by usurpation.
 A thousand times has Britain heard her call,
 Re-echoed through *Westminster's* Senate-Hall ;
 As frequently has power dismissed her claims,
 With cold indifference, from the banks of *Thames*.
 Now Catholic Ireland, grown, by millions strong,
 Becomes more sensible of British wrong :
 She feels the consciousness of degradation,
 And censures partial, Mal-administration ;
 Yet still she wears a peaceable demeanour, [her :
 Though fallen from all which God and man have seen
 She feels her arms full strong to break her chains ;
 Yet still in passive bondage she remains,
 As she had done for centuries gone by—
 The wretched parent of the tear and sigh ;

A monumental ruin—and, alas !
The sad memento of what Erin was !

With Expectation, Patience long has waited,
To see our humbled country elevated,
By civil Justice, to an equal station
With other branches of the British Nation ;
But power and prejudice of Church and State,
Have triumphed in her fall—and wayward fate,
And would rejoice to see her hopes consume,
In disappointment, till the day of doom ;
If State Ascendancy, by will, could bind her
To all the cares which Britain has assigned her ;
But physical resources, put in motion,
Assume the billowy turbulence of Ocean,
When nations congregate for self-protection,
As Freedom's winds give wavy hosts direction.
Shall it be said, that hope deferred so long,
Must yet be duped, and pressed with greater wrong ?
Again must disappointment be caressed,
Till Patience sinks with nameless ills oppressed ?
When Millions claim their rights, will power defer
To lend attention to their earnest prayer ?
Or can the policy of state withstand
The supplication of our suffering land,
When like the feudal band of Runnimead,
The sons of Erin for their parent plead,
And boldly intercede to see her righted,
A mighty multitude by wrongs united ?

Presuming that the prayer of our petition,
For equal rights may not obtain admission,
Attention, or respect, from haughty Britain—
Will not her iron heart with fear be smitten,
At dread of consequences, should she dare
To scorn our claims and supplicating prayer ?
Nor let that Triple-sceptred Empress think
That we, as Catholic Irishmen, shall shrink,
Beneath our disappointments, from the course,
Which Union points to, as our last resource.
'Tis not Rebellion—no ! we 'll not rebel,
Or military force, with force repel ;
For that were rashness, even to suppose,
So long as ours are armour-bearing foes,
And we defenceless, and deprived of arms

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

To strive with enemies, in war's alarms.
A moral warfare is our utmost aim—
By this we hope to put to flight and shame
The vile traducers of our faith and nation,
And win by argument—Emancipation.
But madly, will our government refuse
To loyal services their civil dues ?
Must Britain still, by prejudice be blinded--
Still act perfidiously, and double-minded,
To Ireland and her children, by pursuing
False measures, tending to her own undoing ?
Erin, the lovely, native land of health,
Might prove to Britain, fountain-like, in wealth,
If civil Policy could but discern
The simple art which even fools might learn :
Impartial Government, opposed to faction,
With Justice yielding property protection,
'Tis easy to predict our land would flourish,
And every life-vein of the empire nourish,
Could statesmen study what the state requires,
With more attention than their own desires.

As in the structure of the human frame,
In bodies politic we find the same
Results from causes, when the parts agree
In organized communion—or may be
Disjoined, or distorted, and at strife,
With social harmony, or tonic life ;
How can the human constitution thrive
When jarring members in discordance strive,
Against the corporate citadel, the heart,
Whence vital blood should flow to every part ?
Or where the source of feeling is polluted
With vice or criminality, deep-rooted,
The branches, like the trunk, will feel disease,
As flows the juicy fount, through plants and trees,
Conveying nourishment, or good, or evil ;
So, if in Governments, accounted civil,
Corruption taints the fountain-head of state,
The putrid stream will widely circulate
Through all the aqueducts of power and place,
So far as polities their limits trace.
The King, moreover, who would govern freemen,
Should breathe good-will to all; as groves of Yemen

Exhale their spicy odours, to perfume
 The realm of nature in her healthful bloom.
 A sceptred Monarch should be like the sun,
 Who shines alike on all, and veils from none
 The lustre of his countenance divine,
 When clouds permit the Orb of Day to shine :
 This earth, a province of his empire wide
 Receives his bounteous light on every side,
 In due proportion, whether where the day
 Be brief or long, his cheering beams delay
 In just equality, throughout the year,
 On every climate of our rolling sphere.

To regnant Sovereigns, who 'd aspire above,
 Their subject vassals, this should clearly prove,
 That justice and beneficence divine,
 Through all the attributes of kings should shine,
 Like solar light, in due irradiation,
 On all the circling planets of creation.
 Whence should a monarch draw his happiness,
 But from the bliss reflected, that can bless
 A prince's love ? a people great and free,
 With equal rights, and equal liberty !
 There have, at times, been rulers of this cast,
 In Britain too ; but long their day is past,
 Before the Tudor, Stuart, or the Guelph,
 Saw Ireland widowed, and beside herself,
 Through multifarious wrongs, too hard to bear,
 That brought, in time, delirium and despair.
 'Tis said our sovereign,* once (he knows the best
 The truth or fallacy) himself professed,
 An interested friendship, for our land,
 Ere yet he grasped the sceptre of command ;
 And there are those who would insinuate,
 That promises, or pledges to our state,
 Were by his Highness granted, but to whom,
 Or when, or where, to say, we can't presume ;
 Yet if a promise, or a pledge, were given,
 To man on earth, and registered in heaven,
 As yet 'tis unredeemed by him who made
 Professions to a nation oft betrayed

* It has been alleged, we are not assured with what truth, that his late Majesty had early made professions of friendship to the Irish Catholics.

By specious overtures, that, in the end,
 Shewed Britain, at the best, a faithless friend.
 Let Ireland credit royal faith no more ;
 For kings have often duped her hopes before,
 And smiled at her credulity of heart
 That circumvented not their gulling art :
 Full often has our country been the prey
 Of needy Hunters ; but she stands at bay,
 And fronts her stern pursuers, like a deer,
 That first was paralysed, then nerved by fear ;
 For dread of danger fires the slothful mind,
 And makes even cowards turn like hunted hind :
 The bloodhounds follow Erin with their cries ;
 And yet she firmly stands, nor shrinking flies,
 Resolving to defend, by Nature's laws,
 Herself, faith, freedom, ours, and virtue's cause,
 Against the hungry beagles that would slake
 Their thirst, in blood, for persecution's sake.

Of Revolution, and its harsh decrees,
 Of Protestant Ascendancy, are these
 The dire effects, and Ireland is enslaved ;
 Despoiled, depopulated, crushed, bereaved,
 By every Gospeller and grave Sectarian
 Who trades on faith, for Irish wealth agrarian ;
 That pious Luxury may have his dishes,
 And mock Devotion feast on loaves and fishes :
 That Moloch's priests, in cruel rites, may frolic,
 With more than moderation Apostolic.
 'Tis passing strange, that since our Isle's Invasion,
 The *few* have always sought—and found occasion
 To rule the *many*, in this fated Land,
 Where English Justice, with a partial hand
 Her favours ministered, to please a Faction,
 And yield the out-lawed natives no protection.
 This marked the uniform state of things,
 Through all the Regal line of British Kings,
 From Geoffrey's Heir, for policy abhorred,
 To Guelph the Fourth, the Empire's present Lord.
 Views not the Monarch, with a Sovereign's eyes,
 His Catholic subjects doomed the sacrifice
 Of overgrown Ascendancy, that one
 Obnoxious Creed, by power, may be undone.
 Oh, God of Justice ! are we to remain,
 Like convict Slaves in Ireland's fair Domain,

Enduring bondage, linked to penal fetters,
By those who dare, to think themselves, our betters,
Because our *vane* of faith disdains to veer
With every wind, by which new Seats can steer,
As temporal Interests swell Religion's sails,
And new-born Doctrines court refreshing gales.

Spurned, for the truths that sanctified our sires—
Wronged, for a Creed, which heaven the most ad-
mires—

Stripp'd of our rights—because we would not yield,
Or sacrifice to *Midas*, Virtue's Shield ;
And bound in chains, because we would not barter,
Religion's *Girdle* for a *Star* and *Garter*,
Or turn Apostates—and, for power and place,
Our Church—our Fathers, and our Land, disgrace,
We could not temporise for temporal views,
For who will dare, what Conscience must refuse ?
What moral monster would his Birthright sell
For all the wealth on this side heaven, or hell ?
Or who so base—to purchase keen remorse,
By turning Faith's pure current from its course ?
Not of thy children, Erin ! be it said,
That their religion changed for earthly bread :
Theirs, heavenly food, inspired with soul and spirit,
Which Saints regaled on—and who now inherit,
Eternal bliss—because they were not fed,
Like those, on perishable Manna, that are dead.
That Faith which Pagan tyrants persecuted,
Was here, in martyr's blood, so firmly rooted,
That storms, however violent and furious,
Might shake the tree, but could not prove injurious
To life's fixed principle, which winds might shake,
But which no power could either bend or break.
This is our crime—our unforgiven crime,
Chronologised by links of penal time ;
This is the head and front of our offence,
The only insult given to common sense ;
And we are serfs, because our hearts despise
A wavering faith and its apostacies ;
But are we not, in loyalty, as pure
As those, whose rights, are chartered more secure ?
And was our bravery in the battle field,
Through disaffection, ever known to yield ?

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Have not our enemies the truth confessed,
That our allegiance always stood the test ?
Yea, even to Irish prejudice, we've stood,
Evinced courage, for our Sovereign's good ;
And was not our unqualified Allegiance,
Discharged in overt acts of liege obedience,
The sole pretext, the constituting cause,
Of all our blackest wrongs—the *Penal Laws* ?

O ! Justice ! Justice ! hast thou heavenward flown,
From scenes of cruelty that caused thy moan ?
Must vengeful *Até*, like a despot Sovereign,
This ancient Realm—poor hapless Ireland ! govern ?
And must the native sons of Freedom, dwell
Beneath oppression, where their fathers fell,
In Virtue's—Honour's—Glory's cause, and thine,
Devoted victims at their country's shrine ?
Must christian Helots be identified
In Irish slaves, degrading to their pride ?
And must we live as bondmen, longer still,
To please the arbitrary, lawless will
Of our enslavers, whose intolerant ire
Would gladly light our Nation's funeral pyre,
And see us all, that boldly faith revere,
Expire thereon, without one pitying tear ?
Forbid it Mercy, if no more, behind,
Justice remains to move the bigot mind !
Forbid it ! all-protecting Providence !
And to our suffering virtues, here evince
Thy wonder-working sympathy, to move
Our rulers to be just to injured love !

The habitable globe, since Father Time,
Began his journey, ere the growth of crime,
Has never given existence to a nation,
So cursed with power and lawless domination,
As Ireland, ever dear, our native soil,
So blest by nature—and so rich in spoil,
That many ages of rapacious plunder,
Her spoliation lasted, till, with wonder,
Her spoilers saw how fruitful were the stores
Of wealth internal—not of precious ores,
Or secret treasures—not her mines alone,
But agricultural riches all her own.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Fair, spacious fields of yellow-waving corn—
Extensive pastures, fitted to adorn
Arcadian plains—with pastoral, fleecy droves—
Tall, princely forests, and delightful groves,
With rural scenes, in vegetation blithe,
And flowery meads to court the keen-edged scythe ;
An Island, gifted high by Providence,
With all that could regale voluptuous sense,
And something more deserving of attraction ;
God's glorious image modelled by perfection.
Man, heaven-surveying man, presided here,
With noble courage, unenslaved by fear.
It seems not strange, that envy should conspire
With selfish passions, of unchaste desire,
To spoil this lovely land, surpassing far
The spoiler's own, with flaming sword of war.
But Ireland's treatment has been merciless,
And calls aloud, on justice, for redress;
Appeals to heaven, that witnessed all her wrongs,
From ruthless power, which slavery still prolongs ;
After the lapse of full six hundred years
And fifty, reckoned, by our country's tears ;
The longest epoch ever nation knew
Of penal bondage, since a tyrant threw,
Around the neck of Liberty, a chain,
To bind its energies in links of pain.

Sickened in soul, with long philosophising,
Sad Muse ! I feel my indignation rising,
Too strong, for Stoic feelings to restrain,
We 'll therefore modify our painful strain ;
And view the past with retrospective gaze,
Guided by History, down from Bess's days,
To William's reign, so pregnant with events,
So marked with Fate's most frightful lineaments,
Depictive of misfortune's deep-made scars,
Upon our state : the consequence of wars,
And penal laws, of rigorous operation,
That goaded life, to death, or desperation.

Eliza died : Britannia's stern dishonour,
With all her load of guilt, and crimes upon her,
To leave a vacant throne to Darnley's Heir,
The son of Scottish Mary, wronged, as fair !

(110)

Thereby, two kingdoms, closely to unite
 In civil intercourse, and regal right;
 Feuds to extinguish, that had long prevailed,
 Ere rival interests ceased, or clan-ship failed.
 Buchanan's Pupil, trained in pedant arts,
 Began, seductively, to conquer hearts,
 By State duplicity, that won ascendancy
 O'er Irish minds, and native independence ;
 While, in his bosom, lurked, with mean deceit,
 Hypocrisy and Cunning, prone to cheat
 Credulity and Honour, unsuspicuous
 Of such finesse, as courtiers, avaricious
 Are wont to practise, with that loquacity smooth,
 Which dupes the faith of single-minded Truth.
 The Northern Chiefs, that still, in proud defiance,
 Scorned and contemned the stranger's mean alliance,
 For Pictish promises, forsook the field ;
 Resigned the spear, and hung up Freedom's shield.
 Yet soon they found the faithless friend more base
 Than open foes, with undissembling face,
 That wore, in look, unveiled with false disguise,
 The hostile features, where discerning eyes
 Might read the danger of a foeman's thought,
 Before his enmity had mischief wrought.
 Accursed Treachery ! thou that feign'st to wear
 The semblance of the saint, in raiment fair,
 The generous mind, with falsehood, to betray,
 And search out worth and virtue for thy prey :
 That usest all thy artful, villain wiles,
 And light'st thy face of fraudulence with smiles,
 To lord persuasion o'er the trusting breast
 That credence yielded to thy vows professed !
 To thee attributed are all our wrongs,
 To thee, the burthen of our saddest songs,
 To thee, our wretchedness, lost rights, and all
 The causes of our country's fate, and fall !
 The son of martyred Mary, truthless found,
 Believed his honour, not by promise bound ;
 Else had he blushed, with conscious shame, to think,
 How false professions, to the dangerous brink
 Of ruin, brought our sires, who lent attention
 To Stuart's guileful tongue, on his ascension.
 His black ingratitude full soon was shewn
 In puritanic shade, to duped Tirowen,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

And every Irish Chief that owned submission,
To him who pitied not their hard condition,
When Ulster saw a Scotch and English race
Supplant her children, and supply their place :
Reckless how felt the offspring of the soil,
Whose wealth and property, became the spoil
Of lawless foreigners, unjustly vested,
With power and privilege, by a prince detested.
The acatholic heir of Catholic MARY,*
Was artful, politic, insidious, wary—
A pompous pedant, dazzled with parade,
A mock philosopher—whose wisdom, weighed
With feathery lightness, placed in Judgment's scales,
As babbling truth relates in royal tales.
And, if he ruled not, with severe oppression,
O'er Ireland's energies through indiscretion,
And if he loved not Catholic persecution,
And rigorous laws, for wealth, in restitution;
Th' Historian, for his guilt, should bear the blame,
And wear, for him, the reddened blush of shame ;
For he has written many a crimeful deed,
Of James the *First*, and *Sixth*, for scorn to read.
Ill-fated CAROLUS succeeds his sire ;
Yet adds no chord of joy to Erin's Lyre,
Though Pity's Harp conceded all its strings,
To mourn the most unfortunate of Kings ;
When Britain wept in Sorrow's sable pall,
His unprovoked, untimely, murderous fall.
Misled, by false philosophy, his Line
Conceived its Members reigned " by right divine :"
To God accountable for deeds alone,
And not to man—whose privilege seemed unknown ;
Or else unrecognised, by every Prince,
Of Anglo-Scottish, Stuart sovereigns, since
The first of those that Britain's sceptre swayed,
To him who fled, when royal fears betrayed
His fainting heart—and left his crown behind,
To follow fortune, faithless as the wind.
Charles th' unfortunate whose reign of strife,
But sunk to calmness with the close of life,

* The Reader, it is presumed, will not mistake the above for MARY, the First, Queen of England, as the Queen of Scots is only meant; nor will the Learned Scholar, be likely to suppose that *acatholic* resembles *Catholic* in literal, or general acceptation.

Had haply shunned his rigid fate, had he
 Confid in his friends beyond the sea.
 In Irish patriotism had he trusted,
 As much as he, for Irish succours, lusted,
 In golden subsidies, and oft obtained ;
 His loss, perhaps, had yet been uncomplained,
 By thousands, who in sympathy have sighed,
 To think how martyr-like their Monarch died.
 Yet Charles, unwisely, temporised with foes,
 Whose hearts were hostile to their Kings repose,
 Till dread-struck Britain felt the nervous shock,
 Of horror sensibly—when on the block,
 The fatal axe was heard, with awful sound,
 That sent to heaven, a martyr to be crowned.
 Oh ! murdered Prince ! whate'er thy indiscretions
 Thy crimes imputed, or thy state transgressions,
 Thy punishment was cruel—far transcending,
 The guilt and magnitude of thy offending !
 Alas ! thy father's favouritism shewn,
 To puritan fanatics round his throne,
 Prepared for thee—though unanticipated,
 That rigid doom to which thy life was fated !
 Sectarianism prospered in his day—
 Throughout the Realm it held superior sway ;
 And, of its hate, the church-man felt the vigour,
 As well as papist, in its sternest rigour,
 The leveller and the puritan destroyed,
 All that was sacred deemed---and left a void,
 For Desolation to look down upon,
 When Saintly fury's reign was past and gone.
 Here ruthless rulers of that holy kind,
 Held civil power to awe the native mind,
 And thwart the measures of the good and wise,
 In every plan that wisdom could devise :
 Their phrenzied zeal blazed mischievously far,
 At length, to light the flames of civil war,
 When Ireland saw two creeds in opposition,
 Driving their votaries onward to perdition.
 Yet if with double-dealing, sire-like policy,
 The royal sufferer had not practised fallacy,
 On Irish honesty, and native faith,
 He haply had eschewed the martyr's wreath,
 And might perchance have triumphed in the end,
 O'er British foes, with Ireland for his friend.

When sealed his doom ; th' inhuman Regicide,
 Soon hither came war's destinies to guide,
 And re-baptize, with blood, this suffering land,
 From sea, to sea round all her ocean-strand.
 The frightful scenes which havoc witnessed here,
 Throughout the progress of his mad career,
 Were such, as pen or tongue could ill express,
 To paint the horrors of that wilderness,
 Which lay behind him, as he onward passed,
 Malignant and destructive as the blast,
 That sweeps th' Arabian Desert, when it bears,
 Death on its wings, that nothing living spares.
 The King-destroyer, with remorse subdued,
 Sunk down despised, unpitied by the good ;
 To smooth a passage to the vacant throne,
 And give to Monarchy, once more, its own.
 The second Charles ascended, and he sate,
 A pleasure-loving Prince, in regal state ;
 Forgetful of the wrongs his Sire had borne,
 Or those that almost left his hopes forlorn.
 Like Sire, like Son, they all finessing came,
 Yet all their acts to Ireland were the same,
 With slight exceptions---for deceit and guile,
 Still marked their policy to Erin's Isle.
 They always promised---when they wanted aid,
 Nor were they baffled---though we were betrayed ;
 And still we trusted, and their wants supplied,
 And still again, state justice was denied.
 A Stuart's Reign---no matter sire or son,
 Still added evils, to the evils done,
 In this hope-sick'd Nation, that was ever,
 A Stuart's tool---the dupe of each deceiver,
 That chose to practise artifice upon her,
 To her regret---yet more to his dishonour !
 Then were it strange, that we should hate the name,
 That wronged our hopes---to purchase damning fame :
 'Tis true our Isle gave lineage to their race,
 Yet not, on her, let such reflect disgrace :
 A baser blood had trickled through their veins,
 Through many a dynasty of Scottish reigns,
 From Kenneth's day, when *Pict* and *Scot* were
 blended,
 In civil brotherhood, and Kings descended,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

From consanguinous ties and mixed relations,
Of both those ancient, Caledonian Nations.
The Scot was greatly noble in his carriage ;
The Pict was mean ; but grew by intermarriage,
From age to age, still better than before,
Till scarce the breed the Pietish semblance bore ;
Yet still the human Mule betrayed his nature,
In blood degenerate—though *improved* in feature.

The second JAMES, succeeds his amorous brother
And creeds again wage war with one another :
A King, less temporising in deceit,
Than were his predecessors, dares to meet
The torrent tide of popular opinion,
And give his conscience catholic dominion,
At every risk—though, on all sides, surrounded
With men of other faith ; yet unconfounded
In resolution, still he kept his post,
And madly persevered—till all was lost :
Fear shook at length the sceptre from his hand,
And urged his flight to Gallia's safer strand,
Where stubborn zealots might not interpose,
To war with conscience, or Religion's foes.
And soon the Throne, through filial usurpation,
Receives a King, more pleasing to the Nation.
Whose tenets jar not with the ruling faction,
To drive fanaticism to distraction ;
Or yet, by arbitrary measures, strive,
The ancient faith, in spirit, to revive ;
As did the Royal fugitive, who fled
When terror, on his shoulders, shook his head.
The memory of the past—his father's doom,
Taught James to dread the consequence to come,
Should persevering obstinacy, drive him
To rash misdeeds that might of life deprive him.
His fears were natural ; yet unwisely unfounded
In reasoning polity, for, firmly-grounded,
He might have stood, still powerful and unshaken
Against his foes—had spirit not forsaken
His coward breast, as at BOVINDA's river,
It fled with hope and gratitude for ever.

In fatal hour he reached our friendly shores—
Fought—failed—and fled ; yet Ireland still deplores

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

The doom assigned her, by a wretch, false-hearted,
Who wrought her web of woes—and then departed
For foreign fields; though leaving here behind him
That friendship pure which could not nerve—or bind him
To civil Hope, which Bravery here had cherished
Till he had triumphed—or our country perished;
But vacillating still, 'twixt doubt and fear,
Though Patriot valour was his fortress here,
The pusillanimous—the treacherous Prince!
Retired discomfited, and left us since—
Ingratitude's reward: our worst oppressions—
The stern Usurper's tyrannous concessions
Of mercy, merciless—and toleration,
In wrath, intolerant as his bigot nation.

But, gentle Reader! whom my theme distresses,
My Muse, in sympathy, for thee, professes
Such fellow-feeling, as our Island never,
From first to last received from her enslaver;
And, to relieve thee, will relate a story,
Or peradventure, frame and Allegory.

GRACE AND GRIPUS,*

A Political Allegory.

In former times, as Chronicles relate,
Two Island sovereigns dwelt in regal state,
Not far removed by green, encircling seas:
The one, a Queen, in beauty formed to please;
The other governed feudal chiefs, a King,
And taught his power to stretch its Eagle wing
O'er petty realms in close confederation
To spurn Invasion from his wave-walled Nation.
The former, held her Empire in the West;
The latter towards the East his throne possessed:
That, men called GRACE, the Good:—this GRIPUS, evil
Who proved a neighbour barbarous and uncivil.
Though she was over-generous, mild and kind,
Her rival was unjust—and base in mind,

* The *Green Island* may be truly and appropriately entitled
GRACE, and the Grasping Nation, GRIPUS.

Rude, haughty, overbearing, stern, rapacious,
 Choleric, malignant, treacherous, and pugnacious :
 Jealous in heart to see his neighbour GRACE
 Inherit greatness, foreign to his race—
 Envied, with spite, that antiquarian honour
 Which History's bright reflections cast upon her ;
 So upstart pride matures, in sordid breast,
 'The viper hatred, hatched in serpent nest,
 To waste its venom lavishly, in spleen,
 On all things great, that wears a noble mien.
 Clad in his shaggy skin-robe sat the chief
 Of motley savages, absorbed in grief,
 Inspired by envy—that, renowned and free,
 His proud superior ruled, with clemency,
 A learned land, in richest gifts profuse,
 The home of Science and the heaven-taught Muse ;
 Where mongrel-blood had not her sons debased,
 Or Honour's pure, red, current-streams disgraced
 With spurious mixture, like th' ignoble crew,
 O'er whom he reigned—that Glory never knew !
 'Twas hard to bear such brilliancy of fame
 As shed a *halo* round her trophied name,
 Or mark the striking contrast, Truth had drawn,
 Between a land of sunshine—and of dawn.
 In mind, revolving projects fraught with ill,
 He plans devised, his purpose to fulfil,
 Whate'er th' event—against that prosperous state
 Which nursed his vengeance—and inspired his hate ;
 Thus Satan felt, when hurled from realms above,
 Vindictive wrath against the God of Love,
 And all that pure, celestial, angel host
 Whose blest society, through crime, he'd lost.
 At length, the bronzed intruder motives found
 For hostile inroads, on her sacred ground,
 When, courted to a crime-stained Traitor's banner,
 He came to succour treachery and dishonour.
 This chance befel, in adverse, fatal times,
 When heartless GRIPUS stained his soul with crimes—
 Unholy, Anti-Christian, and inhuman,
 To conquer crowns—and wrong a blameless Woman,
 Dissembling Guilt, a sly pretence he made,
 The realm of GRACE, to visit—and invade
 In Friendship's mask—to hide his demon guile,
 And dress deception with a faithless smile ;

That wily Artifice might thus impose
On her who purchased not—nor dreaded foes.

With smile Sardonic, on her Island-beach,
He met the Matron—and, with Norman speech,
Betrayed her trust—the false, Iscariot Knave,
That came, a warfiend o'er VERGIVIA's wave !

With partial welcome—yet with kind salute,
Her Guest she greeted—who, with amorous suit,
The courtier's character personified,
And spoke with silver tongue that sweetly lied.
A friendly intercourse—yea, for a season—
Subsisted—while duplicity had reason
To act an artful, double-dealing part,
When Malice rankled in his wrathful heart.
His memory conjured up unburied days,
In frightful forms, his fancy to amaze :
The witnesses of times still unforgot,
When predatory *Pict*—and dauntless *Scot*
Annoyed his realm, with dread-inspiring spear,
To spoil, and waste, through many a fatal year,
When his degenerate offspring shrunk with fear.

The wounds inflicted by the sons of GRACE
When conquest led them, Victory's steps to trace
Through vanquished states—still grieved his vengeful
And imaged visions in the hours of rest. [breast,
Revenge—that passion of the coward soul—
Usurped his bosom with supreme control,
And, with the poison-cup of Malice dire,
Inflamed his heart—and set his mind on fire.
But still he found it meet to temporise,
And act the Hypocrite in fair disguise,
Till favouring circumstances might afford
Pretexts for vengeance, which his wrath implored,
The Muse has sung, how he, like *Janus*-friend—
Pretending timely services to lend—
Incursive came, t' enslave a generous Nation,
With plausible arguments for innovation.
Yet, long as GRACE possessed superiority,
And held th' ascendancy of chief authority.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

'Twas fit his fraud should wear a smooth demeanor,
And play the cheat--while Avarice was a gainer;
Lest craving more, at length, than she would grant,
To satisfy his ever-thirsting want--
His earnest urgency, might chance to foil
Fair, golden prospects of redundant spoil.

The realm of Grace was call'd the "*Land of Strangers*,"
And shielded long by Providence from dangers;
Because, within its sacred limits dwelt
The noblest virtues; and its Empress felt
Unbounded hospitality of heart,
And kindest sympathy for every smart;
Felt, for each suffering that distressed another,
In fellow-feeling like a tender mother.

Her spriteful visitant, so long her debtor,
Resolved her liberal energies to fetter,
And plainly told her, she must yield to be
His vassal Queen—and bow to his decree.
This was ungenerous. And insulted GRACE,
At length, the monster's motives learned to trace,
And, with indignant haughtiness, protested
Against that vice her heart so much detested:
Fiend-born ingratitude! which never drew
Its breath in Erin, till she rulers knew.
Remonstrance was in vain, for he insisted,
That if, in opposition, she persisted,
He needs but cite a holy, high authority,
That soon would teach her, self-inferiority:
Besides, her children, who, in jarring, prided,
Were rash, ambitious; and of course divided
By separate interests, and could ill oppose,
The daring inroads of determined foes.
The dupe of artifice, too late, perceived
That she had done what could not be retrieved,
By tamely yielding perfidy a cause
For masked intrusion on her realm and laws.
She heard his reasoning---and surveyed her state,—
Then bowed; though not submissively, to fate,
But to necessity—till Time should yield her,
A union of her sons—from wrongs to shield her.
Since that unfortunate, ill-omened day,
Base-minded Gripus, with tyrannic sway,

Has ruled the realm of Grace, and sorely pressed,
Upon her guiltless, nobly-heaving breast.

Time passed away, and ages multiplied
Of penal rigour and insulted pride,
While generous Grace sustained severe affliction,
From despot power and civil interdiction;
Injustice, bondage, cruelty, and fraud,
And all the crimes of tyranny outlawed.
The ruthless ruler, swayed with iron rod
The realm of Grace—once deemed the house of God,
While to her shores, for Faith's extermination,
His evil genius wasted Reformation,
And made eventually—or signed a cause,
For Revolution, linked with Penal Laws,
That, in their operation, wrought destruction,
By crime, begetting crime, in re-production;
Till martyred Grace, unconscious of transgression,
In time grew weak, and weary with oppression.
Th' inhuman tyrant next proposed a Union,
That they, forsooth, might live in close communion;
Pledging his honour, cruelty should cease,
And give precedence to communal peace.
But, worst of all, he needs must stipulate—
That Love, the child of Grace, should marry Hate,
His hopeful offspring, friendship to cement—
To which, his vassal, gave unwilling consent.

The rites were solemnised: th' unsuited pair,
Began the Hymeneal joys to share;
But Love discovered, painfully, and soon,
That hers were nuptials, without Honey-Moon;
Her partner seemed too turbulent, to bless
Domestic life with social tenderness:
His qualities were not, what Maids admire,
When they to conjugal delights aspire.
She saw depicted, in her selfish lover,
His father's lineaments, and could discover,
By sad experience, that she was deceived,
Through base professions, which she had believed.
Partial, unjust, and cruel, to her mother—
She, in her husband, could perceive another
False-hearted Tyrant, treacherous as his sire,
Which Love could neither soften nor admire:

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Whose soul to her, who might have won esteem,
Was harsh and bitter as th' infernal stream
Of Acheron, which mystic poets tell,
Rolls dark and oozy on the verge of Hell.
The gentle daughter of the great and good,
Through disappointment sunk, with cares, subdued,
And pined away, till, through her fading frame,
Decay and pale-cheeked languor sickly came ;
And she who was, in celibacy, once
More beauteous than the heroines of Romance,
Is now a shrivelled and consumptive spouse—
The blighted victim of perfidious vows ! *

* By the Union of Love and Hate, are intentionally designated the political association of English, and Irish national interests, characteristically represented, in the unnatural combination of heterogeneous sympathies, and opposite public qualities. The Idol of British Monopoly, is Self-Interest : the darling of Ireland's affections have ever been, disinterested Friendship, Honour, Benevolence, and hospitable Generosity. Britain is envious and avaricious : Ireland, liberal and forgiving : Britain is jealous of power and superior greatness : Ireland has always been more tenacious of Glory and national pride, than circumspect in the policy of preserving her rights against aggression. But had not British injustice, aided by Irish Apostacy, wronged the honesty of her noble nature, she would not now have reason to complain of wrongs and misfortunes, resulting from civil dependence, or a Legislative Union.

END OF CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Ancient and Modern state of Ireland, contrasted—Her previous ages of civil persecution, less rigorous than those of religious intolerance, before and after the Revolution—The reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, cruelly oppressive—their Ministers merciless and fanatical to the Irish Nation—Laws of extermination enacted against Bishops, Priests, and Professors—their heads valued at a statute price—melancholy state of Catholic Ireland, subsequent to the Revolution—Inhuman motives assigned for religious persecution—Act of Succession—Protestant Ascendancy—the American and French Revolutions adverted to—pathetic appeal to Heaven on behalf of oppressed Innocence and suffering Virtue—Historical Summary of Anglo-Irish affairs from the Revolution to the Union, including the civil war between James II. and the Prince of Orange—together with the Rebellions of 1688, and 1708.

THE
Wrongs of Ireland.

CANTO III.

The Revolution.

I.

Land of the Brave ! bright Emerald of the West !
Thou fairest Island ever seas embraced,
Renowned for Sanctity—by Nature blest—
Possessed of Heroes, and with Beauty graced :
Sweet seat of Song ! so admirably placed
Between two spacious worlds, with harbours suited
For Trade and Commerce, in the watery waste,
With regal honours—high and undisputed ;
Till foreign foes thy liberties assailed,
And o'er the generous and the good prevailed.

II.

Dear INNIS-ALGA ! lofty minded land !
How brave thy struggles with the pirate Dane,
Whose prowess failed before thy conquering band,
Of patriot Chieftains—ere across the Main,
Fitz-Empress sailed, with heartless Saxon train,
To practise falsehood's sly, insidious art
On generous minds, for plunder, power, and gain,
And fix tb' assassin's dagger in thy heart :
Woe to the day on which PLANTAGENET,
First reached our shores to cause us long regret !

III.

Five Hundred years, my Country, hadst thou sighed
For tyranny's insatiate domination,
From that eventful time, when English pride
Came with Invasion, ripe for depredation ;
Ere Revolution drove to desperation,
Thy ill-requited sons, by bloody laws,
That wing'd the Spirit of extermination,
To persecute the just, without a cause :
That holy Hypocrites, and canting Knaves,
Might feast upon the wealth of serfs and slaves.

IV.

Island of Destiny ! sad Innisfail !
 Thy christian patience now had sighed for ages,
 Of pain and peril—and thy moving tale,
 Had darkly-shadowed sorrowing Memory's pages,
 Before Ascendancy inspired its Sages,
 To laud the glories of that *Revolution*,
 Which paid Corruption's sons their sinful wages,
 With confiscations, forfeits, and pollution
 Of sacred rights, in baseness violated,
 That Catholic Ireland might be desolated.

V.

Great were thy wrongs, my Country, heretofore,
 And much injustice had thy children known,
 From English perfidy, ere to thy shore,
 Foul winds first wasted, to assail thy throne,
 A favoured foreigner, by Faction blown*
 Upon thy Emerald coasts, foul war to wage,
 Ungratefully unkind, against his own,
 To leave us slavery for our heritage,
 And that which fierce Reformers had begun,
 Was harshly finished by our Sovereign's Son.

VI.

Yet why should WILLIAM bear, of deeds, the blame,
 He never perpetrated; though he bears
 The civil censure, and the odious shame,
 Of all our disabilities and cares ?
 The black, the unforgotten crime is theirs,
 Who ruled that Monarch's mind, and made him bow o'P
 To measures tyrannous, which Truth declares,
 Their tolerant Sovereign durst not disavow ;
 While foul, fanatio Faction swayed the state,
 And forged the chains of Ireland's hapless fate.

VII.

Th' intolerant Ministers, that governed ANNE,
 Completed Iniquity all required,
 When bigot zeal, in persecution's van,
 Achieved the conquest which the base desired;
 Infuriate hate, by false religion fired,
 Laid martyred Virtue prostrate at its feet,
 And fostered ignorance—that then aspired
 To rival Learning, and its aims defeat.
 All this was done, and done with savage joy,
 That penal vengeance might our faith destroy.

* William the Third, Nephew and Son-in-law of James II.
 (124)

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND,

VIII.

For this the mild preceptive Pastor perished, (1)
The victim of inhuman laws—that spread
Their baleful influence, where Intolerance cherished,
Its fiend-like powers, with blood profusely shed ;
The priest's, and the professor's, blameless head
Were valued at a trivial, statute price ; (2)
While those whom Providence protected, fled
To shun the many-headed *Hydra*—Vice ;
That, under modern Faith's religious veil,
Made orphans weep—and mateless widows wail.

IX.

By superstitious Zeal, in time, was banished,
Learning and Knowledge, with the Muse's train ;
And Education, from our shores, evanished,
With those that sought retreats beyond the Main : (3)
Then Ignorance resumed her ancient reign,
After an exile of *two thousand years*,
And wretched Ireland wore her penal chain,
With secret bitterness, and ceaseless fears ;
Till headstrong Bigotry was gorged and sated
With Papist blood, that Hell itself so hated !

X.

Religion, Ireland's foulest, blackest crime,
Was left no resting-place ; but like a deer,
By bloodhounds hunted, from her haunts sublime,
Was chased through all the mazy wilds of fear.
How gory then was Persecution's spear
With blood of saints, unknown, uncanonized,
That died in dungeons, far from pity's ear,
That with the wretched might have sympathised ;
Fanatic cruelty ! thy doings here,
Might force, from rocks, a sorrow-speaking tear !

XI,

Oaths were administered for State assistance,
In those unjust exterminating times,
When Ireland lost political existence,
For Catholic worshippers, unstained with crimes ;
The conscientious, fled to foreign climes,
To shield their faith, and to eschew dishonour ;
While Bards, in secret, sung the doleful rhymes
Of Erin sad, with all her griefs upon her ;
The most insulted Nation, which the sun,
Throughout his course, had ever looked upon.

XII.

On ANNE's decease, thro' Protestant succession,
The crown devolved, by law, on GUELPH the
German,
Whom England chose, because his Creed's profession
Entitled him to wear the royal Ermine :
Nay any prince, besides the Popish vermine,
Of kindred blood, was suited to the throne,
Provided he esteemed a Lutheran Sermon,
And loved the melody of Ireland's moan :
No matter who was King—the Constitution
Must still be fashioned, by the Revolution !

XIII.

In course of time, an awful change, indeed,
Surpassing tales of chivalrous romance,
Taught power to tremble—and the proud to bleed,
When rebel Anarchy prevailed in France ;
Then Liberty awoke from Slavery's trance,
And put her long-degraded sons in motion—
With *Cap of Maintenance* upon her lance,
She rolled her energies, a mighty ocean,
That, in its turbulence, could overwhelm
Th' oppressive spirit of a mighty realm.

XIV.

Of France, the Revolutionary scenes,
While time exists, shall never be forgot ;
Like Spring, renewing nature's vernal greens,
Shall Memory freshen—as a verdant spot,
The frightful Era—and the fatal lot
Of thousands, that, by vengeance, guiltless felt,
When titles, rank, and birth, were heeded not,
Where Freedom taught her children to rebel,
Against Mis-government, and sore oppression,
At Nature's call, to punish state aggression.

XV.

This lesson taught to Arbitrary Princes,
Must yet be useful, though it was severe :
Its awful Moral to the world evinces,
What tyranny may dread, and despots fear,
When stern injustice, in its wild career,
On human rights, with daring foot, shall trample :
The groans of France will strike Oppression's ear,
And teach it reverence to the dread example,
Of Bondmen, who, resolving to be free,
Shook off their chains, and cheered for Liberty !

XVI.

The trump of Revolution, shrilly blew,
A horrifying blast, that spread around,
Dismay and dread, surrounding nations, through,
And Europe's palsied tyrants heard the sound;
Then strove with Freedom on her vantage-ground,
And were defeated by superior might,
As Liberty, with Victory's Laurel crowned,
Assumed her ancient, long-evaded right;
And planted her Imperial, civil Tree,
Within a realm where dwelt the brave and free.

XVII.

For universal Freedom much was done,
By Gallic Patriots, in those dreadful frays,
That, civil and religious empire, won,
Through Independence, worthy of its Bays;
The daring effort, merits highest praise,
From every generous, philanthropic mind;
For, had not France beheld such stormy days,
The rights of man—the privilege of mankind,
And all that Liberty holds dear, would still
Be kept in bonds, by Kings' despotic will.

XVIII.

Degraded Ireland ever must retain,
A grateful recollection of th' event,
That called on Slavery to relax the chain,
Of Britain's law-linked, penal chastisement,
To pacify the plaints of Discontent,
That Millions uttered, in distressful tones,
Lest Erin's Sons should try th' experiment,
Of rousing Freedom to avenge their moans,
By forging thunders of recrimination,
To hurl on tyrants in their trepidation.

XVIII.

For Ireland next a UNION was cemented,
By fraudulent compact—which her sons opposed,
With fruitless efforts—still to be lamented;
For now the hopes on which our Realm reposed,
By State collusion, have been discomposed,
Since long-duped Erin is again deceived,
With faithless promises, that have exposed
Britannia's motives towards her sons aggrieved;
Ah me ! on us, that selfish sister Power,
Still breathed like Samiel-wind, but to deflower !

XX.

Oh ! God of Justice ! what had Ireland done ?
What undeveloped guiltiness had stained her,
In former days, that Mercy never shone,
Upon the iron links of time that chained her ?
What was her crime, Oh Lord ! that long attainder,
Combined with civil tortures, should prolong
The Aera of her woes, that sorely pained her,
Throughout so many centuries of wrong ?
Father of the friendless ! thine it is, to know,
Why Erin suffered through such lengthened woe !

XXI.

Severely hath her fortitude been tried ;
Long has her patience been upon the rack ;
Her stoic feelings and insulted pride,
Have met with many a barb'rous, base attack ;
Yet still fidelity, without a speck,
Remains immaculate, divine, and pure,
Throughout her lonely, dark, and dreary track,
Of human misery, painful to endure ;
And still, like Hope, she leans upon her anchor,
With Constance which vice could never canker.

XXII.

Oh, God of injured goodness ! turn thine eye
To her afflictions—and with speed relieve her !
From Slavery's ministers, through clemency,
And pain-prolonging doom, good Lord, reprove her !
Oh ! raise her, faithful friends that wont deceive her,
With specious promises, and fraudulent guile ;
And let not tyrant despotism grieve her ;
But send down Mercy with her angel smile,
To cheer our hopes, and cherish expectation,
In Ireland's wretched, long-benighted nation !

XXIII.

Inspire our Rulers with a sense of right,
Oh ! teach them to be just in Virtue's cause ;
Illume their minds with Truth's ethereal light,
And breathe a milder spirit through their laws :
Embue their souls with Judgment's sapient saws,
To see their errors, and correct abuses ;
Bid persecution, and injustice pause :
To think what evils cruelty produces ;
Inform their reasoning faculties, that faction,
But tends to woe and national distraction.

XXIV.

Bray down, Oh God ! by thy omnipotence,
The stubborn nature of despotic power ;
Remove religious prejudices hence,
From this ill-fated land, and cause to cower,
The pride of factious passions, that deflower
Internal peace, and from their baneful shade,
Shed on life's energies a wintry shower,
That, far as fall its blighting damps, has made
A desert-scene of national decay,
A hopeless harvest for the reaping-day.

XXV.

Temper Fanaticism's bigot zeal,
Thou Great, All-Wise Disposer of events !
Assist Ascendancy to see, and feel,
How much Misrule, for villainous intents,
Has spoiled our country's loveliest lineaments,
To serve a faction, and to propagate
Disunion, Hate, and Discord's muniments, [State :
Through all our land, to strengthen Church and
Oh God of Erin ! remedy our wrongs,
And shield the Isle that, to thy saints, belongs !

XXVI.

Author of Nature ! wonder-working God !
By thy miraculous, august assistance,
Convert, to wand of peace, the tyrant's rod,
That grants, or holds, political existence ;
To those who neither will, nor use, resistance
To constituted power, be thou indulgent ;
And give our liberties renewed consistence,
That Freedom's star again may shine effulgent,
On this degraded kingdom—as it shone
In brighter days, that dazzled—and are gone !

When Catholic Stuart fled from Britain's throne,
Our fathers made his wrongs and cause their own :
With rigid loyalty their minds embraced
The interests of a king, in whom they placed
Mistaken confidence—and fully proved
Their liege obedience to the Prince they loved :
Life, fortune, birthright, and religious freedom,
They put to hazard ; yet it was decreed them,
That he, in whom, they centred expectation,
Should furnish causes for their degradation,

(129)

That, in th' eventful issue, ruined all
 Their blooming prospects—leaving Ireland, gall
 And Hemlock potions of regretful woe,
 To quaff, in pain, for civil overthrow
 And national debasement, undeserved,
 By faith that bravely fought, and never swerved ;
 While traitors to their Sovereign, vows, and nation,
 Espoused the lawless views of usurpation.
 The brave, intrepid Irish Catholic stood,
 The friend of Royalty, with zeal embued,
 To act his part, as God's decree appointed,
 With firm allegiance to his Lord anointed.
 Our Chieftains' courage, shewn in battle-field—
 Evinced how well they fought—how slow to yield,
 Even when the Royal Fugitive forsook
 The post of Honour—when his fortunes took
 A wayward turn, which might have been reversed :
 They fled not from the field, like flocks dispersed,
 But still the recreant's regal right defended,
 Nor sheathed the sword till war's wild conflict ended.

Led by a wavering Leader to the *Boyne*,
 How bravely did our Champions battle join
 With William's, motley, multifarious host,
 Of foreign myrmidons from many a coast ;
 Yet fruitless was the fight, where vacillation
 Deranged the prospects of a hopeful nation,
 When pusillanimous irresolution,
 Restrained the arm of vengeful retribution,
 Or urged our Heroes, prodigal of life,
 To lavish being in th' unequal strife ;
 Where magnanimity was but retarded,
 By partial JAMES, who seemingly regarded
 His English foes, with more misplaced affection,
 Than those to whom he hastened for protection,
 As fear pursued him from a tottering throne,
 Which dread and danger caused him to disown,
 When to our hospitable land he flew,
 And, on her breast his wayward fortunes, threw.
 Yes ! English enemies, who scorned his creed,
 Awoke his sympathies to see them bleed ;(4)
 And more of tenderness he seemed to feel
 For faithless subjects, armed with hostile steel,
 Than those who came undaunted to the fight,
 As Irish friends, to vindicate his right.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Shame on his coward heart, and faithless tongue,
From which Pandora's thousand evils sprung.
To waste our isle with pestilence—and leave
But Hope behind, to comfort those that grieve !

Aughrim was lost by treachery, it is said,
Where ruthless vengeance, havoo's banquet, spread }
On horror's plain—with thousands of the dead,
That died the death of Glory, to evince
Their stern allegiance to a hapless prince.
Unvanquished Limerick, with Numantian bravery,
Resisted long, and yielded not to slavery ;
Till civil policy assigned her fate,
When won, by falsehood, to capitulate ;
For, in that ominous, foreboding hour,
Was Irish confidence, induced by power,
To stipulate for rights, it never bartered,
And treat for liberties by nature chartered ;
Then wronged, deceived, ill-fated Ireland fell ;
And frightened Freedom bade her plains—farewell !

Alas ! twas then, our gloomiest age began,
Commencing with that Proto-Orangeman,
Whom Faction since ennobles with divinity,
And God-like attributes, so like the Trinity,
That heaven's Imperial Ruler seems neglected,
That Faction's Deini-God may be respected !
To him, of "Glorious Memory," men prefer
Their supplications, and their daily prayer,
And this mute, brazen Idol is so roasted
With compliments of reverence, and be-toasted,
So like a Deity, in vinous drink,
That those, who list their oraisong, might think
There was no other, higher God above,
To claim devotion, gratitude, or love !
Ah ! self-willed bigots ! most unthinking fools !
To follow heathenish, exploded rules,
By worshipping an Image, made of brass,
In Moloch's temple, lit with holy gas.
Think ye, this glorious, pious, and immortal
Divinity—whose statue fills the portal
Of Britain's Capitol—the Constitution :—
This Dalai-Lama of the Revolution,

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THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Was so divine-like, that you should esteem him,
As God immaculate, and rashly deem him,
An object worthy of your veneration,
Your *matin* prayer, and *vesper* meditation ?
Refrain, ye slaves of dolkish superstition,
To purchase, from the skies, your own perdition,
By Idolizing that which is unclean —
A molten mass of metal, base and mean :
Your God, at best, was human here below,
And wicked too, to sacrifice GLENCOE (5)
By warrant signed — that needed but to be
Well executed for your Deity —
And though you think your Idol was religious ;
We know, and we have felt, his power perfidious :
Remembrance dwells on all his evil deeds,
That sprung and flourished like pernicious weeds,
To choke the seeds of virtue in his mind,
Ere moral sunshine shed its influence kind,
To train his nobler qualities of nature,
And give his character its form and feature.

Yet WILLIAM's memory fatally inherits,
Th' ignoble stain and stigma of demerits
That appertain much more to his advisers,
Who live, in History, as his stigmatisers.
To Britain first, the Prince of Orange brought
A liberal soul of elevated thought,
That Tutors tempered, to their venal views,
With factious mixtures lavishly profuse.
A king, in name, a vassal, in subjection,
To those who gave his government direction :
The monarch bowed with sullen discontent,
To be the unconsenting instrument
Of civil power, that ruled both prince and state,
And modelled Ireland's melancholy fate.
Ireland complains of most injust deception,
In baseness practised, on her slow perception,
By WILLIAM's government, when Irish faith
Deserved from Royalty, a civic wreath.
Instead of honours — and in place of rights,
By treaties ratified — as truth indites,
Her bravery and attachment sealed her doom,
And blighted civil Hope's last lingering bloom ;
For privileged Freedom, penal chains were given ;
And persecution's crimes — abhorred by heaven,
(132)

To all but maddening desperation drove her,
 With reeking sword, suspended still above her,
 In misery, destitution, and starvation,
 With Providence alone her consolation;
 A Matron, by injustice, so oppressed,
 Had never sat on earth's indulgent breast.
 Her wrongs, her injuries, daily multiplied,
 To gratify tyrannic England's pride,
 And give Ascendancy the satisfaction
 Of witnessing a loyal land's distraction;
 So despots torture slaves for wanton sport,
 Where Barbarism holds its savage court
 In Afric's realms (6)—where oft inhuman crimes,
 Darken the horrors of unpolished climes,
 And shadow out the monster's murderous guilt,
 By blood untimely, and profusely spilt.

Had God, in vengeance, fixed a frightful curse,
 On this unhappy land, could misery worse,
 Alight upon her children, than the ban
 Of curse-entailing, persecuting ANNE?
 The chains were forged by WILLIAM, our oppressor;
 But were unriveted, till his successor
 Completed Tyranny's desires inhuman,
 And taught us to detest th' unfeeling woman,
 Who planted Ignorance and slavery here,
 With Anti-christian Zeal, and cruel spear;
 As if our country had not been accursed,
 Sufficiently—with plaguing ills the worst.
 Her cup of misery, wormwood, mixed with gall,
 Was brimful filled, with poison for us all:
 A bitter draught—a deathful, *Upas*-bowl,
 To quiet Erin's, Catholic, christian soul;
 But she has lived, in spite of law's enactments,
 Discovery-bills—with forfeits, and ejections—
 Extermination---Settlements---Seduction,
 To compass Erin's ruin and destruction.
 Miraculously fruitful, has increased
 The faith of Christ---out-living all the waste
 Of Bigotry—Intolerance—and Ascendancy,
 With Hope alone her spiritual dependence.

Religious cruelty has exercised,
 The most infernal means could be devised,

To strengthen persecution's bloody hand,
 And root out faith and morals from the land.
 Behold the damning means which monster's took,
 That swelled, in ANNE's short reign, the Statute-Book :
 With laws unchristian, to eradicate
 The ancient Catholic worship from the State;
 Where early spread its Apostolic roots,
 And viny branches, clothed with clust'ring fruits.
 Prohibited by law, the book of knowledge,
 Was closed, from Youth, in every School, and College;
 Learning was banished—frighted Science fled,
 And Music, and the Muses—like the dead,
 Slept with their sorrows, on their silent Lyres,
 Where Genius lingered, in its smould'ring fires,
 To light again the sprightly soul of song,
 When Ireland had outlived her woe and wrong.
 The reverend prelate, and the pious priest,
 Were immolated—that th' ungodly feast
 Of Moloch, might not want the sacrifice
 Of human victims—thus to solemnize,
 The Pagan rites of Christian Heathenism,
 In all the murderous pomp of barbarism.
 A minor martyr to the meek confessor—
 Fanatics offered up, the sage Professor,
 That Ignorance, with undivided sway,
 Might keep, both Learning and her Sons, at bay.
 The Penal Code extinguished light and lore,
 By baser means than man has heard before;
 And yet forbade our countrymen to roam,
 In search of Knowledge, o'er green Ocean's foam,
 To continental Schools, from which, the mind
 Might throw new light, on darkness left behind ;
 And Popery thus might strive to reinstate
 That creed which bigots strove to extirpate.
 A moral gloominess o'er-spread the land,
 Sable as night on Zembla's moonless strand :
 The march of mind was stationary, till
 In after times, a less restrictive Bill,
 Released the soul, and gave it power to try,
 New flights of Genius in th' enlightened sky,
 Of intellectual knowledge, when the laws,
 Opposed to Learning no obstructive cause.

ANNE died a Bigot, and without an Heir,
 Her, crime-bestudd'd, vacant crown, to wear ;
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THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Till Stuart's Line, by lateral, mixed, progression,
Gave GUELPH to rule, in Protestant succession ;
While Justice overlooked, a Prince more near,
For conscience' sake—the Roynl *Chevalier*,
Whom legislative hatred disinherited ;
Regardless of what right of birth had merited ;
Because he loved the cross, he gained the frown,
Of proud Ascendancy, and lost his crown.
To milder government, and laws less cruel,
With less of vengeance and fanatic fuel —
Less rigorous persecution—less severity —
Greater forbearance shewn—and less austerity :
Some gleams of sunshine, and of hopeful rays,
Reflected from the throne through broken haze :
Some penal Statutes partially repealed —
Some wounds bound up, if not entirely healed —
Some bloody Statutes, greatly moderated —
Others relaxed, in power, or enervated,
Were measures marked with civil toleration,
By BRUNSWICK's Dynasty, to Ireland's Nation.
Yet still enough of grinding laws remained,
To teach our Country, that she still was chained.
Through liberal motives, few have been the favours,
To Ireland, granted, by her vile enslavers ;
And all of right, or justice, we have gained,
Was wrung from State necessity, o'er-strained,
In desperate circumstances—times of trial,
When civil policy, in self-denial,
Conceded rights, too dangerous to withhold,
When public spirit—formidably bold,
Demanded Justice from the Constitution,
With patriot-courage, nerved by resolution.

To free AMERICA we doubtless owed,
The first relaxation of the *Penal Code*,
When Britain, by impolicy, was taught,
A lesson of forbearance dearly bought.
For other acts repealed—the next advance
Proceeded, virtually, from tutoring France ;
Whose awful lectures on Misgovernment,
Furnished, to ruling Kings, a Monument
Of civil knowledge, gravely sentimental,
For future practice, most experimental.
In ages yet unborn, shall Tyrant's tremble,
Even at the recollection—and dissemble,

The dread inspired, by such a solemn sermon,
 By Patriotism preached to Lords in Ermine ;
 Th' instruct them, by that terrible transaction,
 Th' imposing power of popular reaction,
 When Tyrants rouse the vengeance of a nation—
 And drive their subjects slaves to desperation !
 Princes should recollect, that never Sovereign,
 Possessed, in right, the legal power to govern,
 Till first it gained, efficiency and force—
 From whom? the people! Power's great, public source !
 That subjects, in repayment, should partake,
 The benefits they give—when Kings they make.
 What is the trust reposed in State Directors,
 When such become the national protectors,
 Through Universal Suffrage, undisputed :
 The people's right, when Kings are constituted ?
 The Public Safety, sacred pledge ! is theirs
 To hold for millions, and their rightful heirs.

A Crown—what is it? An Appendage given,
 A royal symbol, not dispensed by heaven,
 But Man's donation---for the public good ;
 That Monarchs, throned on moral rectitude,
 With power executive, in turn, may bless
 The source of Royalty with happiness,
 And all that salutary grace benign
 That round a Sovereign's sun-like sphere should shine,
 With effluent justice, in benignant rays,
 To light their realms with Love's impartial blaze.
 Then Royalty is but a pledge, in trust,
 Which kings may forfeit, through o'er-weaning lust,
 For privilege---and prerogative---unsanctioned,
 Beyond the Constitution's limits lengthened ;
 And they who, rash and wantonly, despise,
 Their subjects' legal claims ; and tyrannise
 O'er those, from whom, their chartered power proceeds,
 Should look, with circumspection to their deeds !
 A sense of justice, and of equal right,
 Should first, and paramount, afford delight,
 To ruling Princes that would wish to prove,
 Sincere attachment, loyalty, and love,
 From faithful subjects, in whose hearts should burn,
 His liege devotion from Affection's Urn.
 And there are vows, and solemn obligations,
 For binding Sovereigns, by the laws of Nations,

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As well as liege-men, which, if they transgress,
 To prejudice their States through wickedness ;
 To God, and Man, they owe a strict account,
 For royal crimes—and to the full amount.
 And if, misjudgingly, a Monarch thinks,
 Some christian subjects should be bound with links,
 For faith alone, while some, by his decree,
 Are highly favoured, privileged, great, and free :
 He reigns a despot, perjured and forsworn,
 And merits less of sympathy than scorn.
 Ours is a Kingdom—and we have a King,
 Whose praises, Poets chaunt---and Laureates sing
 They tell him—all his people are possessed
 Of every good---and are supremely blessed ;
 But Ireland---Catholic Ireland, answers, nay,
 To all his eulogizing Bards may say,
 Of equal Liberty; while Church and State,
 Direct her destinies and rigid fate ;
 While Freedom's smiles, are only shed on those
 For whom the fount of Royal favours flows,
 With streams of health and over flowing grace,
 To light Ascendancy's bloom-blushing face,
 With cheerful joy, and rosy-featured gladness,
 While Catholic Ireland wears the gloom of sadness :
 Sitting dejected on her heights sublime—
 The slave of tyranny---the wreck of crime—
 The dupe of fraudulence---a regal Helot—
 The scoff and scorn of every canting Zealot :
 Chained, by Intolerance, to the wheels of slavery,
 With all her nobleness---and dauntless bravery.

Kings, nursed in Bigotry, and taught to hate,
 The name of Popery in their infant state,
 Whose childish thoughts fanatic zeal has trained,
 Till sense is blinded, and their conscience chained,
 Can ill be influenced by liberal views,
 When Reason teaches judgment, how to choose
 The path of duty, with impartial eyes,
 Should biased prejudice the soul disguise.
 The Hanoverian Race, from first to last,
 Through all its Kings, were of this curious cast :
 Illiberal tutors moulded all their natures,
 And filled their minds with strange, ideal creatures :
 Religious fantasies---Hobgoblin sprites,
 Like those which Fear creates, on shadowy nights,

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To fright the erring sons of superstition,
 With fancy's self-created apparition.
 Such idle Tales, as Nursery children hear,
 Poured deadly, moral poison on the ear :
 Of popish plots---conspiracies and factions,
 Rebellions---murders---heathen predilections ;
 And every vice, by monstrous Fiction bred,
 Was heaped on Popery's unoffending head !
 However generous, Nature formed their clay,
 Religious education lorded sway,
 O'er all the faculties of soul and sense,
 With bigot zeal---and blind Intolerance :
 Full of new faith inspired by Reformation,
 Came GEORGE, the *First*, to rule the British Nation,
 As Lutheran Pontifex---and Faith's Defender,
 In opposition to th' *alleged* " Pretender."

Like Sire, like Son, may naturally be reckoned,
 GUELPH's *doubtful* offspring, GEORGE, surnamed the
Second ;*

And GEORGE, the *Third*---too candid to deceive us,
 Acknowledged, conscience wist not to relieve us !
 His present Majesty,† ere his induction,
 At least received political instruction,
 On liberal principles, howe'er his mind,
 Might otherwise, be spiritually inclined ;
 His motives may be honest---and his heart
 More generous than his prudence, dare impart ;
 But this we know, that he who was our friend,
 Would never hope and doubt so long suspend,
 If Justice---and a Nation's wrongs, engaged
 A Prince's thoughts, whose Will could have assuaged
 Our penal sufferings---now of long endurance,
 With something more than Hope's too frail assurance.
 Our friend, if such he be, should prove by actions,
 Of solid kindness, all his warm affections,
 And suffer not our trust to hang on fear,
 Sustained by doubts, alone, from year to year ;
 From civil session, on to civil session,
 In painful and unchangeable progression ;

* Why *doubtful* offspring ? Let those who have heard of the gallantries of Count *Kouingsmark*, and who can assign an *ostensible* reason for coercive severity to the Queen, answer this question.

† Now his late Majesty.

Till Patience, wearied out with expectation,
 Grows sick in soul with time's accumulation ;
 Though unproductive days are rolling on,
 While slavery hangs life's energies upon,
 In this misgoverned Island, strong as ever,
 With iron links which power would not dis sever;
 So long as despotism finds occasion,
 For double-dealing treachery, and evasion.

Our rulers find for every thing a season,
 Save that which gathers strength from right and reason :
 The cause of Ireland, and her sons degraded,
 Must, shameful conduct ! ever be evaded ;
 Lest Popery should predominate, spread, and grow,
 To Church and State combined---a deadly foe.
 Unblushing advocates of stern oppression !
 Who glory in misrule—your vile profession ;
 Ye civil sinners, who, for self-protection,
 Would aggravate our national distraction,
 And fence your interests with offensive arms,
 Against the assumptive danger of alarms :
 Whence grows the dread of Popish domination,
 And all the freedom of Emancipation ?
 Can civil policy be less respected,
 By Catholic subjects, than the powers elected ?
 To them, is property of no esteem,
 While native fields, for them, profusely teem,
 With liberal bounties of agrarian wealth,
 Amid Creation's favourite haunts of health ?
 Is State security less dear to them,
 Than those which Royalty may brightly gem
 With all the exclusive privileges of Freedom,
 That partial Justice has so long decreed them ?
 There was a time, erewhile, of greater danger,
 When Ireland was, to liberty, a stranger :
 A frightful time, in which, her sons possessed,
 No interest in the soil that warmed her breast :
 In that dark age, when Catholics were excluded,
 From native rights—and shamefully denuded
 Of wealth and heritage—'twere then no wonder,
 If Catholic loyalty had burst asunder
 The bond of duty, to dissolve the yoke
 That chained their freedom, and their spirit, broke.
 At such a juncture madness might prefer,
 The ebullitions of its wild despair,

When all was lost that cherished hope or fear,
 That love esteemed—or made a country dear ;
 Then surely was the time, when foes might dread,
 That stormy vengeance would assail the head,
 Whence flowed the ills of which our sires complained,
 When Birth-right failed—and little else remained,
 In their possession, other than their slavery,
 Their sense of wrongs, and inefficient bravery.

Thank Heaven ! 'tis otherwise, with Ireland now :
 She guides the scythe, the sickle, team, and plough :
 Her sons, in landed property, possess
 Substantial means, domestic life to bless :
 In these, their loyalty will find security,
 And firm allegiance, free from all impurity :
 Their wealth, the soil—their riches, its increase—
 Their homes, their castles—and their Goddess, peace ;
 Would Irish Catholics madly sacrifice,
 In rebel wantonness, their own supplies
 Of social happiness, in desperation,
 Through lawless acts of insubordination ?
 That Britain should be prosperous, great, and free,
 As Empress Queen, and Mistress of the sea,
 Is our desire, so long as peaceful Union,
 Shall teach our Isles reciprocal communion :
 So linked together, we must stand, or fall ;
 Our interests common—and our duties, all,
 In danger, to support and shield the crown,
 Should foreign foes assail, or fortune frown.
 The Body and the Members must unite
 Their mutual powers, to guard connative right :
 The Constitution, from attacks extraneous,
 With vigorous efforts, prompt, and simultaneous ;
 Or all must suffer, should one member pause,
 To act in concert with th' impelling laws
 Of state necessity, when innovation,
 Should rouse the spirit of self-preservation.
 Ireland, the strongest arm of British power,
 May well be trusted in the dangerous hour
 Of foreign inroads, should a daring foe,
 Attempt, by violence, to overthrow
 That government, with which she is allied,
 And, as a regal state, identified.
 Two motives paramount would then evince,
 Her strength and loyalty's omnipotence :

Religious *Faith*, and that which strongly binds
 To country, for its sake, all hearts and minds—
Self-interest—Life's soul-moving spring of action,
 Which wins, and holds, the patriot's best affection.
 With those internal agents of defence,
 Our Nation soon will tame the insolence,
 Of those who'd dare to venture from afar,
 On Erin's shores, to spread offensive war.
 Then, if our faith and interest can approve,
 Our zeal, allegiance, loyalty and love;
 And furnish, for the Catholic's, liege adhesion,
 His best securities against Misprision—
 Twelve decimated rounds of time, has he
 Been loyal as a Bondman—and, if free,
 What sophistry could sophistry produce,
 To shew that he would liberty abuse
 When denizeden, and raised above his fate,
 A privileged member of the Triple State?
 If God and conscience made him meekly bow,
 Without resentment to his fate, till now,
 'Tis most absurd to dread he will revoke,
 His civil vows when Slavery's chains are broke;
 In wanton vengeance would he sacrifice,
 His own possessions, and dissolve the ties
 That bind his rights, and interests to the throne,
 When all, that Justice sought for, was his own?

No! gross absurdity, to presuppose,
 That mad revenge, would rank him with the foes
 Of all he valued most, when Freedom smiled;
 His home, his altar, country, spouse, and child:
 If, in his bondage, he has bent to labour,
 Without repining—and has loved his neighbour,
 With Scriptural rectitude, in all his dealings,
 However harassed may have been his feelings;
 If, to the laws, his conscience shewed respect,
 If duty never charged him with neglect;
 And if his faith has never been forsworn,
 Even, at the worst, when Hope was left forlorn;
 He merits all the power, which laws can yield
 In Cabinet, Senate, Navy, or the Field;
 Yet not to him has power or place being given;
 But much affliction, mourned by pitying heaven;
 Tried by the Ordeal of a fate too rigid;
 Chilled by indifference, tepid, cold, and frigid,

As Boreas breathes on icy Arctic Isles
 Where loveless sunshine sheds unwarming smiles ;
 By suffering proved, till overwhelming care,
 Was insupportable for man to bear ;
 Chained, in his energies, for virtue's sake,
 While cruelty essayed his heart to break :
 Stripped and despoiled of patrimonial rights ;
 Flung, like a culprit, down from Honour's heights :
 Practised, in patience, like the sternest stoic,
 With magnanimity the most heroic ;
 Scoffed by the proud, and spurned by haughty power,
 When scarce one hope, for him, was seen to flower :
 A slave, at home—an Exile, when abroad—
 By persecution scourged—and overawed,
 By blind intolerance, like the slave of slaves,
 Upon the velvet of his fathers' graves :
 Duped by deceit—and by injusticee wronged ;
 And blamed for deeds that to the base belonged :
 Heaven never looked on creature so degraded,
 By those that barbarously his rights invaded !

Now, after all his years of trial past,
 Let Justice yield him liberty at last ;
 Strike off his chains, ye ministers of Royalty,
 And give him freedom to evince his loyalty ;
 And you will gratitude, not vengeance, find,
 The ruling passion of his generous mind.
 A faithful subject, certainly, should be,
 To prove his services, from bondage free :
 Be his the power, to feel his consequence,
 And all his rightful, privileged, influence :
 Will him as free as liberal laws can make him,
 And to your legislative Temple take him ;
 Yet undisqualified by damning oaths,
 At which religious delicacy loathes ;*
 And doubt not casuists ! but you'll find him then,
 In worth, unrivalled by the sons of men !
 When this is done, which should be done with speed,
 Britain shall borrow glory from the deed :
 Ireland will flourish like a field of flowers,
 And peace and concord will frequent her bowers :
 Her wealth will flow in copious, rich supplies,
 To banquet Britain with redundancies :
 Her commerce will improve, and bustling trade,
 Will add momentum to the plough and spade ;

* The Relief-Bill had not thrown open the doors of the Senate, to the Roman Catholics, when the above, was written.
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THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

And what is more—the nations will approve,
The act of Justice to allegiant love;
While Fame, with all her thousand tongues, will tell
Th' admiring world, how slavery's Idol fell,
In Britain, prostrate at the Throne of GUELPH,
Who rose, at length, superior to himself,
In royal clemency—that slaves, no more,
Might sigh for Freedom on their native shore.*

Dismiss your doubts and fears, ye politicians,
Who furnish recipes, as state physicians;
For, rest assured, that Kingdom cannot thrive,
Which keeps the flames of factious strife alive :
Can Empires prosper that encourage knavery,
By holding faith in ever-during Slavery ?
Shall realms be envied by surrounding nations,
Which merit more their loudest execrations ?
For deeds tyrannical, and crimes detested,
That long have power's polluted source infested,
And stained with sacrilege and profanation,
The seat of Justice and Administration.
Britain, herself, is burthened with distresses,
And state necessity severely presses,
Like EPIHALTES on her frail Finances,
While secret ruin, though unseen, advances,
With all its pestial plagues, a ravening Vulture,
To prey on Commerce, Trade, and Agriculture.
Is this a time for Britain to divide
Her subject nations ? while, with wants allied
She sees her national resources drooping,
While all, but Arch-Ascendancy, is stooping,
To civil Exigence : that public evil
Which draws down pride and princes to its level.
Administrative Wisdom should exert,
Its sapient judgment, timely to avert,
The growing ills, that onward are progressing,
With fatal omens, painfully distressing.

* This triumphant conquest over prejudice and Penal Laws, has been achieved through the recommendation of his late Majesty and Privy Council, to the Imperial Legislature; though more than twelve months subsequently in point of time, to the period, this part of the Poem was written; and could we feel convinced, that this greatly laudable measure flowed spontaneously from Royal clemency, and not from reluctant state-necessity, we need not hesitate to predict, that an act so liberal, and generously just, will elevate the name of George the Fourth above those of his less tolerant ancestors, in the scrutinising estimation of posterity.

The prodigality of by-gone years,
 With all its dire efficiency appears,
 On Britain's crazed, consumptive Constitution—
 The hapless consequence of rash profusion.
 Tis now the reign of peace, while over the land,
 The placid Goddess waves her Olive Wand;
 Yet unproductive grows her spreading vine,
 And unproductively it tendrils twine,
 Around its death-struck stay—the fading Laurel
 Of national prosperity. How sage a moral,
 Results therefrom, which evidently shews,
 That peace, as well as war, brings may woes,
 Yet war, not peace, produced the sad effects,
 That, now the current of distress, directs;
 And past impolicy—and fruitless glory—
 Make sad Experience tell a woe-fraught story
 To statesmen, Councillors, and Legislators,
 Concerning wars, campaigns, negotiators—
 Heroic pageants, victories, battle thunders—
 Death, carnage, empty triumphs, awful wonders,
 With all the horrors, cruelty, and crimes,
 The frightful scenes of military times;
 Ending in disappointment and vexation,
 To Britain's profligate and spendthrift Nation.

For thrice ten years, our hostile empire waged
 Triumphant war, in politics engaged
 With continental states, and lavished wealth,
 Blood, physical resources, power, and health,
 For fruitless purposes, as time hath shewn,
 When debts accumulate around the throne.
 She governed Europe with despotic sway,
 And leagued her kingdoms in the dread affray,
 To crush one haughty spirit, that in fight,
 Swept all before it with its conquering might.
 In this, by stratagem, her art succeeded—
 And peace, to Europe, was, at length, conceded :
 Napoleon sunk,—a brightly-setting star;
 And Mercy chained the brazen voice of war.
 Imperial France beheld her eagle wounded,
 And heard appalled, th' terms of peace propounded,
 That gave her Bourbon's withered, kingly stock,
 (Which Britain shielded from the fatal block

Or murderous Guillotine) once more, to rule
 Her ultra-liberal, democratic school,
 A fading tree, in physical decline—
 O ! how unlike Napoleon's promised line,
 Of youthful Cæsars, rising in maturity,
 To gild the skies of nations, and futurity!
 For all her services and friendly aid,
 To Bourbon-France, has Britain been repaid
 With jealous hatred, which she scarce conceals,
 Till opportunity her will reveals.
 The fate of Buonaparte and martyred Ney,
 Remembrance will regret for many a day :
 And France will pay, in steel, Camillus-like,
 Her ancient rival, when she deigns to strike !
 Britain, instead of friends, has purchased foes,
 And covert enemies—nor few of those,
 From whom, she might be vain enough, to deem
 She merits gratitude, and marked esteem ;
 And should the powers of Europe once combine,
 To meet her, more than midway, on the brine
 That parts her islands from the continent—
 Who knows, how much—how long, she might lament
 The consequences of a conflict tried,
 For rival empire, and ascendant pride !
 That such a test of opposition, yet
 May be adduced, to Britain's deep regret,
 It now behoves her, ere that day arrive,
 Against her evil destinies to strive :
 Let her be just, and generous to her own,
 To fence and fortify her regal throne
 With friends and freemen, ready to defend her
 Against th' insulting foe that dare offend her.
 Let every subject feel himself as free,
 As laws can yield, of civil liberty ;
 And then may she, with Freedom's flag, unfurled,
 Bid stern defiance to a hostile world !
 But should her partial justice still pursue
 The favourite scheme of cherishing the Few,
 In Ireland's land of Helots, to the Millions,
 As if the Units counterpoised Octillions;
 As if the individual were a host,
 And only worthy to be valued most.
 Still here should despotism claim obedience,
 And partial tyrants still exact allegiance ?

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Should persecution, always with impunity,
In blood indulge on every opportunity ?
Intolerance rule—and blind fanatic zeal,
Commend the Catholic breast to Faction's steel ?
And Protestant Ascendancy, delight
In still opposing equity and right ?
If these auxiliaries of Church and State,
Might always rivet Ireland to her fate,
Of pains and penalties, and seal her doom,
Till Slavery bent her to th' insensate tomb ;
Then might Injustice stretch her bloody hand,
With withering power, o'er this ill-fated land,
And here might Cruelty, like Vampire feast
On blood, that only thirst for blood increased ;
While Malice, Hate, and authorised oppression,
Might practise wrongs; yet sin without transgression.—
But Britain knows, there is a God above—
A God of retribution—and of love,
Who punishes the wickedness of Nations,
With crime-demanding, just retaliations :
He sends the dreadful agents of his power,
In Danger's awful, unexpected hour,
To waste, depopulate, and scourge the land,
That ruled with merciless, unfeeling hand ;
Abusing power by multiplied offences,
Against high heaven, and all its ordinances.

Power is the gift of God, and will remain,
While Mercy holds her mild and gentle reign ;
But when Injustice leagues with lawless might,
T' infringe the laws of equity and right ;
Justice retributive unsheaths her sword,
To minister the vengeance of the Lord :
Palsies the proud—and nerveless leaves the arm,
That only practised cruelty for harm,
And renders powerless, weak, and impotent,
The heart that pity could not make relent.
She raises up the weak against the strong—
The injured right, against the sons of wrong,
To castigate the wicked for their deeds,
When suffering Virtue, for her children, pleads
To him who tolerates crimes—and then chastises,
By moral means, the Despot that devises,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

In heart inhuman (grown, with vices, callous)
Refined barbarity against his fellows.
Power is a quality, that Virtue cherishes,
In bodies politic, that never perishes,
So long as generous natures nurse and warm it,
And tyrants want the faculty to harm it.
In Oriental regions first it sprung,
When Man's incipient energies were young :
It grew with greatness, till the base abused it,
And arbitrary Governors misused it :
It spreads from land to land—from clime to clime,
And visits Empires only for a time :
It rests, and journeys on, unchecked by seas,
As all-directing Providence decrees.

Alas ! what mighty Kingdoms are no more,
That once were eminent, in days of yore ;
But power forsook them, for their guilt and crimes ;
The bad effects of rude and barbarous times.
Assyria, Persia, Macedon, and Rome,
Troy, Egypt, Carthage, moulder in the tomb,
The awful Sepulchre of time and nations,
With all but memory of their declinations,
And crime-recording deeds, that will not die,
While History's Muse preserves their infamy !
They flourished with their tyrants, and are dead,—
While other States and Empires, in their stead,
Elsewhere arose—that in their turn shall fall,
When Time the Arch-Destroyer, over all
Shall flap his wings, in triumph—heedful not,
Where rank corruption and its kindred rot.
Freedom and privilege are the arms of power ;
Its bastioned fortress, and its buttressed tower :
Its ward of strength against opposing ills ;
Its beacon lights, on free, unconquered hills ;
Its spear and buckler in the day of strife—
The heart, the nerves, and sinews, of its life :
These properly directed, give existence
To civil greatness---dreading no resistance ;
And armed with these, may Empires hold their sway,
To flourish long untainted with decay.
Thus may'st thou, Britain, live and grow, by these,
The death-defying Empress of the seas ;

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For all the elements of greatness lie
 Within thy grasp, beneath thy regal eye ;
 With happy homes, to make thy subjects blest,
 With Altars free---and peace, to soothe their rest ;
 And all the blessings that attendant wait,
 Upon a wisely regulated State.

Thy sins are great, before offended heaven ;
 Repent in time—and hope to be forgiven :
 Be generous, just, and wise, in all thy ways,
 That thou mayst look for many glorious days,
 Prolonged by public Virtues—and renowned
 For equitable laws, the world around ;
 With upright Ministers, to guide the Helm
 Of regal State, and organize the Realm,
 With salutary laws, to yield protection,
 To every subject, without predilection,
 Favour or partiality to Sects,
 Beyond what Justice, and the Code, directs ;
 And then thy throne, O Britain ! may defy,
 Time's all-destructive, potent energy !

Thou boastest of thy Freedom—and declare,
 What Liberty thy happy children share :
 On every wind thy egotism floats,
 And strains the organs of ten thousand throats,
 Of venal Scribes, who write, or sing, or say,
 What Interest dictates for ignoble pay :
 They tell the Old and New World, that in thee,
 Mankind are happy—and the happy free :
 That thou surpassest all Earth's realms, in Equity,
 Whose nicely-scanning eyes possess ubiquity,
 To see, and be, wherever Justice needeth,
 Its friendly agency, when Mercy pleadeth,
 For human wrongs, the innocent to right,
 And shelter Virtue from untimely blight.
 Thy fulsome flatterers, in their adulations,
 Proclaim thee—" Glory of surrounding Nations ;"
 Envied for greatness, far beyond thy neighbours,
 In civil polity, that nobly labours,
 To render all thy subjects brave and fearless,
 And for all attributes of Genius, peerless.
 Self-flattered Britain ! canst thou think to raise,
 Thy well-known character, by self-sung praise ?

Canst thou persuade us, that thou art admired,
 By other nations—or that heaven inspired
 Thy sons, or thee, with Genius, to become
 The Empress paramount of Christendom ?
 The boast and glory of th' admiring earth,
 While neighbouring States derive a source of mirth
 From thy vainglorious, self-sufficient pride,
 That smiles contempt on all the world beside ?
 Self-praise should never swell the Trump of Fame—
 Self-flattery will not elevate a name :
 Others must eulogise us, if of merit,
 One modest, latent spark, we but inherit ;
 Self-Adulation is the drum of vanity,
 Which Folly beats, to shew its own inanity :
 And they, who laud their own self-excellence,
 Have little claim to decency or sense.

Presumptuous Nation ! qualify thy strain,
 Of high-flown panegyric sung in vain,
 So long as deeds are stronger than professions
 And public virtue weaker than transgressions :
 Thy own Self-Eulogy is but a bubble
 That floats upon the tide of factious trouble :
 Thy self-sufficiency of self-creation,
 Is bat the phantom of self-estimation,
 By fancy and imagination painted
 Upon thy mind, with pride so deeply tainted.
 Ah ! think thee Britain ! arrogant of heart !
 What men esteem thee, veiled with all thy art,
 Despised by those who criticise thy actions,
 And shrewdly scrutinise thy imperfections :
 The honest praise of merit ill belongs,
 To those who found their eulogy on wrongs,
 And build their panegyric on oppression,
 Perfidious laws, and civil indiscretion.
 Thou boastest fame, where infamy is due :
 Thou wouldst be flattered for thy greatness too,
 With all thy meanness, and thy selfish ways,
 And act unjustly to reverse thy praise.
 Ambitious Britain ! canst thou be renowned ?
 While public crimes pollute thy sacred ground,
 Injustice, persecution, slavery, faction,
 With penal laws of dark and grim complexion

No ! these, so long as tyranny shall rule
 Thy senate-hall, and ministerial school,
 Will stain thy glories, and reduce thy name
 Below the standard of ennobling fame.

If thou delightest in thy freedom—why
 Should slavery live, where bravery cannot die ?
 Where loyalty exists, should fetters bind
 The noble arm, and heaven-enlightened mind ?
 And where a pure, unsullied faith remains,
 Should conscience be coerced with legal chains ?
 Intolerant Despot ! rule with milder sway :
 Pursue the right—and teach our wills the way
 To practise loyalty with grateful love,
 By raising Virtue's suffering train above
 The rigid destiny that man decreed,
 When Revolution sowed its hemlock seed.
 Be thou, at length, the friend of the distressed,
 And emulate the Lion on thy crest;
 In lofty nobleness and generosity,
 Disdaining savage force, and brute ferocity.

How many painful years, has Ireland waited
 To see her Catholic children re-instated
 In full possession of their rightful station,
 As native freemen in their vassal nation :
 We, Irish slaves, with modesty, petition
 For tolerant, legislative manumission,
 And are, from time to time, and times, evaded,
 Till Hope's perennial flower, with blights, has faded,
 While Patience sickened for Emancipation ;
 Yet still she waits with fruitless expectation.
 No more inform us, " this is not the season "
 For Justice to attend to right and reason ;
 Insult us not, with useless declamation,
 Concerning Popery's vile abomination ;
 No more contemptuously disdain to grant
 What right demands, and faithful subjects want :
 Mock not our sufferings longer with protraction,
 Nor charge us wrongfully with disaffection :
 Spurn not our claims, if thou hast faithful found us :
 With black ingratitude, no longer wound us :
 Restore our privileges—and let us be,
 As were our ancient sires, when great and free ;
 Give back our rights, which we have never sold,
 Nor bartered for that yellow substance, gold :
 In justice to our merits, let us share
 The fruits of loyalty's incessant prayer,
 In full fruition—not in part, or portion ;
 No monstrous birth, no ill-matured abortion
 Of legislative wisdom, born to fright us,
 But Liberty's sweet offspring, to delight us

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

With lineaments of beauty fair and fine,
Like Irish Freedom in her days divine.

Tell not our Millions, that have clung together,
Through stormy times of Faction-troubled weather,
That faith—the ancient faith of British saints,
Should still be left to utter wild complaints
To idle winds and inadvertent ears,
Till, thro' her bondage, nature sinks with years.
There is a sin that cries aloud to heaven
For punishment, that slowly is forgiven,
By him who registers all human crimes,
And man's iniquity through changeful times;
Defrauding faithful servants of their wages,
With heartless cruelty for lengthening ages,
Must draw down fatal vengeance, soon or late,
Upon th' offender—be it prince, or state,
Or lord, or master, with a blighting curse,
To temporal happiness—if nothing worse.
What state—what nation, has so faithful been
As this, our lovely isle of emerald green,
To heartless Britain, while her hands were bound
With manacles, and gyves her limbs around,
To bind her energies of life and action,
While breathing to her cruel foe—affection?
Ireland has bought her freedom well, and long,
Yet still her heart is overpowered with wrong;
And still oppression and its eils last,
While Persecution holds her captive fast;
That overgrown Ascendancy may thrive,
By keeping Faction's elements alive.

Our Government dissents from every nation
In liberal policy;—Civilization,
Which humanises elsewhere, hardens here
The iron soul, unsoftened with a tear;
Injustice rules our destinies, and keeps
Her vigil night-watch while poor Erin weeps,
Uncomforted upon her lonely hills,
Swelling with crystal woes, her mountain rills,
By some, 'tis idly rumoured round the Land,
That our Emancipation is at hand:
They tell us how our *Premier* is designing
Effectual means to silence our repining;
Yet others speak of pledges and securities,
Of civil guarantees and strict assurances

WRONGS OF IRELAND.

For Catholic loyalty—as if the slaves
Of domination were abandoned knaves ;
Whose constant practices of vice had doomed them
To bear the weighty bondage that consumed them,
And not the brave and faithful, freeborn hosts
Of Irish Patriots, that, on many coasts,
Had fought and bled in bravery's martial train,
With lion-hearts that Guelph might safely reign,
A mighty monarch, destined to reward
An injured Nation's long abused regard.

Pledges, for loyalty ! now, if, in sooth,
There be, in such a rumour, aught of truth,
'Tis most insulting to a nation's feelings
To hear of such nefarious, wicked dealings
Of artful ministers, who'd set us free,
By binding half the limbs of Liberty !
And sending Freedom fettered to our shores,
To heal our wounds, and cicatrize our sores !
Is this what honest services require
Of him, who still must own an Irish sire ?
Could Wellington deceive the veteran band
That fought his battles in a foreign land,
And wreathed his brows with laurels, by amusing
Their hopes with offers, worthy of refusing ?
The military statesman may deceive us,
With false pretences, and still shackled leave us ;
But Ireland, in her present situation,
Must have her dues of full emancipation,
And nothing less, to satisfy her wants,
From senatorial, right-conceding grants ;
Or else, she must, as hitherto, remain
A fearful lioness, to bite her chain.

END OF CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Melancholy prospects of the Union—Its fatally efficient consequences—pleasing retrospect of the brief period of National Independence— Senatorial greatness, and patriotic feeling—National Senators, and Irish Volunteers eulogised—causes of the Union, assigned—Absenteeism promoted by changing the seat of Government—various, and vexatious evils resulting from the removal of our Parliament—Moral Reflections on partial Administration—the Established Church—its oppressive power, and Arch-Ascendancy—character of the reformed clergy—civil degradation of Ireland, the effect of the Union—Absentee apostacy and political delinquency, characterised—Commercial disadvantages of Ireland—British monopoly, unsavourable to our manufacturing interest—Ireland, in her desolation, personified—Contrast between national poverty, and Clerical prosperity—strictures on the clergy of the Established Church—Ireland unjustly considered a burden on the British state—Her internal resources great and productive—The advantages likely to result to both nations from a fostering Government—Appeal to the British Ministry on behalf of Ireland.

THE
Wrongs of Ireland,

CANTO IV.

The Union.

I.

Woe grows on woe—and wrong succeeds to wrong,
Like wave succeeding wave on Ocean's Shore :
Our current of distress rolls dark along,
As flows *Cocytus* where the damned deplore ;
Of bitter *Acheron*, our sires before
Have drunk profusely, from th' infernal bowl,
Which fiends infused with deadly *Hellebore*,
To quench sensation in the patriot soul ;
And drown in *Lethe*'s waves that spirit high
Which Freedom gave—and heaven forbade to die.

II.

INVASION first and *Reformation* next—
Then *Revolution* came with devastation,
Seeking, insidiously, some false pretext,
To ruin and enslave our noble nation :
Each scourged, in turn, with rod of domination,
And scattered pestilence o'er Erin's breast ;
Yet that which most deserves our execration,
The UNION—proved our most destructive pest :
That wicked compact monsters hatched in Hell,
To ring out Country's latest requiem-knell !

III.

A twilight gleam of glory, short and bright,
Illumed th' Horizon of our hapless land,
When, for a time, we rose in native might,
A proud and independent patriot band :
Freedom outstretched her Senatorial Wand,
Touched with a magic, talismanic power :
Hope's roseate blooms fell blossomed from her hand
On Erin's fields, a beauteous, floral shower ;
And new-fledged joys spread forth her fair-plumed wing,
To court the breeze of patriotism's spring.

IV.

Upon the vantage-ground of Independence,
Our faithful statesmen marshalled all their hosts,(2)
To combat British politio Ascendahee,
Like veteran chieftains firmly at their posts :
Of that short gleam of chivalry, still boasts
Degraded Ireland ! though it passed away,
Parhelion-like, and vanished from her coasts,
With evening radiance at the close of day ;
And with it set the brilliant lights of fame,
Whose rays were lightning—and whose lustre flame.

V.

Peace to their spirits where the virtuous rest !
And calmly tranquil may their dust repose
Upon their country's loved and honoured breast,
Beneath sweet spring flowers, and bleak wintry snows !
Green on their bosoms, where the shamrock grows,
May guardian seraphs ceaseless vigils keep,
To shield their hallowed shrines from ruthless foes,
Who'd dare to tread where Freedom's champion sleep :
The last, the best—the bravest of the few,
Of Erin's sons, to honour's purpose true !

VI.

In that bright period of Hibernian pride,
To which Remembrance oft reverts, with tears,
Let not due panegyric be denied
To Liberty's true friends, the VOLUNTEERS ;
Whose Era still a verdant spot appears,
A sun-gilt Oasis to Memory's eye,
Amidst the desert scenes of time and years,
Were Erin's lofty honours humbled lie ;
A BALBEC wilderness of desolation :
The wreck of Majesty's despoliation.

VII.

Too proud ; too independent to be borne—
Too much embued with Amor Patriæ's fire,
Full soon our brave, heroic band was shorn
Of military power—lest son and sire,
With disaffection's cohorts, should conspire,
To overturn Britannia's interests here,
And string to Liberty green Erin's Lyre,
To rouse the spirit of each Volunteer
And make a WASHINGTON or BOLIVAR
Of every patriot, in defensive war.

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VIII.

Britain, that haughty and imperious Sovereign,
 Who sent Discordia to our Island first,
 To teach her Satraps to "*divide and govern,*"
 And make the heart of civil peace accursed,
 But ill could brook to learn, that Erin nursed
 The Goddess Concord in the lap of union,
 And therefore, with invidious treachery, burst
 The *Fasces* of our national communion,
 By native means which perfidy suggested—
 That wickednes approved—but heaven detested.

IX.

Rebellion, fostered by the British State,
 To gain its object—like a Magazine
 Burst forth with violence, to seal the fate
 Of this sweet island of the emerald green;
 The horrors of those hapless times we 've seen,
 When Erin's spirit was in wild uproar,
 As fierce Bellona, of terrific mien,
 Flew, with her war-torch round sad Ireland's shore,
 Disseminating fire and dread dismay,
 Along grim havoc's blood-encrimsoned way.

X.

The tallest Poppies of our garden blooms
 Were then cutdown by worse than *Tarquin* hands; (3)
 The flower of Erin's youth sought early tombs
 Through martial law, and Britain's harsh commands;
 Some fled from vengeance into foreign lands,
 To nurse their hatred to tyrannic power,
 While might superior broke our union-bands,
 And taught our nation since to curse the hour,
 That broke one Union to effect another,
 And chain that spirit which it could not smother.

XI.

Corruption here had sedulously planted
 Its importation of Britannic seeds,
 Which threwe as rankly as the Gardener wanted,
 Till virtuous patriotism, choked with weeds,
 Shrunk passively, as do the marshy reeds
 Before the tempest, when the storm uproots
 The Mountain Oak;—as arbitrary deeds
 Destroy the palm of Freedom with its fruits,
 And level majesty, that mars its course,
 With brutal insolence and savage force.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

XII.

The jealous mind of Britain could not brook
An Irish independent parliament;
And, therefore, every artful method took,
The purpose of our patriots to prevent:
On civil UNION, crafty England bent,
Adopted measures suited to th' occasion,
To win her object, barbarous in the intent,
To carry home to Irish dupes persuasion;
And purchase treacherous principles with gold,
When rotten Statesmen could be bought, or sold.

XIII.

It matters not what vile, nefarious means
Were used by Ministers—or what was acted,
By underlings of power, behind the scenes,
Or what, for public action, was directed;
A nation-swindling UNION was effected,
Against the general, popular consent,
That since has Erin's destinies subjected
To novel wrongs that make her sons lament;
She lost her Senate without compensation,
And all beside the shadow of a nation.

XIV.

From that unfortunate, disastrous hour,
Our Realm has sunk with phthisical disease :—
She feels consumption's health-dissolving power,
And sinks to nothingness by slow degrees;
Drained, by a Vampire brood of *Absentees*,
Of vital spirit—Erin pines away;
While other native evils, bad as these,
Ensure her ruin and unsoothed decay :
A pampered Hierarchy—a monstrous pest,
Sucks the last life-blood from her aching breast.

XV.

A land of paupers, with declining trade;
A host of beggared Yeomen, must support
Proud Church Ascendancy—that tithes, well paid,
May feast the cleric minions of a court,
That treats us, in its wantonness, for sport,
Or wicked pastime—privileging oppression ;
Of bald injustice, the infernal forte,
So grey in vice, and aged in transgression :
The Church, that Mammoth-glutton of our soil,
Must make of all its prey and common spoil.

XVI.

Why talk of just and equitable laws,
And all the blessings of the Constitution,
While here we sell the operating cause
Of Mal-Administration's foul collusion :
In this blest soil, where plenty spreads profusion,
Man pines in exigence and dull inaction ;
Justitia here sustains vile prostitution,
Where public virtue lives without protection ;
And where the favoured few with insult tread
Upon the Millions by whose sweat they're fed.

XVII.

Where law protects the Great, and grinds the poor —
Where Magisterial Wisdom's partial views
Are influenced by prejudice impure,
As factious judgment learns the right to choose ;
Where savage men, their iron hearts, amuse
With sanguine scenes in peaceful social life ;
Yet find a jury willing to abuse
Juridic Law—and deem it harmless strife,
In those arraigned for blood of Innocence,
And charged with guilt admitting no defencē.

XVIII.

When English Reformation planted here
Its sickly scions in our generous soil,
By means inhuman, cruel, and severe,
Amid the richness of Monastic spoil :
A race of profligates, on fruits of toil
In which they shared not, battenéd, and destroyed
The produce of the land—while yet no oil
Was wasted over Tomes—or well employed,
Preparing Gospel Sermons, to improve
A people who, such pastors, could not love.

XIX.

Two potent causes marred the English creed,
From first to last, in Ireland's Christian Isle : (4)
A lazy Hierarchy, more prone to feed
The body than the soul—of morals vile :
A murderous spirit of oppressive guile
That sought by persecution, to suppress
The ancient faith—Religion to defile—
Divesting virtus of her ancient dress,
By turning Truth's pure fountain-streams aside,
To follow Error through the wilds of pride.

XX.

Example here was wanting, to persuade
 The Catholic worshippers, that Faith's new light
 Was sent from heaven, whose Ministers obeyed,
 The rule of false opinions, more than right :
 Their deeds shone not to men in lustre bright,
 And clement mildness, mercy, and good will,
 Graceed not their Doctrines, to attract the sight,
 Or lure the soul to Zion's sacred Hill ;
 Such pastors, ravening as the Wolf or Fox,
 Could ill protect the fold, or gather flocks.

XXI.

Religious cruelty may ill essay
 To propagate new principles, or spread
 Its tenets, where unfaithful shepherds stray
 From duty—heedless how their lambs are fed ;
 Where Clergy more consult their daily bread,
 Than minister to minds their food divine ;
 Or wait attendant on affliction's bed,
 To comfort Hope in life's diseased decline ;
 And make the pangs of suffering patience light,
 Before th' immortal spirit wings its flight.

XXII.

How fruitless the attempt of lawless power,
 To raise a new Religion on the old,
 By sending moral monsters to devour
 The soul-sustaining food of virtue's fold !
 Priests, less esteeming grace than glittering gold,
 And loving more the things of earth than heaven,
 Are badly qualified new sects to mould
 From sordid Lucre's, base, unrighteous leaven ;
 Or by a Crusade, think to undermine
 A faith ordained to last while suns shall shine.

XXIII.

Abroad, the *Absentees* our sources drain,
 To pamper luxury and pompous pride : (5)
 From pining Erin's every ebbing vein,
 Those hungry Vultures drink life's crimson tide :
 The craving Clergy prey on all beside,
 And sap the marrow from our Country's bone :
 Taxation feasts on every bleeding side,
 To leave our land a skeleton alone,
 The Ghost of Empire, haggard, lean, and wan,
 As death's grim spectre to affrighted man !

XXIV.

Behold her fields were Agriculture pines—
Where labour toils, in vain, with hopes uncheered,
And where brown Industry, in strength, declines,
With failing heart by sorrowing sadness seared ;
Our pastures, to the Shepherd swain, endeared
In former days, for milky, fleecy droves,
The source of wealth—that now has disappeared,
While still our pastures and our bleating groves,
Sustain their harmless habitants—that bring
No fair increase, to make the pastor sing.

XXV.

Survey our towns and cities void of trade,
With shops surcharged with useless merchandise ;
Where time, so useful once, is ill repaid,
By slow, unprofitable, scant supplies,
Which lengthen out the visage of the wise,
And make the thoughtful Tradesman wondrous grave ;
The Merchant sinks in active energies,
While credit fails—and urgent debtors crave
Their just—though oft unsatisfied, demands,
From empty coffers and unready hands.

XXVI.

Within our Island's, free, capacious ports,
Uncherished Commerce flaps her idle sails,
Whose swelling canvass no kind zephyr courts,
Where smiling Fortune breathes her favouring gales.
Alas ! how little enterprise avails,
Where risk, and loss, supply the place of gain,
Within a land, where poverty prevails,
Through every province of her fair domain ;
Where Man, with strength and vigour, unemployed,
Indulges misery for his hopes destroyed.

XXVII.

Increasing pauperism, with starvation,
Prevails too widely in a plenteous land,
To neutralise th' effects of cultivation,
So blest with gifts from Providence's hand ;
Prosperity's fair, Eden prospects bland,
No more luxuriantly salute the eye,
Where Husbandry and Commerce, at a stand,
To sinewy Industry their fruits deny :
The Manufacturer shares the common fate,
While Hope and Patience for redress await.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

XXVIII.

All sects—all ranks—except the privileged class,
Alike partake the general, civil curse,
Entailed on Ireland's Children, who, alas !
Can scarcely dread Anathemas much worse :
Britain may boast of kind, maternal nurse ;
Yet Ireland like a foster-child, neglected,
Is treated cruelly without remorse,
A friendless, outcast Nation, unprotected ;
Exposed to every lupine beast of prey,
Which apes the human figure to betray.

XXIX.

For country, why should Erin's sons complain,
If still Astrea dwells in Britain's isle ?
Should they in Helot vassalage remain,
If Justice pure on injured Truth can smile ?
Must masked deception evermore beguile
The noble-minded Irishman, and cheat
His duped credulity, with pledges vile,
Which Falsehood guarantees with foul deceit :
Such pledges and false promises were made,
When Ireland, by the Union, was betrayed.

XXX.

A Senatorial Union with Great Britain,
If cordially, and mutually contracted,
Our suffering Isle, so long severely smitten,
Would feel her warmer sympathies affected ;
A province of the realm should be respected,
Cherished, and succoured, that its strength may grow
In vigorous health, to be again directed,
To feed the body politic, that so,
Each may to each contribute nourishment,
Through all the organs of the Government.

XXXI.

The Body and the Members must unite,
In close community of kind affection,
If every part can boast commutual right.
To keep the frame in harmonized connexion ;
Each limb must yield reciprocal protection,
To every kindred member, thus to nourish
The Constitution, to prevent infection,
And make the corporate system thrive and flourish,
In trunk and branches, like a fruitful tree,
Whose beauty shews its healthful pedigree.

XXXII.

But where one member withers and declines,
As if by blight of lightning—and appears,
Fruitless and sapless, as the blasted pines
On which the Tropic Eve sheds pitying tears
The fading bough that cold indifference sears,
Can ill participate the sweets of Union,
When expectation scarce to life endears
The germ that feels no sensible communion,
While perishing amidst arboreal health,
And full luxuriance of florescent wealth.

XXXIII.

Yet should decay internal blight the bough,
And not result from some external cause,
The practical physician must allow,
The tainted tree begins, in health, to pause ;
Corruption carious—that in secret draws
Its nourishment from rottenness, has made
The trunk its prey, by sure, progressive laws,
That prove the core already far decayed,
When in the lateral members may be seen,
The leafless symbols where disease had been.

XXXIV.

If Ireland, on the British civil tree,
Has by the Union been inoculated,
The graft seems fruitless ; for the world may see,
How rudely hath the scion been ill-treated ;
For, lo ! it buds, or blooms not,—as if fated
To perish, by unkind association,
And blast the bloomy branch unwisely mated,
In vegetable wedlock, with a nation,
Whose Upas shade and pestilential breath,
Had ever on our soil shed plague and death.

XXXV.

Now thrice ten years have slowly rolled away,
Since Ireland saw her senators depart,
To grace St. Stephen's, on which fatal day,
She bowed reluctantly, with boding heart,
Her tears prophetic were seen to start,
For well she deemed her ruined Parliament
Would leave her capital a noiseless mart,
And cause herself and children to lament ;
She boded right, that with her senate train,
Nobility, and wealth would cross the main.

XXXVI.

To flatter pride, in Fashion's gay resort,
Her Aristocracy, beyond the waves,
Followed her statesmen, to enjoy at court,
Those pleasures law denied to local slaves ;
To them more sweet the banks the Thames'-tide laves
Than those that border Liffey's flowery side,
Or that dear land which gave their fathers graves,
And to their vainer offspring wealth and pride ;
But not their love of country, or her freedom,
When in necessity's last hour she'd need them.

XXXVII.

Our landed Gentry, and vain glorious squires,
With all that purse-proud Folly could persuade,
Forsook the land of music and their sires,
To mix in grandeur's gorgeous promenade :
Heedless how Erin pined in lonely shade,
Regretful o'er ingratitude and wrong,
That of her fertile plains have deserts made,
And wastes where solitude may dwell among ;
In whose drear wilds still sports the healthful breeze,
Unheard, unheeded by our Absentees !

XXXVIII.

They, wanting filial fondness and affection,
Pursue the steps of Pleasure where she leads
Her laughing train, denying their protection
To those, upon whose sweat their avarice feeds ;
In patriot honour, such are fragile reeds,
Too frail and feeble to withstand the storm ;
They'd rather bend than break, when sweeps the meads
The civil tempest, nature to deform ;
They crouch thro' fear, while hostile winds o'ertum,
The Mountain-Oak, that coward deeds could spurn.

XXXIX.

Such temporising characters as those,
Pandered to greatness, to betray their nation,
And proved the worst of self-debasing foes,
When Ireland held an independent station ;
They strove to rise by Erin's degradation,
To flatter British royalty—that traitors
Might martyr freedom, for their elevation,
And be of Matricide the perpetrators,
Through mad impolicy, disease to spread,
Wide o'er the soil that furnished wealth and bread !

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

XL.

They draw their means of luxury, from the land
Which basely they desert—d disdain—despise,
Regardless who rewards the toiling hand
Of those who minister their rich supplies:
They heed not—hear not, helpless orphans' cries,
Nor feel for starving thousands unemployed,
Whose wants might move even savage sympathies,
For those whom laws tyrannic left devoid
Of useful Industry, in Arts and Trade,
To exercise the plough, the loom, and spade.

XL.I.

This lasting evil, and this growing crime
Against the Irish Nation, chiefly flowed
From civil causes, chartered now by time,
Since Union-emigration was the mode:
We've had our black-linked, dark, *Draconic Code*
Of bloody laws, inhumanly severe,
To shadow ages past, when grief bestowed,
On hapless misery, sorrow's saddest tear;
But, by th' imperial Union, Ireland fell,
Farther from bliss than heaven divides from hell.

XLII.

From this vile compact of deceptive guile,
Of cabinet cunning, and false patriotism,
Resulted many wrongs untaught our Isle,
(With worse results than from a civil schism,)
That sunk our nation in the dark abyss
Of wretchedness, and woe, unprecedented;
When native courage lost the heroism
Of filial fortitude—when vice consented,
To sell for promises, to Arch-Ascendance,
The last remains of regal Independence.

XLIII.

British Monopoly, by favour cherished,
Destroyed our Manufactures, once so thriving:
What law prohibited, soon failed, or perished,
Our Country still of staple rights depriving:
Self-interested Statesmen sat contriving,
From year to year, the ruin of our Realm,
Or turned their minds to politic conniving
With artful Merchants, who could guide the helm
Of State affairs, by bribery and collusion,
That Irish Trade might dwindle by extrusion.

XLIV.

Commercial intercourse, but ill adjusted,
Between the Sister Isles, left Britain gainer:
She held superiority—and lusted
To be, of Trade and Commerce, grand Retainer:
Erin has oft complained, but the complainer
Was treated with indifference, pride, or scorn;
For still new shackles, Britain forged, to chain her,
To leave her destitute—and then forlorn;
That sly detractors might declare in spleen:
"Behold the wreck of Europe's Western Queen!"

XLV.

Ah! what is Ireland now? so closely pressed
In Britain's grasp of conjugal caressing?
A goodly tree, which *Poison-vines* invest,
To drink its juices—and, with weight oppressing,
Reduce its strength, crushing each healthful blessing,
Of sensitive enjoyment—till Decay,
Its sickly arms, around the trunk compressing,
Saps health and juice—till life has pined away;
As does the *Locust*, in *Columbia's* wild,
By faithless, parasitic love beguiled.

XLVI.

Accursed UNION! Inauspicious Marriage!
To us productive of such bitter fruit,
Delusive hopes—and national miscarriage,
That found but Disappointment in pursuit;
Alas! shall Erin's mournful Muse be mute,
When she, her desolated land, surveys,
Where Royalty, in foliage, branch, and root,
Have been despoiled?—lest Ireland e'er should raise,
Her regal head, in ages yet to come,
Among the Sceptred States of Christendom.

XLVII.

Behold her now, enthroned upon the wreck
Of humbled grandeur, midst the desolation
Of Tyranny, and Time, with care-bent neck,
And downcast eye surveying devastation!
The Queen of Thrones, in meek humiliation,
Sits brooding on the horror-scenes of war;
Nor lifts her brow to look for consolation;
But gazes wildly on Eve's setting star:
The Star of Freedom, shedding paly light,
Sinking, and fading, in the glooms of night.

XLVIII.

No doubt, her thoughts are fixed upon the past,
 While dark her future destinies disclose
 Their frightful forms, her skies to overcast,
 With new and strange, unprecedented woes :
 Happly her Memory finds some withered Rose
 Of Recollection, on whose sweets to rest,
 While thorny cares, her bosom, discompose,
 And serpent anguish stings her painful breast ;
 While, with Remembrance, flows the reffluent tide,
 Back on her soul, of years of regal pride.

XLIX.

Reclining on her verdant hills, she hears
 The voice of lamentation wild and shrill :
 The plaints of filial woe assail her ears
 In every vale—by every fountain rill :
 Maternal tears her humid eyes distil,
 Listening the wailings of unpitied grief ;
 While sorrowing want—a prey to many an ill,
 Sheds showery dews on Erin's Shamrock leaf ;
 To green its graceful foliage, where it grows,
 Hope's relic plant, to soothe affliction's woes.

L.

The labouring hind, so cheerful at his spade
 In Ireland's more auspicious, prosperous days,
 Now toils dejected—while the wheels of Trade,
 Move tardily, along uneroured ways :
 The swans of Commerce, in our spacious Bays,
 Scarce raise their wings to court the favouring gale :
 Our Island wears a veil of sombre haze,
 Through which Hope's wintry sun looks wanly pale :
 A settled melancholy damps the land—
 Where all things shew the spoiler's wasting hand !

LI.

Misgovernment—unjust and partial laws,
 Of long duration, have our ruin wrought ;
 And have, of all our misery, proved the cause—
 The source, and painful spring of cheerless thought :
 To us, Oppression has severely taught,
 By sad Experience, that our country ever
 Was harshly dealt with, since erewhile she bought
 Instructive lectures from her old Deceiver ;
 For crafty Britain's over-reaching art
 Still duped her faith, and wronged her honest heart.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

LII.

In times like these, when want and misery wait,
Like meagre, twin-born paupers at each door,
Where Poverty, with Care, his wretched Mate,
Lies famishing on straw o'er-littered floor ;
Say, is it justice, that the prelate's store
Should so accumulate with golden wealth ?
While thousands of the Tithe-increasing Corps
Are destitute of bread—clothes—comfort—health—
The means of labour—and of every blessing,
That renders life a bounty worth possessing,

LIII.

Or is it equity ?—that parsons proud
Should drive in splendid chariots round the land,
While Nature's gifts are scantily allowed
To those that exercise the toiling hand
Of honest Industry—who, each demand
Must satisfy, of proctor and collector,
Though Agriculture's powers are at a stand,
Or inefficient—wanting a protector—
A state protector, with life-stirring spirit,
To rouse the energies of dormant merit.

LIV.

Here Churchmen thrive on national distress,
And pursy prelacy on fatness feeds,
As *Agaric* grows from Sylvan rottenness ;
And wrecks and ruins yield luxuriant weeds :
The Husbandman may plow—and sow the seeds ;
And bounteous *Terra* grant a rich increase :
But Parsons Tithe—though frowning Justice pleads
Against their claims—while law divides the fleece :
The priest, who shares not in the sweat and toil,
In triumph takes his *decimated* spoil !

LV.

The Church, Omnivorous as the Mammoth, preys
On every rich production of our Isle :
Its ravening appetites unsated graze,
Like Hippopotami by sedgy Nile ;
For us, in vain, may golden Autumn smile,
While lives this monster of destructive jaws,
Our hopeful, annual labours to beguile,
Beneath the sanction of unchristian laws :
This huge Leviathan, our nation's pest,
Exhausts the plenteous produce of her breast.

LVI.

In sooth, this seems the *Canaan* of the West,
 To those who, like the sons of *Israel*, came,
 To spoil us of the riches we possessed,
 With vengeful spear—and wasteful sword of flame :
 And as the Gibeonites—so we, the same,
 Are made the drudges of the privileged few,
 Who load us with their burdens without shame,
 And eat the bread, with milk and honey, due
 To Nature's toiling children who prepare
 The food of life which haughty priests must share !

LVII.

On fatness, must the Church be daily fed,
 Though fanine spread—and pestilence prevail :
 The starving Millions may be void of bread,
 And Typhus Fever rage in every vale :
 It matters not, how sustenance may fail—
 Plenty must groan upon the parsons' board :
 Their cellars must be stored with Wine and Ale,
 And Nature all her luxuries afford ;
 To gorge voluptuousness with carnal food,
 Though want should on ten thousand else intrude.

LVIII.

This crying evil of our wretched state,
 Unprecedented in the world beside,
 Consigns our Country to a cruel fate,
 That, to her sons, has happiness denied ;
 We suffer from the insolence of pride—
 While pride the pampered beggar of our land,
 With iron-hoofed indigance, dares to ride
 O'er native Independence with command ;
 More like to Mars amidst the Battle-fray,
 Than Christ's Disciples sent to preach and pray !

LIX.

From Church Ascendancy, too surely, springs
 The *Lernean Hydra* of our dire distress :
 This Dragon-fiend, with many heads and wings,
 Has changed Man's Eden to a Wilderness :
 Oh ! for a *Hercules* of doughtiness !
 To slay the ferine Monster—and relieve
 The land from such a scourge, that must unbless
 This kind, prolific soil, till such reprieve,
 This serpent-haunted Isle, from Dragon-power
 That breathes destruction, while its heads devour !

LX.

Far be it from the Bard, to reprobate
The faith, from which these countless evils flow :
Not his, the meanest Christian sect, to hate,
That breathes good will and peace to men below,
Or with benevolence of heart, can shew
Its votaries charitable, just, and wise :
God is his friend who holds no man his foe,
But lives—and loves mankind—and testifies,
By conscientious rectitude of deeds,
That true Religion is not taught by creeds.

LXI.

But where a favoured Hierarchy is given,
The power and privilege to possess, and hold,
Its princely wealth—where other Faith of heaven,
Long deeply-rooted, had engrossed the mould
And widely spread : by Truth shall it be told,
That to eradicate the ancient vine,
A new religion, militant and bold,
Was planted there the old to undermine ;
Yet vested with authority, to draw
From that its maintenance by aid of law ?

LXII.

Where such injustice holds the civil scales—
Where Government adopts one darling sect,
Most worthy to be cherished—Right prevails
No longer, where the Church and state connect
Their moral strength, each other to protect
Exclusively—and yet all else oppress,
That they may rule and reign—and worth subject
To bear the pressure of their wantonness :
This sure is tyranny of power, the worst
That ever goaded nation yet accused !

LXIII.

Here Shepherds are appointed without flocks,
With lordly Glebes—and churches, where reside
No congregations—thus, that sheaves and shocks,
May gathered be, with care, in Autumn-tide,
To gratify cupidity and pride,
Making the idle parson feel content,
Who eats and drinks ; yet has no lambs to guide,
Though always active in collecting Rent,
At times, in kind—at times, by commutation,
Or else by force of law—or decimation.

LXIV.

'Tis cruelly oppressive, to compel
One doctrine to support and feed another :
It may be law ;—but Justice must rebel
Against a crime, which Truth disdains to smother :
He has no fellow-feeling for his brother,
Who, by coercion, makes him bear a load
From which he shrinks—as if one common mother,
Were not the same, to those who bear, and goad :
Nature revolts from tyrannous oppression ;
And Mercy calls aloud against aggression.

LXV.

That pastor only who has flocks and fold,
Is worthy of a recompensing hire ;
The Priest should live, as in the days of old,
When wealth encumbered not the holy sire ;
But parsons now, in modern times, desire
Far other things than poverty and prayer ;
They love earth's carnal wealth, yea, fine attire,
And more of fortune than a common share ;
They preach and pray, yet charity withhold,
Lest active goodness should exhaust their gold.

LXVI.

The votaries of each sect should be allowed,
As conscience wills, and not as law ordains,
To feed one shepherd, by their choice, endowed,
And well rewarded for his priestly pains ;
That Church, its pastors, cheerfully maintains,
Where no compulsion dares to interfere ;
But Catholic Ireland bitterly complains,
That other practices are extant here ;
Where one prevailing Doctrine's doomed to groan
Beneath a ponderous burden not its own.

LXVII.

While Catholicity perforce must bear
Of Protestant Ascendancy, the weight,
Prosperity our country cannot share,
In such a vigour-wasting, wretched state ;
Ours still must be a persecuting fate,
So long as Church Autoocracy shall sway
Our wayward destinies, to desecrate
This land of desolation and decay :
Which ever must continue to decline,
Till Law and Justice with her rights combine.

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

LXVIII.

We may be told our nation is no source
Of fiscal wealth, the Treasury-purse to swell ;
This had not been, if Justice in its course,
Remained unthwarted by the power of Hell :
When wicked governors essayed too well,
To ruin and destroy our Garden Isle ;
Till Revenue, and all resources fell,
Beneath the oppression of triumphant guile ;
Leaving a void Exchequer here behind,
Through England's base impolicy of mind.

LXIX.

If Ireland be a burden too severe,
For Britain to support with state supplies,
Then leave her to her fate, 'twill soon appear,
How far her former rulers have been wise ;
Dissolve between us but the law-linked ties
That bind our fortunes to a heartless nation,
And then we 'll shew how native pride shall rise
To vindicate our national salvation,
And teach the world that government and laws,
Of our undoing, proved the fatal cause.

LXX.

Let Britain, to be just, again restore
Our civil legislature to direct us :
This done, our country will require no more,
An English standing army to protect us ;
Faction will perish, or no more affect us,
When British statesmen cease to sow dissension,
Among our thoughtless brethren, to correct us
With Folly's rod : our own unwise contention ;
And then our Fortress-Barracks will, in sooth,
Much better suit as colleges for youth.

LXXI.

O ! cant of policy ! we may be told,
That Ireland is a drag-chain on Great Britain ;
But let her polished ministers unfold
The latent causes yet untold, unwritten ;
And we shall find, that state, so sorely smitten,
Could ill produce, or revenue or wealth,
Where she, like close-shorn sheep, has shivering sitten,
To retrograde in Industry and Health ;
Yet they who fleeced our land, would tell posterity,
That Ireland was declining in prosperity !

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LXXII.

In gifts of nature, Erin still abounds,
If evil governors were not a curse,
To blast the produce of her fertile grounds,
And mar th' efficiency of nature's nurse ;
Oh ! how shall we a revenue disburse,
To aid the Treasury-Fund, when at its source,
Our lessening streams of wealth, meet evils worse
Than bars or sand-banks, to impede their course ;
But let our energies be rightly tried,
And fiscal riches soon will be supplied.

LXXIII.

Our nation cannot prosper, while remain
Deterring causes of destructive power,
To render vigour impotent, or vain,
And heritage an unproductive dower ;
While mad misgovernment, with mildew shower,
Destroys, and blights our waving fields of corn,
Or comes, with frost untimely, to deflower
The promised vintage, leaving Hope forlorn :
Oh ! how shall country prosper, where a scourge,
Sweeps all before it like an angry surge !

LXXIV.

Ye Ministers that sway the helm of power !
The time is come to lend the helping hand
Of milder policy, in Wisdom's hour,
To Ireland's desolated, noble land ;
Send Justice hither with supreme command,
To heal the wounds which despots have inflicted :
Oh ! grant what Reason Law and Right demand,
With all that power too long has interdicted ;
And trust me, Erin will be found, at length,
The most effective arm of British strength.

LXXV.

But let no rival jealousy prevail
To crush the manufactures of our nation,
Nor suffer English fraud to countervail
Our Commerce, Trade, or foreign Navigation :
Bid Ireland feel the sweets of respiration,
After the pressure of her long distress,
And with her national Emancipation,
Great Britain shall have cause the deed to bless,
In happy reciprocity of dealings,
Communal kindnesses, and blended feelings.

ARGUMENT.

Renovating hopes of the National Muse—Ireland reviving from the trance of ages.—Her period of civil debasement compared to the Cycle of the Phoenix—Anticipation of the dawn of Political Liberty—Reflections on past centuries of penal servitude—Pleasing prospects of the future—Stoical patience of Ireland under oppression,—her faith, in affliction, compared to that of Job and Abraham—Retrospective survey of her wrongs—Vision of INDEPENDENCE—The mustering of his forces, on the hills of Clare—His address to the assembled multitude—He recapitulates the history of past times—His eulogium paid to the champion of the people—General compliment to the leading Members of the Catholic Association—His animated appeal to popular feeling—Recommendation to persevere in obtaining a Repeal of the Union—Ireland compared to Greece, in penal subjection—Political Strictures on the Vice-Regal Office—Scottish and Irish Unions, dissimilar in character—The Genius of Independence disappears—His injunction to obey the advice and dictates of Mr. O'CONNELL—The Muse roused from her delightful vision, by the shouts of congregated millions—Termination of the Poem.

THE
Wrongs of Ireland.

CANTO V.

The Era of Independence.

I.

Cease, Muse of Sorrow ! to descant on wrongs,
Too long has woe hung pensive o'er thy lyre ;
Forego, at length, thy melancholy songs,
And string to joy thy wild harp's lively wire ;
Attune those chords, whose magic could inspire
The heart, with gladness, in thy brighter days,
When Erin's soul beat high with fond desire,
Ere melting sadness murmured through her lays :
O ! touch the strings which Freedom's pulses gladdened,
With music's powers, before hope's heart was saddened.

II.

Proclaim, my Muse, to all the winds of heaven,
That Erin's energies are still alive,
In spite of tyranny, that long hath striven,
Her death and endless ruin, to contrive :
Still, like the Queen Bee, o'er her buzzing hive,
She lives, and has survived her wintry season,
Though foemen cruelly essayed to drive
The regal sufferer far beyond her reason ;
Strengthening in bondage, and tho' still oppressed,
High pants, with liberty, her heaving breast.

III.

And though the sinews of her limbs are bound,
Her union-stirring genius walks abroad
On many hills, and Europe hears the sound,
While ruthless Despotism feels o'erawed ;
The avaricious heart of craving fraud,
Trembles and palpitates to quivering fear,
As power intolerant, long accursed by God,
Wields, in a nerveless hand, its blunted spear :
Injustice tired, and sick of persecution,
Dreams, on remorse, of frightful retribution.

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IV.

Phlebotomy, with sense-reviving art,
 Has roused our country from lethargic dreaming,
 Conceding vigour to her languid heart,
 Thro' copious blood-veins, oft profusely streaming ;
 Her morbid state, once thought beyond redeeming,
 Has yielded to harsh recipes, at length :
 With health and life, her heaving breast is teeming,
 And from debility she gathers strength ;
 So convalescents from disease recover,
 When fever's paralysing reign is over.

V.

Erin, the deathless Phœnix of the West,
 Renews existence from the funeral pile, (1)
 Herself had made, and stands, in youth, confess,
 As erst she stood, when beauty's virgin isle ;
 Her cycle now is full : and, lo ! the smile
 Of self-restoring being plays around her,
 Young as the fabled, wondrous Bird of Nile,
 While all the elements of life surround her ;
 And, Phœnix-like, for ever as a nation,
 May she be gifted with self-preservation !

VI.

'Tis true she wears her apostolic chains,
 As Paul and Peter wore them heretofore ;
 But frail as gossamer on evening plains,
 Will prove her bonds, when Mercy shall restore
 The lovely captive ; as, in days of yore,
 She freed the ministers of Christianity,
 Giving the injured liberty once more,
 As God had willed to much abused humanity :
 Heaven's liberating Messenger is hastening,
 To break her bonds, while Hope's pale lamp is wasting.

VII.

When comes that day, for which, so long has waited,
 Expectant Patience by her lonely stream,
 Joy, oft deferred, though oft anticipated,
 O'er Erin's features, will like sunshine beam ;
 Then Pleasure will inspire the Muse's theme,
 And new-born Rapture will the harp-strings move :
 Sweet Poesy of golden hours shall dream,
 When bliss shall banquet patriotic love ;
 And then the smiles of Freedom will illume,
 The land of Beauty's never-fading bloom.

VIII.

The spring of Civil Liberty, in mildness,
 Already dawns upon our native bowers,
 To cheer their wintry loneliness and wildness,
 Clothing our meads with Flora's blushing flowers :
 Revived by Toleration's fostering powers—
 And warmed by Royalty's benignant rays,
 How sweetly-graceful, through refreshing showers,
 Will bloom our nation's long neglected Bays ;
 And Ireland soon will be, as she has been,
 A prosperous Island decked in native green.

IX.

What pity ! that a Realm, to which belonged
 Such noble attributes to be admired,
 Should ever feel injustice—or be wronged
 By lawless tyranny, with vengeance fired
 Against an Isle, by Envy so desired ;
 But much too lovely for the spoiler's hand
 To waste and desolate, when foes conspired,
 With death and Ruin, to undo our land :
 Oh ! Matchless Erin ! Favourite of the sun,
 Of God—and Nature—why wast thou undone ?

X.

Thou hast been basely treated, generous Mother !
 Through lengthened bondage ; but thou shalt be free :
 Shall slavery's pressure be allowed to smother
 Th' incipient growth of rising Liberty ?—
 No ! patriotism wills that thou shalt be,
 To ancient privileges again restored :
 That Justice should reverse the harsh decree,
 Which sympathising Mercy long deplored ;
 Whilst thou lay prostrate at the feet of power,
 Chained at the base of Freedom's ruined Tower.

XI.

Whate'er thy crimes—whatever thy defects,
 Thou hast been punished sternly and severely ;
 And heaven, at length, thy penitence respects,
 Which thou hast consummated most sincerely :
 Erect thy head, my Country ! loved so dearly !
 And look aloft—for thou hast been forgiven,
 By him who pardons guilt, atoned for clearly,
 Through meek subinission to the will of heaven ;
 And if the instrument of thy chastising
 Has done amiss—we'll deem it not surprising,
 That God, in turn, will punish tyrannising. }

Enduring bondage many hundred years,
 Beyond the nations—and beyond her peers,
 In penal suffering, Erin lifts her head,
 Like one arising from amongst the dead ;
 Yet not in spectral paleness from the grave
 Of expectation, rises Britain's slave :
 Not ghastly in appearance; like the things
 Which feverish fancy to the dreamer brings,
 In visions of Remorse awaked by night,
 His shuddering, shrinking nature to affright.
 She looks not, through her centuries of gloom,
 Like spirits soaring from the yawning tomb,
 Creating fears, in superstition's mind,
 Awful in form as those that ride the wind,
 When fierce Tornadoes storm the troubled deep,
 And rock the Mariner to dreamless sleep.

No ! Erin, waking from unblest repose,
 Comes smiling sweetly through her veil of woes;
 Like Eve, the first, and fairest of her kind,
 Finished in beauty to the Maker's mind :
 Adorned with loveliness in every part,
 To kindle love—and warm the coldest heart ;
 Again she lifts her forehead to the skies,
 And heaven looks down, with all its astral eyes,
 As if to hail her soul's reanimation,
 Which once gave light and life to many a nation,
 While, elsewhere, rude-robed Barbarism swayed
 Th' unlettered mind—as pagan votaries paid,
 To God's profane, unholy adoration,
 And lavished human blood in profanation.

A time there was—can Irishmen forget
 That glorious time, which lives in our regret ?
 When Erin was the wonder of the West,
 In all those attributes which heaven loves best ;
 Yet all-disposing Providence—to try
 Her Christian patience and fidelity,
 Ordained that she, in trial, should sustain
 The Captive's bondage—and the tyrant's chain,
 Till Cruelty's inhuman arts had tried
 Her suffering virtues and exalted pride, }
 Much more than all th' afflicted world beside. }
 As Abraham was proved—and patient Job,
 So was our isle—the fairest on the Globe,

Assayed like metals—genuine faith to prove,
And purged by fire, to purify her love
Of things divine, beyond what stoic sense,
Could calmly suffer from man's insolence.

The good-dispensing Author of the spheres,
Demands the child of Abram's hoary years :
The Father of the Faithful grants the Son,
His favourite offspring, and his darling one ;
Yet God restrains the arm that would destroy
The Sire's beloved, life-sustaining Boy :
Saved youthful Isaac, when his father's truth
Redeemed, from flames, the death-devoted youth ;
Giving in lieu th' accustomed sacrifice,
A bleating offering, meeter for the skies.

The man of *Uz*, in patience unsurpassed,
In temper tried ; yet faithful to the last,
From heaven receives an ample recompence,
For matchless, fearless trust, in Providence ;
But *Ur* in faith, or *Uz* in patiencee meek,
Produced no precept than can louder speak,
For faithful confidence, through lengthened trial,
Sustained by holy hope and self-denial ;
To merit from mankind deserved applause,
Than Ireland's sons, oppressed with penal laws,
And galling bondage—linked, from age to age,
Till slavery only seemed their heritage.

But God, who tries fidelity and truth,
To make the paths of suffering virtue smooth,
Looks down, well pleased, from his eternal throne,
On conquering faith, sustained by Hope alone,
Despising pain, though loaded with oppression ;
With meek submission, tampering with aggression,
And bearing bonds with stoic resolution,
Through many a civil change and revolution :
Strengthening, in courage, and evincing bravery,
While rivetted by chains—yea, crushed by slavery ;
Nobly encountering ills with fearless vigour,
The Despot's cruelty, the Tyrant's rigour :
The Bigot's scoff, the Leveller's insolence,
And all the vengeful foes of innocence :
Hell's scorpion progeny, and demon brood,
That preyed like Vampires, craving bloody food,
From Virtue's vitals, sapping all her veins,
That Vice might triumph o'er Affliction's pains.
Faith, born of heaven, and thence endowed with grace,
Defies its foes, and still maintains its place,

Against the foulest demons of the den,
 And all the base degenerate sons of men. :
 To crush its energies, Oppression tries,
 In vain—with all its agents and allies :
 It gathers strength from Persecution's power,
 Though all the skies of Tyranny should shower
 With bloody ruin, to assail its form,
 It bears, with intrepidity, the storm
 Of penal vengeance—and remains secure,
 In faculties unhurt—in truth, all pure.

In this blest region, where Religion made
 Her seat divine, in Learning's hallowed shade,
 Faith early fixed her dwelling place on earth,
 And shewed to man her high celestial birth ;
 Like Guardian Angel, since a Saviour's name
 Was wafted to our shores, on wings of fame,
 Here has this Seraph of the soul sojourned,
 And here her holy fires have brightly burned,
 In Virtue's grace-exalted, sacred clime,
 Throughout each change of sentiment and time,
 Despite of Tyranny, and domination,
 Despite of all the tools of *Reformation*,
 And all the dreadful tortures instituted,
 Her power to vanquish ; yet still firmly rooted,
 She stands unmoved—a broadly-spreading tree,
 With boughs wide-waving, fair, from sea to sea.
 This Palm of Grace, transplanted from above,
 This fruitful arbour of eternal love,
 Possesses still the prowess to repel
 Man's vilest arts, and all the fiends of hell ;
 And here—or God's unerring words shall fail,
 It still shall flourish, and o'er vice prevail,
 The sheltering bower of Christ's immortal spouse,
 His Church on earth ; and on its sacred boughs,
 The fruits of life abundantly shall grow,
 To cherish Hope, in Sorrow's vale below,
 Till Time shall cease—when in its native skies,
 Its blooms shall blossom for Angelic eyes.

When Ireland seemed by Heaven and Hope deserted,
 Pining amidst her ruins, broken-hearted,
 A light—a burst of streaming glory, broke
 Upon her dreams of Misery, that awoke
 The hapless slumberer from her trance of years,
 And threw a sunshine on her cloud of fears :
 Anon a radiant spirit met her view,
 (Whose well-known form in happier times she knew,)

Walking upon her verdant hills, he shook
 His brandished spear, and cast an angry look
 Upon the fetters that our country bore,
 And glanced indignant on the frown she wore
 His portly person was with armour braced :
 A glittering sword hung pendant at his waist ;
 His helmet, sabled with the Raven's plumes,
 O'ercast his forehead with its shadowy glooms
 His arm sustained a gorgeous brazen shield,
 Blazoned with *Gold-cross on a verdant field* :
 His vest, like Erin's robe, was Emerald green,
 And majesty sat nobly on his mien.
 He moved along, all-militant as Mars,
 The fabled God of devastating wars ;
 Striking the clang ing Boss to wake alarms,
 And rouse the dormant soul of hostile arms.
 From all the borders of our Island green,
 A mighty, mustering, moving host was seen
 Collecting round the armour-bearing Chief,
 With brows still sombre with the sense of grief.

Reader ! If thou hast seen the stormy strife
 Of angry ocean—when the love of life
 Faints on the breast of Hope, while surging waves
 Expose their yawning wombs, like hungry graves,
 To yield the hapless sailors, watery tombs,
 While wild winds sing their sad untimely dooms,
 As round some isolated, towering rock,
 The dashing breakers, with appalling shock,
 Affright the senses with tremendous roar,
 Amidst the seas, far distant from the shore ;
 So gathered Erin's angry hosts, around
 The Champion of their cause, who shook the ground,
 With giant tread—as on our hills he walked,
 And proud as trophied, conquering hero stalked ;
 Viewing his valiant sons in thousands gather,
 Like flocks of wild-fowl boding stormy weather :
 Assembled on the loftiest hills of *Clare*,
 The congregated millions rent the air,
 With shouts of acclamation, loud as thunder,
 As **INDEPENDENCE** spoke in words of wonder.
 “Obedient slaves ! Ye patient dupes of fraud !
 Too long hath stern injustice overawed
 Your noblest faculties, and chained your bravery,
 With penal fetters, to the rock of slavery :
 Ye serfs of Tyranny ! ye vassal host !
 That long have pined for power and freedom lost,

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THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Lift up your heads, and call on heaven, to aid,
And nerve your wills, to make your foes afraid;
Resolve unanimously to be free,
And Fate must soon reverse the harsh decree,
That bound your destinies to Britain's yoke,
Till bondage triumphed o'er your spirits broke,
I come to lead you, I, whom despots banished,
When Justice from your shores, like spectre, vanished,
In those disastrous, blood-enerimsoned times
That darkened Erin's skies with frightful crimes;
And left your country desolate and wild,
A Tadmor waste—where ruin rudely piled
Her awful monuments, alas! to shew
The deadly vengeance of the spoiling foe."

" Sons of the brave! too generous to be wronged!
Ye humbled Helots! you, to whom belonged
The noblest nation ever breezes fanned,
Or sunshine smiled on with its radiance bland;
Intestine feuds, and ceaseless civil strife,
Deprived you first of that which sweetens life,
Soul-cheering Liberty—the source of rights
That blesses being, and the heart delights,
Gives nerves to strength, and energy to action,
To bravery, fortitude; to mind, direction;
That warms the patriot bosom, and inspires
The ardent soul with emulous desires.
Man wanting Liberty, like plants that grow
In Charnel-houses, or in vaults below,
Pines for the cheering light, and wholesome air,
In sickly languishment, a prey to care,
Midst dark exclusion, from the fostering ray,
And friendly influence of Freedom's day,
That glows with life, and breathes on vegetation,
The genial powers of healthful animation."

" Your cause of wrong resulted from your sires,
Whose rival strife extinguished Freedom's fires,
And gave them to their foes an easy prey,
When union could have brushed those pests away,
With one effectual, terror-spreading sweep,
Into their nothingness—or in the deep;
Like flies dispersing, when th' Autumnal gale
Wings death and desolation o'er the vale.
What are ye now, ye crouching slaves of power,
Whose babes have only bondage for their dower?
Cradled in misery—nursed by woe and want—
By thralldom wedded to Misfortune gaunt—

Dragging through life the vassal bondman's chain ;
 Estranged from comfort—yet allied to pain ;
 Bearing the load of slavery on their shoulders,
 To gratify the scorn of proud beholders,
 Whom partial laws had taught to tyrannise
 O'er human nature and its sympathies.
 Be men, once more, ye children of the soil !
 Whose fathers' wealth, for ages, was the spoil
 Of vile intruders, who, as Locusts, spread,
 Wide o'er the land, and on its vitals fed,
 Like hungry wolves, or vultures of the wood,
 Compelled by want, to feast on flesh and blood.
 Remember what your parents were of old,
 Those Lion-guardians of the native fold,
 Whom Liberty inspired with love of glory,
 And all the Hero's virtues laudatory.
 Honour and magnanimity were theirs,
 In high descent as *Mille Espaine's* heirs :
 Pride, noble-minded, had like current run,
 Throughout their lineal course, from sire to son :
 Determined bravery—courage undismayed ;
 With fearless fortitude—of none afraid :
 Genius and Learning—love of fighting fame,
 With every trait that forms a mighty name,
 Your great and venerated sires possessed,
 Divinely perfect, in the generous breast.
 And can it be that you survive as slaves,
 To shame your offspring, and your fathers' graves ?
 Shall millions tremble at a Despot's nod,
 And kiss, submissively, Oppression's rod ?
 Can craven spirits swell heroic veins ?
 Has Greatness left, of blood, no pure remains,
 That hosts should bow obedient to the few,
 Like base-born slaves, who never Freedom knew ?
 As if they never dreamed what blessings flow
 From Liberty's pure sweets, to man below ;
 But, Negro-like, grew tame in servitude, [food.
 And bought, with sweat and stripes, their Master's

“ Is Slavery sweet ? And sweeter than the smile
 Of Freedom on the landscapes of your Isle ?
 Is Bondage, shrouded with perplexing fears,
 To be preferred to that which life endears,
 Angelic Liberty ! whom all adore,
 Who feel as free-born men, on every shore ?
 Rouse from your lethargy, degenerate race !
 If still your fathers' features sense can trace

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Upon your visage, truly to betoken,
That you are men—not slaves, with spirits broken
Let Resolution stimulate your wills,
And soon shall Freedom light your green-robed hills,
With beams, as pure and bright as ever shone,
In former days, their verdant summits on.
High-gifted nations—like a half-quenched blaze,
May cease a while, to send forth dazzling rays ;
But will, as certainly to fame aspire,
As torching flame from fuel-feeding fire.
With minds united, bent on one design,
No country long, in servitude, can pine,
While nature yields the elements to save
Her own productions, and release the slave.
When man resolves to conquer, or to die,
His purpose fixed, decision in his eye :
His object, ere he acts, is half-acquired,
For conquest crowns what valour had inspired.
Then nerve your hearts, and be your sinews braced,
To have your own and Ireland's rights replaced,
And power, with palsied hand, will manumise
The Irish Helot from enslaving ties.
Behold my Labarum flickering in the wind,
It freely waves for you, and all mankind ;
Till men forget their dignity of birth,
And crouching fawn, ignoble sons of earth,
With spaniel meanness, for the crumbs that fall,
From lordly boards, and be content, with all
That pride should spurn : the offals of the great,
Conferred, with sneers, on menials of the state.

And who are they? the haughty peers and squires
That teach you to indulge the slave's desires?
Who are the Hierarchs and Aristocrats,
That treat you as a host of stingless gnats,
As reptiles worthless—creatures of the clod,
Scarce worthy to be fashioned by a God?
By retrospective history you may trace
The lawn-sleeved prelates—and the ermined race
Of proud Aristocrats, which power ascendant
Has taught to trample on your soil dependent.
The scum of England once—the frothy spume
Of Anglo-Britain, wasted, to consume
Your land's luxuriance, in adventurous times;
Some, royal minions, others stained with crimes,
Who found the Irish soil a safe retreat
From angry Justice which they durst not meet.

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First Strigul's Earl led on the hireling band
 Of needy followers to our hapless land ;
 To whom succeeded all the prowling pest
 That sought our blissful Canaan of the West,
 That flowed with honey, and amidst her groves
 And velvet meadows pastured milky droves.
 Behold me, now the genius of your land,
 With Freedom's buckler, and with sword in hand
 The sword of Justice, still in polish bright,
 That slept in scabbard, hidden from the light,
 Thro' darksome ages when your country groaned,
 While pitying nations, Erin's fate, bemoaned.

Survey me well, for I, indeed, am he,
 Who stood her champion when your isle was free
 'Twas I who led your fathers to the field,
 When Glory's radiance shone around my shield :
 In danger's hour, I led of chiefs the van
 To awe proud foemen ere the fight began ;
 With Lion strength I met the doughty Dane,
 On many a field, in front of valour's train ;
 And how my sons behaved, where thousands fell,
 Recording Fame their actions best can tell :
 The Saxons came, a motley, puny host,
 To aid a traitor, who, his kingdom, lost
 Through crimeful deed, by Irishmen, detested,
 And odious guilt, which not, till then, infested
 This hallowed seat of virtue, to disgrace
 Her native honours, or ennobled race.
 'Twas then, through rival jealousy and pride,
 That wisdom failed, and party-strife defied
 My wholesome counsels, when th' encroaching foe
 Had shrunk through fear, ere bravery struck the blow,
 If Union had her energies directed,
 Against Invasion ere it power collected,
 To wage, in course of time, offensive war,
 That clouded Ireland's brilliant, regal star,
 And cast a fame-eclipsing shade upon
 The bright, broad disc of Freedom's noonday sun.

What evils followed, many a Muse has sung
 To Sorrow's lyre of sad lamenting tongue ;
 Yet 'twas not mine to witness or partake,
 Those ills which kept our country's fears awake,
 When woe's wild strain the tender heart could break. }
 A sleep lethargic o'er my senses crept,
 That numbed my faculties, and while I slept

The sleep of ages, Ruin's iron hand
 Was dealing desolation "round the land."
 At times I started from my feverish sleep,
 When War's dread clarion broke my slumbers deep ;
 Yet still the spelful stupor came again,
 With leaden power across my sluggish brain.
 And then in Fancy's reveries strange, methought,
 I marshalled Erin's warring hosts, and fought,
 With wonted vigour every band of foes,
 That hostile came to break our isle's repose.
 Unnumber'd enemies before me sunk,
 Of many a chief, my spear the red-stream drunk ;
 And still, like Woden's heroes, o'er the slain,
 I triumphed oft, then slept, and fought again.
 Aroused from rest in fatal Forty-one,
 I grasped my spear, like one whose dreams were gone,
 And thought my ancient spirit woke, at length,
 With all my wonted chivalry and strength.
 What deeds were done in those disastrous times,
 What dire, retributive, recorded crimes,
 The voice of History, variously, has told,
 As truth, or prejudice could things unfold.
 That awful struggle over, stamped with guilt,
 For kindred native blood, untimely spilt,
 Again, as erst, inglorious slumbers came,
 And stupor stole me from the field of fame :
 My dormancy remained through drowsy years,
 Till roused to life and sense,—the Volunteers
 Convinced my soul, that Ireland was a nation,
 With all the pleasures of revived sensation.
 'Twas then I felt my ardent youth returning,
 With nature's former fervour warmly burning,
 And joyous was my heart again to see,
 The proudly-mustering sons of Liberty.
 So like the days of old, the prospect seemed,
 That then, indeed, I fancied that I dreamed,
 Of Glory's *Æra*, when our country shone,
 With all her stars that brightened, and are gone.

I saw green Erin rising from her trance,
 To wield the falchion, and defensive lance,
 Amidst her patriot sons, by wrongs united,
 At Freedom's call, to see their country righted.
 That ebullition of insulted pride,
 That social union, gallantly allied,
 Though foiled, in turn, by policy of state,
 Was yet productive of efficient weight ;

Relaxing, salutary laws ensued,
 If not for national,—yet partial good,
 When cautious Minister began to find
 That fire still smouldered in the Irish mind,
 Amidst combustibles, which Freedom's breeze
 Might soon ignite—or fan by slow degrees ;
 Till, like a Magazine, in conflagration,
 A burst tremendous might convulse the nation ;
 As nature works by subterranean fire,
 Till earthquakes—thundering with combustion dire,
 Send forth volcanic ruin in their birth,
 With boiling lava to o'erwhelm the earth.

I slept no more—for then I could foresee,
 That Erin's children purposed to be free,
 And struggled with determined resolution
 To save a state—or want a constitution ;
 Like Lions' whelps that shook and bit their chains,
 To flee from bondage back to Freedom's plains."

" Another struggle—and a sanguine strife
 Against Oppression, wasted wealth and life :
 My youthful heroes in my presence fell,
 As falls the leaf-shower in the forest dell,
 When sighing Autumn bids the woods farewell. }
 This ill-directed conflict grieved me sore,
 And taught me deep and sadly to deplore
 The wound I felt, when civil power was lost,
 Through means, that mine and Erin's wishes crossed.
 The British Statesman, by intriguing art,
 In Ireland found a vulnerable part,
 Through human baseness, turpitude, and guile,
 To make a subject province of our Isle :
 Self-Interest here, by vile corruption tainted,
 Saw future good, so fair, though falsely painted,
 For private ends—beglossed with golden hues,
 And fine professions—lavishly profuse,
 That Arch-Apostacy unjustly bartered
 The last remaining rights by Nature chartered
 To Ireland's sons legitimate, since time,
 Had seen, in youth, our Isle a realm sublime,
 O'er which the Flag of Conquest never waved ;
 Though duped—despoiled—dishonoured, and enslaved!

" Our Country's final ruin to complete,
 They framed a treacherous compact of deceit—
 A UNION called—a legalised Alliance,
 With crafty Britain—setting at defiance

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THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

The laws of Justice, Equity, and Right—
The last frail flower of Liberty to blight.
Nerved by that ACT nefarious, foul, and base,
Sad Erin looks her miseries in the face,
And scowls upon their features dark and grim;
Though flows her poisoned Grief-cup to the brim :
She learns, at length, to estimate her power,
Regardless how her wintry skies may lower :
She knows—and can prophetically read,
That brighter skies, and seasons must succeed
To brumal bleakness, which so long has spread,
Its sombre shadows round her cheerless bed.
Strong in her physical resources grown,
She feels she sits not widowed and alone :
Her patriot sons, beneath my culture trained,
Indignant grow, to think they have remained
So long in bondage—cursed with Penal Laws,
"Without a crime—and for restraint no cause."
" You all are conscious—and you must confess,
What one proud spirit, gifted with address ;
One veteran Champion, nobly hath achieved,
To see his country legally relieved.
The *Parent-Founder* of th' ASSOCIATION,
United Ireland's sinews as a nation ;
Gave soul to eloquence, and Patriots taught
To give expression to exalted thought :
Bade slaves to think—and thinking, to aspire
To what mankind, in bondage, should desire.
With fluent speech he flashed forensic light
On all the horrors of our penal night ;
He trained his Senate with supreme command,
Whose Members formed a legislative band,
To organise a disunited State,
And model Erin for a better fate.
His wisdom stemmed the jarring tide of faction—
Roused native apathy from dull inaction :
Linked every seat in harmonised communion,
And framed of social hearts a patriot Union,
Whose nerves of sensibility he moved,
Like Harp-strings, touched by fingers sweetly proved ;
Till Ireland seemed a well-tuned Organ, played
By minstrel hands that music's powers obeyed.
To him for present freedom much is due,
When back the chain of memory we pursue,
Through *thirty years* of active, public zeal,
To save his country, and her wounds to heal.
He rose like *Phosphor*, in the Oriental skies,
Presaging light when Freedom's Sun would rise,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Ere yet, of Liberty, the cheering beams,
Above the horizon, sparkled on our streams,
To bid the night-closed flower of Hope display
Its folded beauties to the smiles of day."

" In stormy times, *Heliacally* rose,
Heaven's harbinger of sunshine—when with woes,
The cheeks of Erin sadly were bedewed,
Where low she sat in mental solitude ;
Looking with tearful, yet expectant eye,
For Mercy's day-break in the Eastern sky ;
Around his centre he was seen to gather
His lesser lights, foreboding milder weather,
While clouds of Faction hung around his path,
In lowering forms of terror-brooding wrath.
Reckless of ills he held his situation,
The brightest Star of Erin's Constellation ;
Till morning came, with waving looks of gold,
The brilliant day of Freedom to unfold !"

The glory his, and his the filial fame,
Of shielding Ireland from ignoble shame,
When humbly mute—the victim of deceit,
She prostrate lay at Despotism's feet ;
With scarce one son to raise his parent's head,
From Slavery's ignominious, iron bed.
Great was the Man ! in mental powers, how great !
Who could a fallen land regenerate,
And breathe a soul throughout her constitution,
When tottering on the brink of dissolution !
Possessed of Genius and persuasive art,
To move the passions, and affect the heart,
He modelled for himself a civil school,
And gave to discipline scholastic rule,
Founded on national, religious rights,
In which, Experience happily unites,
With sense judicial, to secure the praise,
Of lauding millions, and a crown of Bays.
Proudly he stood, the Advocate of Slaves,
When half-engulfed in wild commotion's waves :
Himself the Hero-Helot, still contending
Against oppression—native rights defending ;
So braves a gallant ship tempestuous waters,
When angry Ocean, midst her surges, scatters
Tumultuous ruin—many a frightful wreck,
Spreading dismay along her dangerous track :
The storm-beclouded skies around her scowling,
With harsh, discordant, hoarse winds wildly howling,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Among her white sails, horror's dirge of danger,
To fright the senses of the wandering stranger :
She bears aloft to heaven her swan-like crest,
And beats the billows with her buoyant breast ;
Till Fortune hails her on the peaceful shore,
Safe moored in port, when ocean storms are o'er."

" His country's Friend—the Sovereign Agitator,
The Man of Millions---Erin's LIBERATOR,
With dauntless courage, and intrepid bravery,
Assailed the strong-walled citadel of slavery,
That, like to Jericho, before him fell,
As if by magic, or some potent spell :
The power of argument, the war of words,
Than spears more pointed, and more keen than swords,
Were weapons suited to the Politician,
Who won the field, but fought as a Logician ;
And still amidst the wordy war he stood,
The faithful Guardian of the public good,
While Prejudice, or Faction, left remaining,
One hostile foe, th' unequal fight maintaining."

" Nor shrunk he from the strife, till Despots tamed,
In haughty spirit, granted all he claimed ;
O'er Erin still he held his sacred shield,
Till her's, and Freedom's foes forsook the field.
In History's *Galaxy* of Glory's shine
Full many lucid stars of rays divine ;
Yet none, through Virtue's holy, radiance clear,
Shall seem more bright, none lovelier shall appear,
Than thine, O'CONNELL! when it beams on high,
In Fame's blue vault, to court th' admiring eye
Of Ireland's sons, in ages yet unborn,
When Honour's *Halo* shall thy name adorn !
Man of the People ! Monuments of stone
May register thy deeds, when grass has grown
A thousand years, around thy sacred tomb,
Where social flowers shall breathe a rich perfume ;
But when the mouldering Marble Pile shall fail,
And moss shall clothe its ruins in the vale,
Thy hallowed Temple in the Irish heart,
Shall long outlive the Sculptor's mimic art,
Where grateful love shall guard thy honoured shrine,
Through Time and years, so long as suns shall shine ;
And Erin's fond regard and votive praise,
Shall still be thine till Nature's self decays."
" Nor should a Nation's praises be denied
To those who battled by the Chieftain's side :

Illustrious Orators, their country's boast,
 Select and few, though in themselves a host ;
 Like *Mercury*, merging in the Solar rays,
 They only seem less brilliant through the blaze
 Of their Illuminator—sunlike, brightening ;
 His Satellitic Orbs, with flashing lightning ;
 Th' Associated Band of Patriot Leaders :
 The argumentative, impassioned Pleaders,
 Whose thundering eloquence pealed loud and far,
 Like brazen Ordnance in the field of war,
 In justice, merit popular renown,
 The victor's wreath, and Valour's laurel crown.
 Yet Erin's brave Field-Marshal, armour braced,
 O'CONNELL first, in greatness should be placed,
 Though other Heroes, who beside him sought,
 To free their country, should not be forgot !"

" Courage ! ye brave ! For still you have a nation,
 Well worthy of your care and preservation ;
 A land of beauty which the sun surveys,
 With admiration, through his golden rays,
 Behold what unanimity has wrought
 On state timidity.—'Twas *Union* fought
 The moral fight, that rent the *Penal Code* ;
 Leaving, to Freedom's Fane, an open road
 To Irish outcasts, doomed, so long, to wait
 Without the Portals of the Hall of State.
Relief has come reluctantly, and slow,
 Like niggard comfort, to expectant woe ;
 And stern Necessity, unwilling, has granted
 The humble boon which suppliant Millions wanted :
 By law, at least, their freedom is regained ;
 Yet virtually, they feel in bondage chained :
 The Recipe has to the patient brought,
 No medicated balm for suffering thought :
 The dose is palatable as *Sherbet*,
 But has produced no healthful change as yet.
 It matters not how laws may qualify
 Th' unfettered free, while power and place deny
 Access to offices of civil trust,
 Where Pride bestrews its floors with golden dust :
 'Tis bootless, that the Irish Catholic bears
 The name of freeman, while, as yet, he shares
 But hollow freedom for himself and nation,
 To make him eulogise Emancipation.
 Emancipation little can avail,
 While Ireland's national resources fail ;

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

As ebbs a sea-tide from the sandy shore,
With refluent waters to return no more ;
The peasant pines in exigence and want,
Inactive Labour sits with visage gaunt,
Sad musing on his lot, in thought profound,
With fireless eye directed towards the ground ;
No more the sons of art the shuttle ply
With toil retributive, while thirst may lie
In flaxen folds—or silken plaits, to pay
The ruined Manufacturer with decay.
The plough divides the furrow, and the spade
Improves the glebe for tillage ill-repaid ;
Our fleecy flocks produce their wool, in vain,
While Irish goods are fated to maintain,
Unequal rivalry with British cloth,
That dooms our fabric to the hostile moth.
A small return th' Agrarian Lord receives
For all his lowing herds of fattened beeves ;
And for the produce of his lacteal treasure,
He ill can deck his daughters, fine, at pleasure,
Or in smooth *English* Broadcloth, hope to see,
His sons support their wonted decency.
Declining trade, and national decay,
Are wasting Erin's health and strength away ;
Hopeless, she falls, by sure and slow degrees,
The palsied prey of phthisical disease ;
While complicated miseries sorely press,
On all the senses of her deep distress !
Say whence the cause of recent aggravations,
Of present wrongs, and new exasperations ?
Why grow calamities from year to year ?
Why seems Misfortune's pressure more severe,
Than when, with ponderous weight, erewhile, she
pressed
Upon our country's pain-tormented breast ?
The UNION, baneful in its consequences,
That wild delusion of our waking senses,
Has brought our nation to her present state,
The rigid destiny of legal fate,
For her ordained, by those who would advise her,
To self-destruction, that they might despise her."

" My gallant sons ! who scorn Oppression's rod
As much as duty makes you reverence God,
Your patriot powers and faculties combine,
Like Erin's offspring, steady friends of mine,
To have your *native Parliament* replaced,
In that proud Hall, by Irish Statesmen graced,

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In by-gone days, when patriotic fame,
Immortalized our Senatorial name.
Look back, ye brave ! with retrospective view,
Through faded years, to glorious *Eighty-two* :
That brilliant period, when the 'prisoned light
Of Freedom broke, with sunshine on the sight.
Your fathers loved it--they whose locks look grey
Whom death has spared to mark my growing sway ;
They hailed, of Liberty, the morning beams,
As Beäl's votaries loved the solar gleams,
When rising in the East their God first shed,
His matin radiance on the mountain's head,
To add embellishment to Beauty's power,
And call from dewy rest the slumbering flower.
Creation loves the cheering smiles of day,
When Night, with sombre shadows, glides away ;
And Spring rejoices when dark Winter yields,
To Flora's milder reign the greening fields;
So Erin gladdened when her sun arose,
Succeeding to a polar night of woes ;
And as the day-break burst upon her sky,
The tear of joy hung sparkling at her eye ;
As glittering dew drops, pendant from the thorn,
Shed pearly lustre on the cheeks of morn.
She saw my Day-Star with luciferous rays,
Gilding the Eastern Heaven with twilight blaze ;
And then she knew the Herald Orb of lightness
Was ushering in the dawn of Solar brightness. [ing,
Her day-break came while night-mists still were lower-
Around the *Rose of Hope*, in youth new flowering,
And though since then her lovely landscapes lie
Beneath an ever-varying, chequered sky,
Her brumal season, with its howling blast,
And stormy turbulence, seems spent and past.
A vernal mildness gracefully succeeds
To tempest-troubled days of direful deeds ;
While cherished Patriotism, lists, and hears
My pleasing voice, which silence sealed for years
Of persecution, sable with the crimes
Of darkly-visaged, unsforgotten times :
Times frightful to survey with retrospection,
When Erin's looks wore signs of wild distraction :
Nay, maniac frenzy, maddened with distress,
And all the traits of mental loneliness."

" Of you, my sons, shall future ages tell,
That you were slaves, with power to break the spell
That chained your destinies in fetters strong,
At Tyranny's command, so harsh and long ?

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THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

The wasting sword, to quench their ardent fires,
Pruned down, in wrath, your persecuted sires,
Till Erin, like a widowed parent, pined
On slender remnant life-hopes left behind ;
And what the sword of bigot-vengeance spared,
The ills, of pestilence and famine, shared,
Till all her lovely realm, so gay, and green,
Became a wilderness—a desert scene,
Where each intruder, prowling for his prey,
To fields uncultured found an open way.
Not so the present---now has Nature given
A numerous race, dispensed by favouring heaven,
The former wants of Erin to supply
In population, and with pride as high
As ever swelled the flushed, heroic veins
Of ancient chiefs on INNIS ALGA's plains :
Our country calculates her *Millions* now,
The growth of Slavery---and shall *Myriads* bow
When Despots please to tamper with their wills,
Or light the war-torch on their emerald hills ?
Milesian youth possess *Helvetic* bravery,
And equal hatred to the yoke of Slavery :
The Alpine State produced a *WILLIAM TELL*,
The pride of ruthless Tyranny to quell ;
And Ireland, in her turn, no doubt shall boast,
As noble Champions, when she needs them most,
Who, *Brutus*-like, should *Tarquins* govern here,
Will rise as brave to wield th' avenging spear
Against Oppression, and as firmly stand,
To humble tyrants that would scourge the land.”

“*GREECE*, long enslaved, and long in pride subdued
Arose at length—and single-handed stood,
A mighty, haughty Empire to oppose,
For blood-stained years destructive to her foes :
She struggled for her freedom sternly—and she broke,
Through love of Liberty, the *Moslem*'s yoke,
So shall it fare with every scornful state,
Where persecution reigns, and rules with hate,
When native spirit, grievously oppressed,
Becomes a rebel in the human breast,
And calls forth every faculty of strength,
To cast off galling tyranny at length.
With History's bright examples fall in view,
Shall *millions* bear the burden of the *few* ?
Lo ! *HISPANIOLA* shews what sad disasters
Beset the *few*, when slaves would ape their Masters ;

Yet Ireland longer has her thraldom borne
 Than *Haytian* slaves, her rulers' ruthless scorn,
 Till passive, christian patience grows a vice,
 And stamps its current-worth at coward's price !
 But you are men, once more ; and shall the stain
 Of branding Infamy and shame remain
 Upon your character to damn your race,
 With ignominy, meanness, and disgrace ?
 No ! yours are hearts of mettle, yet untried
 In civil strife---though oft your blood has dyed
 The herbage and the flowers of foreign lands,
 When duty called, at Britain's high commands.
 Their needs but unanimity, to be
 Free as the air---as Freedom's self, as free.
 With concord's fascial, girdle-band to bind you,
 Your foes shall shrink, and Slavery slink behind you :
 Desire what Reason dictates, and you must,
 Be gratified, by power, in all things just :
 Reveal your Senators, and see them placed
 In that proud Hall, which once their presence graced ;
 There bid them legislate as heretofore,
 When I, as chief, their broad, Green Banner bore,
 And, linked with Patriotism, in alliance,
 On Despotism frowned my bold defiance."

"Great Britain, by deceit and usurpation,
 Has made a subject province of your nation,
 Thro' lawless means, and sternly hath she ruled you,
 And deep in stoic wisdom, fiercely schooled you ;
 Yet still to mock the self-duped, Irish mind,
 When all was basely gained, she left behind
 A Hobby, meet for fools, a specious thing,
 A mere Automaton, called Ireland's King,
 To play the puppet-monarch in disguise,
 Cheating with comic grace a nation's eyes.
 This shadow of authority, is left
 Your regal Island, when of all bereft,
 That constituted royalty, to make her
 A spectre Queen, that honour might forsake her.
 A British Province, now ; this land of Fame
 Has, even of Queenship, lost th' accustomed name ;
 She sinks, beneath her greatness, to her fate,
 A civil Pillar of the Imperial State.
 Old Ireland, as a kingdom, is no more,
 Her throne has failed, her regal days are o'er,
 Unless the God of Empires has decreed,
 That she, from vassalage, shall yet be freed,

THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

When angry fate and fortune cease to frown,
And heaven restores her sceptre, throne, and crown.
Till comes that day, if ever such shall shed
Its grateful radiance on her reverend head,
Ye sons of pride, consult your better sense,
And spurn viceregal pageantry from hence,
Which only ghost-like fills a phantom throne,
The hollow shade of regal greatness flown ;
So Superstition's spectre-haunted hour,
Presents to sense, with self-creating power,
The shadowy visions of a waking dream,
Thro' twilight mists, by Memory's moonlight stream,
Where Friendship's former favourites seem to pass,
In airy forms along the dewy grass ;
Th' illusive creatures of the busy brain,
To grace Imagination's fairy train.

This Vassal King of Slaves, restricted sent,
To rule a realm without a Parliament,
Seems strange in policy, a farce-like thing,
As Barebones Senators without a King ;
Yet if a Viceroy still must govern here,
And with a Sovereign's pageantry appear,
Like Cæsar, guiding Roma's civil wheels,
Pray let him have " a senate at his heels ;"
Or some resemblance of what gives a sovereign,
The will to act, the countenance to govern.
Let none suppose that Ireland was contented
To form a Union, which she had prevented,
If Britain, yielding to the native voice,
Had left th' insulting measure to her choice ;
Spurning the offer of her degradation,
She 'd still have stood an independent nation,
And held her Parliament, had Justice acted,
As reason, right, and equity directed."

" It may be said, you only share the lot,
In state-alliance, with the British Scot,
Who feels no disposition to repine,
That Scotia's Thistle with the Rose should twine ;
Or that one Senate-Hall should serve the land,
From John O'Groat's to England's southern strand.
You envy not the Scot his placid smile,
That two united Senates serve one Isle,
While Scotia, linked with England, in communion,
Has been a gainer by the British Union :

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THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Yet Ireland finds, and finds it, to her cost,
That by her loss of Senate, she has lost
Her regal name, which conquest never won,
Since first upon her rose Creation's Sun.
For common interest, Ireland still is right
To join Britannia in the field of fight,
To crush the daring foe that would invade
The triple realm, with hostile foreign blade ;
But let each island have its Senate-Hall,
As Justice claims at Patriotism's call."

'Twas thus proud Independence amplified
On Erin's present state and growing pride,
On Clare's green hills that view the western main,
To hosts of patriots marshalled in his train,
He charged them to obey his favourite son,
Miononia's pride, till Victory's wreath was won,
And him consider as their faithful chief,
While Ireland, unredressed, had left a grief;
For his was sterling worth, and sternly proved,
To serve the lovely country that he loved;
Then promising to be their friend for ever,
And long as Shannon rolls a princely river,
He, like a spirit, faded from their view,
And wrapped his person in a cloud of blue.

Succeeding peals of triumph rent the air,
And woke the echoes on the hills of Clare;
" Huzza for Independence !" loud huzzas
Rang for " O'Connell, crowned with civic bays :"
The mustered Millions thundered with acclaim:
" Old Ireland, great and free ! the land of Fame !"
Their shouts resounded from the neighb'ring rocks,
Startling around the timorous, bleating flocks,
As if an earthquake, bursting from the ground,
Had wakened Nature with its awful sound.
The gifted Muse surveyed with Fancy's beam,
The cheering features of her pictured dream,
And, roused from slumber, by th' astounding noise,
She woke to meditate on future joys,
When Erin (if her vision were of heaven)
Should, by her sons, to eminence be given;
Again, a regal, independent Isle,
To peace restored, and sunned with Freedom's smile.

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END OF THE POEM.

NOTES

TO THE EULOGIUM TO OGYGIA.

NOTE 1.—PAGE 6.

O'Flaherty states, that the epithet *Ogygia* was generally applied to Ireland, with reference to her high antiquity; and *Camden* affirms that our illustrious nation was so remotely eminent, in former times, that all other European States are but in a state of infancy, and as, of yesterday, compared with Ireland. The appellation also applied to Egypt and Crete, from similar motives. *Lempricre* adds, that the epithet, *Ogygian*, was a general term for every thing of darkly-distant antiquity. We learn from *Pausanias* and *Varro*, that *Ogyges* was a celebrated monarch, and the most ancient of those that reigned in Greece. He governed in Boeotia, which, from that prince, was also called *Ogygia*. His dominions included Attica; and he is supposed to have lived nearly 1800 years before Christ. Homer's Island of *CALYPSO*, and *Plutarch's*, and *Plato's ATLANTIC ISL.*, from its geographical position, situated off the Celtae, and at the distance of four days' sailing from Britain, was evidently meant to apply to this singular country, notwithstanding the difficulty which the learned have found in ascertaining the locality of its existence. *O'Halloran* throws considerable light on this subject.

From the days of Queen Elizabeth, if not before that period, down to the reign of George III. historical scepticism, with respect to Ireland, had but too generally prevailed. The Scottish nation-builders, and nation-depopulators, stood foremost in the ranks of the sons of Incredulity. The English writer had self-interested motives for doubt; and even among ourselves were not wanting ignorant or prejudiced *soi-disant* antiquaries, who, either too indolent, or too illiterate to search after historical truth, among musty volumes, or from being over-credulous in the belief of calumnies, propagated by intentional vilifiers, with unblushing impudence, denied our national claims to high, legitimate antiquity. Among the least culpable of those may be reckoned *Sir James Ware*, an antiquary who possessed ample means of proving the ancient authenticity of our history, had he searched as deeply as the importance of the subject required. We shall not accuse him of intentional injustice; but we, at the same time, will not hesitate to declare, that we have reason to mistrust either his lingual erudition, or his honesty for

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declining a task, which the nature of his elevated subject imposed upon him. He, however, has not been the first who has felt reluctance to undertake the prosing and perplexing office of deciphering moth-eaten Irish Manuscripts, how authentic soever, may have been their contents!

General Vallancey deserves eternal gratitude from the Irish Nation, for the laudable, self-imposed labours, which he indefatigably pursued for the elucidation of our genuine history. Such a writer, supported by *Bede*, *Camden*, and all the earlier British historians, must weigh more in favour of our antiquarian honours, than the host of sceptical and superficial cavillers, who have wandered through the dark, misty mazes of doubt, to search for objections to a history, which only required the knowledge of our language, and patient investigation to elucidate.

Independent, however, of the indisputable evidences of the superior antiquity of this country, two striking criterions of her being such, cannot fail to prove her assumed right. First—the admission of ancient writers, and the concurrence of others, that our Island was called *Ogygia*, so far back as the days of Homer—more than 900 years before the Incarnation—as well as by *Plutarch*, quoted by *Camden*, who died about the year 140: and, secondly, what is undisputed as a fact narrated in our own history. All our *Senachies* agree, that about the middle of the 6th century, in the reign of *Laogaire*, the Monarch; and not long after the introduction of Christianity, a learned assembly was convoked at *Tara*, to examine and digest the National Records, and that a committee of nine was chosen out of the body, to preside as judges: 3 Kings, 3 Bishops, and 3 Antiquaries, of which committee *St. Patrick* was a member. The works under their inspection included the grand superstructure of our ancient history, which, when collated and digested, was entitled the *Sheanchais Mhoir*, or *Great Antiquity*; consequently, if, in Homer's days, our Island was entitled to the epithet *Ogygia*, or *most ancient*, and that our annals in the days of *St. Patrick* merited so lofty a title, is there any reason to doubt of our great antiquity after the lapse of nearly 1400 years! Homer had travelled much: he was well acquainted with Egyptian and Grecian knowledge, and doubtless had heard of this (then) singular Island, thriving under a civilized government, and possessed of attractive national attributes, otherwise he could not have applied the exalted epithet he has done to Ireland. And if this Island, in the Homerean age, was so celebrated, we need not be surprised that *Plutarch*, a most scrupulous and judicious biographer, should borrow the distinguished name after the Christian *Æra*. Let us look back through the *vista* of time and years, and examine what Britain was in those days. We find her a subject province, under Roman domination, having no claim to civil greatness or national refinement. Her savage tribes owing under the awful authority of the Roman Eagle, with their terrible

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enemies at hand, our own countrymen, the *Scots*, and the Caledonian *Picts*, combined, to annoy their peace, and disturb the repose of the self-dignified masters of the world ! What a contrast in nations might, then, be drawn : how differently contrasted must the state of both countries now appear, after the lapse of ages !

NOTE 2.—PAGE 6.—STANZA I.

*“ That, full two thousand years of light and fame,
Shed circling glories round thy honoured name.”*

According to *O'Halloran*, the sons of *Golamh* arrived in this country about the year of the world, 2738, on the 17th of the month *Bel*, or *May* ; consequently, the difference of time from that Epoch to the Birth of Christ, added to the year of the Christian era, according with the English Invasion, will justify the round number of 2000 years, without taking into consideration, a previous dynasty of *Firbolgian* Kings, and a few princes of the *Danonian Line*, before the arrival of *Henry II*. What nation of Europe, therefore, can lay claim to such high antiquity, and so faithfully registered in authentic annals ?

NOTE 3.—PAGE 6.—STANZA III.

For an elucidation of the Eulogium on the air and soil of *Ireland*, the reader is referred to the national, Latin panegyric of *Donat*, Bishop of *Pesulæ*, near *Florence*, an Irish Scot, who lived partly in the 7th and 8th Century. This beautiful tribute, paid to *Ireland*, has been elegantly translated, by the late, learned *Dr. Dunkin*, and since copied into many repositories of literature.

NOTE 4.—PAGE 7.—STANZA IV.

There is no possible doubt of our Island having been the Great Druidic seat of Pagan Learning, mentioned by *Cæsar* in his *Commentaries*, where Gallic students studied philosophy and religious knowledge ; as we have no correct authority to induce the belief that Britain was the Island particularly alluded to, whose Learning and Theology were evidently derived from *Ireland*. Proofs to this effect can be adduced, if necessary. Doubts have existed respecting the *Hyperborean Island*, the native country of *Abaris*, of whom so much has been said and written. He was well known in *Greece*, where his philosophy was propagated, and he is generally admitted to have been the preceptor of *Pythagoras*, though some are inclined to dispute this honour, as well as of his having been an *Irishman*. We will only enquire, if he was not of *Ireland*, with the doctrines and philosophy he taught, what other northern nation, at so remote a period, can lay claim to this singular man ?

The worship of *B'hal*, or *Grineah* [the Sun] was the principal in practice among our pagan forefathers ; though *Crom* or *Destiny* was also paid divine

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respect, at an early period, as well as the Hindoo Divinity, *Budh*, or the God of Generation, which, very probably, was only a different mode of *Mithraic*, or sun-worship.

NOTE 5.—PAGE 7.—STANZA V.

Apollo was the more general name of *Phœbus*, or the Sun, among the Grecian nations, though sometimes applied here. The worship of the Sun, by what name soever he might be called, was the most elevated, as well as the most natural description of pagan worship, throughout the Universe, and probably the most rationally-attractive, that barbarous nations could adopt, before the light of Revelation burst upon the world.

Diodorus Siculus has preserved an account, out of *Hecateus*, a very ancient historian, of a Northern Island (which he considered) less than Sicily, situated over against the *Celtæ*, and inhabited by those, whom the Greeks called *Hyperboreans*. Of this Island he writes as follows: “ It is fruitful, pleasant, and dedicated to Apollo, a deity who, for the space of *nineteen years*, used to come and hold converse with them; and, what is still more remarkable of this people, they could, with glasses, draw the Moon apparently very near them, in which they could discover mountains, valleys, &c. They had also a large Grove, and a Temple of a round form, to which the Priests frequently resorted with their Harps, to chant the praises of Apollo, their greatest deity. They have a singular language of their own, and several Greeks have been visitors to this wonderful Island, and have presented valuable gifts to their great national Temple, with Greek inscriptions on them. From this Island one *Abaris* passed into Greece, and, according to the opinions of some, was a disciple of *Pythagoras*, and that he contracted an intimacy with the *Delians*. ”

Dr. Smith, in his History of Cork, thus judiciously remarks on the foregoing account: “ The situation of this Island, opposite to the *Celtæ*, who were the inhabitants of Britain and Gallia: its being compared to Sicily, in size; and being dedicated to Apollo, or the Sun, which planet the ancient Irish certainly worshipped. The description of their Temples, which were always round, together with the mention of their Harps, are all so many concurring circumstances, that seem more than probable, that this Island could be no other than Ireland; for the *Monu* or *Anglesey* of Rowland is a spot, too inconsiderable, to be meant here. And if the learned of this Island, who were then the ancient Druids of it, could, as with glasses, shew the Moon apparently nearer, it may be supposed, that the people of Ireland had made a greater progress in those sciences, than is generally imagined. The *nineteen years'* converse with Apollo, the knowledge of the Moon's opacity, and the acquaintance with its mountains, valleys, rocks, &c. argue the Irish learned to have been no inconsiderable Astronomers.” Smith further adds—“ I have seen schemes of the Ptolemaic System in some Irish manu-

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scripts of very great antiquity. It is also very remarkable, that they have a tradition at Lismore (formerly a celebrated ancient school) of several Greek students that were educated there in former times."

The monumental antiquities of Ireland furnish the most durable memorials of the ancient Theology of the Pagan natives, in the *Cromleachs*—*Dallans*, or *Pillar-stones*, and *Altars of the Sun*—as well as of their Cyclic symbols, in their *Annaghs*, or stone circles. The most ancient species of worship is difficult to ascertain; yet, in priority of time, the worship of the Sun seems to deserve the most remote antiquity, and coeval with the Milesian colonization of this country, as we learn that *Tighernhas*, the 7th from Heremon, introduced the worship of *Crom* about the year A. M. 2830, and was struck dead, with many of his subjects, in the act of worship.

NOTE 6.—PAGE 9.—STANZA XV.

"*Land of a thousand names*," &c.

Never did nation, besides Ireland, possess so many names, and appropriate epithets—a distinguished proof of her excellence of soil, and nobility of character. A few of which need only be quoted:

Ireland was early called *Fiadh-Inis*, the *Woody Island*, from its being formerly clothed with dense forests. *Hieron*, from its blessed soil and fine climate. The ancient Latin historians called it *Insulum Sacrum*, which was no more than latinising the epithet *Hieron*: the *Hyperborean* or *Northern Isle*, sacred to Apollo: *Calypso*, or *Atalantes*; *Iernè*, or the *Western Isle*, the Greek appellation. *Insulum Sanctorum*, the *Island of Saints*: sometime about the middle of the second century, it was generally called *Scotia* by the learned, a title deduced from the *Scutic* or *Scythian* origin of the inhabitants; and our Island was generally known by this name in the age of *Bede* and *Isidore*; and previously to the establishment of an Irish [Scottish] colony in North-Britain under *Reuda*, chief of the *Dalriadians*, who derived their name from their leader. It was called *Inis-Fail*, or the *Island of Destiny*, so remote as the time of the *Tuatha de danans*, from the celebrated *Fatal Stone*, on account of its arbitrary, oracular decisions. *Inis-Alga*, or *Ealga*, was also a very ancient name, signifying the *Noble Island*. Ireland was called *Inis Oige*, the *Virgin Isle*, from its perpetual verdure, and perennial beauty: very ancient writers term it *Ogygia*, a relative title to still more remote antiquity. The Greek names of Ireland all bore relation to its remote western situation; and the appellation *Hibernia*, used by Roman writers, also alluded to the geographical position of our Island. The common poetical name, *Erin*, seems to be no more than a contraction of *Hieron*, or the *Sacred Isle*, or an abbreviation of *Er-Inis*, the *Island of the Eri*, or Irish; signifying the same as Ireland. O'Conor says that *Eria* was a commonly-received ancient designation of this Island. This

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enumeration furnishes but a brief sample of the names of Ireland. To these may be added some military and political epithets, as *Tuathalit Domus*; the *Habitation of Tuatha*: *Fedlemii Fundus*; the *Land of Felim*: *Plaga Cobthaca*; the *Country of Cobthac*: *Hugontus Arvum*; the *Field of Hugh*; and *Cormaci Theatrum*; the *Theatre of Cormac*.

NOTE 7.—PAGE 10.—STANZA XVI.

Whatever uncertainty may hang over the extremely remote period of Irish history, during the changes of the early colonists, from *Partholanus* to the arrival of the Milesians, there seems no reason to doubt the veracity of our historians from the establishment of the sons of *Golamh* in this Island early in the 11th century before Christ, according to *O'Flaherty* and *O'Connor*; but the 13th B. C. by *O'Halloran*, *Comerford*, and numerous other writers; tho' we prefer the cool, dispassionate calculations of the former, to those of the latter Chronologers, in a matter that requires the most scrupulous correctness. In this Island, *Heremon* established a regular form of government, and a body of laws to regulate the affairs of state. *Ollamh Fodhla*, or the Learned Doctor, at the distance of 343 years, introduced many valuable improvements and salutary laws. He ordained the Royal Assembly or *Fes* of the States at Tarah, and obliged the several illustrious families to distinguish themselves by armorial bearings. This early scholar wrote a correct history of the travels, voyages, adventures, wars, &c. of his royal ancestors, (*Psalt. Tarah. Psalt. Cashel.*) Ireland was under everlasting obligations to this celebrated Lawgiver.

NOTE 8.—PAGE 11.—STANZA XX.

The habitable Globe furnishes no parallel of a nation that produced, in former times, so many Saints, Philosophers, and learned men, as Ireland had done. Europe has had her dark ages, constituting a gloomy night of mental and moral cloudiness, occasioned by Goths, Huns, Vandals, and all those dreadful scourges of barbarian cruelty, which the teeming North poured forth like a devastating deluge on the voluptuous regions of the South, levelling all things great and sacred in its destructive course. Ireland, like a bright, sun-gilt spot, arose amidst her own green-zoning waves, in luminous seclusion from the lurid darkness that overspread the prostrate nations of the Continent; and cherished Literature, Science, and Religion with maternal tenderness, when Genius fled from scenes of desolation to her peaceful shores, as to the Ark of Salvation. Learning, meeting no obstacles here from its early introduction, continued to flourish luxuriantly under the fostering protection of our Pagan Kings, till the arrival of *St. Patrick*, to establish the pure doctrines of Christianity on the ruins of Paganism. A hitherto polished people soon embraced the faith of heaven, with zeal and enthusiasm; and from about the middle of the 5th century, our holy and pious countrymen were seized with the desire of carrying the newly-received

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light into other nations, to disseminate its illuminating glories among their benighted inhabitants. The astonished world was struck with amazement at the host of saints and learned men which Ireland produced for the restoration of religion and letters over fallen Europe; and *Bamelrode*, one of the approving panegyrists of the learned labours of *FRANCIS COLGAN*, adds: "What can more conduce to the excitation of our wonder, than the contemplation of an individual Island, within its sequestered bosom, educating more saints than most other countries have collectively produced! so many models of moral virtues as can scarcely be paralleled in the whole Universe! so many living temples; so many shining examples as we can never hope futurity to be blessed with! All these must certainly astonish; but can we be any longer amazed, that Ireland has been distinguished by the honourable appellation of the *ISLAND OF SAINTS*!"—*Lynch's Intd. Hib. Sanct.*

To comprise in a Note the names of the Irish Missionary Clergy would be impossible, while a single volume would not do adequate justice to the subject. It is sufficient to our purpose to state, that soon after their conversion, they spread extensively over Great Britain, France, the Low Countries, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, &c. &c.; and founded the most of the churches and seminaries that sprung into existence, both before and after the dark ages, in those several countries; and their principal patron saints are easily traced to their Scottish [Irish] origin. A fact testified by the most authentic European Chronicles and Hagiographers. In support of this statement it is unnecessary to quote any solitary Author, while so many native and foreign writers acknowledge the priority of religion and learning in this country, as well as the success of their teaching and preaching in foreign nations.

Ward, citing *Du Chesne*, states: "The disciples of *St. Patrick* were so distinguished for wisdom and piety, were so well skilled in the administration of religious and ecclesiastical affairs, that the world, many centuries after the death of our Tutelar Saint, possessed no persons so holy, so learned, or so eminent, as the Irish Monks: they filled all Europe in such an extraordinary degree with illustrious men of their congregation, that they gave birth to the most flourishing seminaries and monastic institutions of the whole Christian world."

NOTE 9.—PAGE 12.—STANZA XXV.

The evil destiny of nations sent hither the Norman scourge about the year 815. The piratical Scandinavian tribes under the several names of *Danes*, *Norwegians*, *Finns*, &c. troubled our national repose, from that period till their final overthrow, in 1014, by *Brian Boroimhe*. The introduction of the Christian Religion into this Island occasioned a material change in the morals and habits of the people: the military character of Pagan Ireland was succeeded by saintly piety and religious austerity: war ceased to be practised,

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military habitments were changed for robes of sanctity : religion, learning, and philosophy, were the peculiar studies of the great ; and splendid achievements cast no light on the pages of history for a long succession of peaceful years. This tranquil state of things furnished a favourable opportunity for incursions to the Danes, who, before and after this period, troubled the coast of Britain and France. Our forefathers, however, met them with firmness and determined resistance, and, unlike the passive Saxons, repelled with magnanimity the frequent inroads of those daring foreigners. They, however, established, under Turgesius, a temporary monarchy of short duration, which eventually sunk before native prowess. The *Oest-men* also held a petty state by precarious tenure, in, and around, Dublin, which they fortified for self-defence. The Battle of Clontarf put an end to the Danish power, and left the people to the enjoyment of national repose. The continual wars with the Normans failed not in consequences fatal to our country : continual warfare had considerably reduced the physical strength of the inhabitants ; and whatever power remained was enervated, or neutralised, by disunion and civil dissension among rival princes. The defection and expulsion of the King of Leinster prepared the way for Saxon invasion : Roderick O'Connor, the Monarch, sat on an enviable throne : the provincial and Toparchical Kings were jealous of his exalted authority, and availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to forsake his standard and his interests, not considering the evils they produced to their country. A brave Sovereign, therefore, in the critical moment of trial, found himself deserted, and the interests of Ireland sacrificed to personal resentment, invidious jealousy, or private revenge. Thus a band of men, better designated as a party of Freebooters, than an army of invaders, made gradual encroachments on the State, till, in the conclusion, O'Connor was necessitated to acknowledge himself the vassal of the King of England, whom he despised.

NOTE 10.—PAGE 13.—STANZA XXIX.

Henry the Second, an artful, politic prince, had long meditated a descent on Ireland, for which he could devise no favourable pretext, till, flattering the Papal pride and self-interest of his countryman, ADRIAN IV. (*Break-speare*), he obtained, by false representations and libellous calumnies against our nation, a mischievous Bull, privileging the Royal Hypocrite to take military possession of Ireland under Pontifical authority, by acknowledging to pay a stipulated sum annually to the successor of St. Peter. The defection of his own children, and the distractions of State, prevented the King of England from profiting by this holy privilege, till the murder of *Thomas à Becket* rendered him obnoxious to his own subjects, when, to direct their attention from that inhuman deed, he undertook an expedition of royal pageantry into this country, to claim the possession of previous conquests, as well as to receive the acknowledgment of his Papal privileges, from the Cler-

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gy, and the submission of a portion of the Irish chieftains. The favourable reception of the Bull of Adrian, by the assembly of the Bishops at Lismore, promoted the encroaching power of the English Monarch, and conceded an assumptive right to possessions unjustly obtained, at a time when Ecclesiastical authority held high ascendancy. Hence commenced the era of our national misfortune, to which the spiritual obedience of the native Princes, and the conduct of the Clergy, largely contributed from want of political foresight.

NOTE 11.—PAGE 18.—STANZA L.

Hillan, in his life of *St. Foilan*, says: “Ireland surpasses all other nations in her attachment to the Faith.” *Baronius* corroborates this statement by adding, that, “as far as we can learn from history, none of the Northern Nations has been more constant than Ireland in the same uniformity of doctrine, and adherence to the one religion.” This assertion is confirmed by the united testimony of *Lynch, Ward, Toland, &c.* But this fact is so well established, and so generally admitted, that none are so sceptical as to doubt it.

NOTE 12.—PAGE 18.—STANZA LI.

The CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION, a virtuous, patriotic body of intelligent men, whom wrongs united for the salvation of their country, awakened Ireland to a more acute sense of penal suffering, and breathed an invigorating spirit through the great soul of the nation. This Legislating Council, acting with firmness and legal caution, gave voice to their grievances in strong, irresistible language: they directed the movements of the people in seeking redress: taught them unanimity, and respect for the laws, as certain means of success. The sympathies of the aggrieved Catholics were drawn together, and with them sympathised the liberal Protestant and Dissenter; till the Government, more mortified by their independent measures, than furnished with a sufficient cause for hostility against their proceedings, by a law of the Legislature, dissolved this celebrated band of patriots, to prepare the way, unnecessarily, for their emancipation: a grant wrung from the reluctant necessity of an intimidated Ministry, lest the Church of Ireland, as by law established, should suffer by the collision of parties, and the preponderance of popular power.

NOTE 13.—PAGE 20.—STANZA LVII.

Ireland has long groaned under the oppressive sway of Great Britain: she has patiently endured sufferings of the most afflictive nature for many centuries: she had to bear, in the commencement, the ascendancy of a foreign power, which she deemed harmless or inoffensive, till late experience taught her the fatal error of her passive credulity. The inroads of the Saxons were silent, slow, and progressive: they were often defeated by the native chieftains.

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tains, and in the end were nearly reduced to nothingness ; a consequence which would have eventually taken place, had not the Reformation happened, and found its way into this country, to change the face of things, by producing unwanted activity among its adherents, and instituting penal inflictions for such as opposed its fanatical progress. In pursuance of the barbarous enactments of Elizabeth, after the suppression of our Monasteries, by her despotic father, the Catholic population was reduced to a small proportion during the exterminating wars of Mountjoy and Carew. The Rebellion of 1641, left a scanty population, both of the Old and New Religion, through crime on the one hand, and recrimination on the other. Cromwell came soon after, with his bloodhound Levellers and Puritans, to deluge our fields with Christian blood, and destroy the remnant relics of monumental antiquity. It might then be truly said, that Ireland was left " A Howling Desert," where physical strength had failed. The civil wars, consequent to the Revolution, swept off its thousands and tens of thousands, by the sword, or banishment ; thus the inhabitants of our country were reduced, by different causes, to millions less than it had previously possessed. The various relaxing laws passed in favour of the Roman Catholics during a period of internal peace, contributed to the growth of population, and prolific Ireland rapidly increased in physical strength. The successful increase of inhabitants, however, was rather reduced by the Rebellion of 1798 ; yet it is almost miraculous, in effect, how rapidly the Catholic population has increased, even since the Union. Ireland now boasts of her *seven millions* of Catholics, among whom she reckons a considerable proportion of wealthy, intelligent, independent characters, who view, in dark retrospection, the sufferings of their forefathers, with strongly-excited feelings. It is therefore very unlikely that such men will ever again, under any circumstances, bow to humiliating conditions for personal safety, whatever consequences may result from their patriotism.

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTORY CANTO.

NOTE 1.—PAGE 23.

"Harp of the West ! awake, the Minstrel calls."

It would be unnecessary to notice here the early claims of the Irish to a remote knowledge and use of the Harp, had not the modern leader of the Irish Pyrrhonic School, Doctor Ledwich, stated that, the instrument was not "indigenous" to Ireland, but the gift of the semi-barbarous Saxons. In
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support of this statement he adduces no proof; but attempts to establish inferential evidence of the Teutonic Tribes making use of rude instrument that bore some resemblance to our refined national Lyre. He admits that the Harp represented on a monument at *Neig*, in Scotland, in the eleventh century, is a figure of the Irish instrument, as described by Cordiner; but he denies that the Harp of Brian Boromhe was the work of the artists of the same century. On this subject most of our native, and many foreign writers, are united in belief, that the Harp of Ireland, improved at various times, was an instrument distinct and unborrowed from any of the neighbouring nations, from the earliest times; and that it is coeval with the era of the Milesians, who, in all likelihood, carried it, in its simpler, primitive state, into this country. It is also pretty generally allowed, that the Harp of David was the proto-type of ours, admitting the descriptions of antiquaries on that head; as neither the *Cithara* of the Teutones, nor the *Nablium* of other nations, bore any more than a distant resemblance to the sacred instrument of the Royal Minstrel. The similarity of mechanism between that of David and ours, is a sufficient proof that the antiquity of the Irish Harp is long anterior to those of the Saxons, British, or Welch, whose modern improvements seem evidently borrowed from our musical nation, without laying us under any compliment to people so far behind us in ancient arts and sciences.

The frequent mention of Harping Minstrels at the great festive meetings of the Irish, as well as the Martial Minstrels in battle, even by our earliest writers, must be sufficient to set the gratuitous assertion of the Antiquarian Sceptic (Ledwich) far beyond the bounds of truth and probability.

NOTE 2.—PAGE 28.

*“Ill-fated hour when Dervorgalla fled,
With Leinster’s Monarch, from her husband’s bed.”*

Of all the events, pregnant with fatal consequences to our country, this was the most unfortunate, as it prepared the road for invasion, and concomitant misfortune. *Dervorgal*, or *Dervorgalla*, was the daughter of Melachlin, the Monarch, and wife of *Tighernan O’Rourke*, Prince of Brefny or Leitrim, who eloped with *Dermod Mac Murchad*, King of Leinster, while her husband was absent on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick’s Purgatory, in 1153. For this odious crime, *Mac Murchad* is expelled his kingdom by the Monarch, *Roderick O’Connor*: the aid of the King of England is sought by the King of Leinster: Henry declines immediate interference; but grants letters patent to any of his Barons who might feel disposed to enter into the views of *Mac Murchad*. *Strongbow*, *Fitzstephens*, *Fitzgerald*, and *Prendergast*, join the exiled King, and make a descent on Ireland; and, by fraud and treachery, succeed beyond their expectations

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Roderick, the Monarch, is deserted by the jealous provincial chiefs: Henry makes his public entry into Ireland: a council is convened at Lismore in 1172: the Bull of Adrian is produced by the English King, and well received by the Clergy: several of the provincial chieftains pay him homage: Henry returns to England; and soon after the King of Ireland acknowledges vassalage for a part of his dominions, but still remains virtually the Monarch.

Hoveden, p. 527. Gir. Cambr. p. 760: Holland. Camden, article Ireland, p. 68, 69: Stanhurst, Hist. Cath. tom. 2, lib. 1, c. 3: Cox, vol. 1, p. 11: Leland, vol. 1, p. 15.

NOTE 3.—PAGE 30.

“*Long Pent within a Pale,*” &c.

The Anglo-Irish Colony held possession of a territory generally called the *English Pale*. This province varied its limits according to circumstances, expanding and contracting as it gained on the possessions of the independent native chieftains, or shrank before their hostility. After the Invasion, it comprehended several counties; but had dwindled away to a small territory, round the city of Dublin, in the reign of Edward III. For a long succession of years, it only included the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Louth, or Uriel. Even in this contracted space, the English enjoyed only a precarious existence, being hemmed in on all sides except the sea-coast, by restless and turbulent foes, who obliged them to pay *Black Rent* for personal safety, and to prevent the total destruction of their colony. It was on the right of this petty principality that the Kings of England founded their titles as Lords of Ireland, till the time of the Eighth Henry, who assumed the hollow, puissant epithet of King of Ireland, to which he had but a partial and very limited claim. James I., by deceptive artifice, extended his authority over the whole Island, much to the regret and disappointment of the credulous inhabitants. Ulster, the perpetual scourge of the English power in this country, was chiefly the sufferer, by the lawless injustice of James the First; and to his exterminating cruelty are we to trace the dissimilarity of inhabitants in the Northern province from those of the other provinces; but as good often results from evil, so has it proved in this instance; for to this cause is owing the refinement, learning and civilization of Ulster, superior to the other provinces of Ireland, under the wise regulations and civil institutions of the English and Scottish Settlers of the organized North. In support of these facts, it is unnecessary to quote authorities, as they are not disputed by any historian.

NOTE 4.—PAGE 31.

“*The Bardic sphere of haughty-souled Tírowen.*”

Ulster abounds more in poetic genius than any other individual province of Ireland: this seems not the effect of climate, or locality of situation, so (208)

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much as historical circumstances. Hugh [Aodh] Anmirey, who ascended the Irish Throne in 558, summoned a National Council at *Dromceat*, near Derry, shortly after his ascension, to consider several paramount objects which affected the State: the revision or abolition of the Bardic Order; and to debate on the propriety of compelling the Albanian Scots to renew the payment of yearly tribute to the Irish Monarch, which, for some time before, they had not done. The Apostle of the Picts, Columcille, attended on this occasion, to defend the Bardic Order, and to release the Albanian Nation from an unnecessary impost. The Irish Monarch had been previously determined to banish the Bards or abolish their Order, in consequence of their number and overbearing sway, they having in those times amounted to one-third of the whole community; but he was persuaded to preserve their Order, by placing it under new regulations, and limiting the number and privileges of its reduced members. In previous reigns, the Bards had been frequently persecuted, and not without ostensible motives, but the Ultonian Kings always afforded them an asylum and Royal protection. Thus Ulster, as it were, concentrated the spirit of national genius, which, even at this distance of time after a period of nearly 1300 years, is still throwing out its lively scintillations in every part of the northern province, and almost the remotest village or hamlet is conspicuous for its rustic, natural poet. This historical conclusion may be objected to, inasmuch as Ulster cannot be considered a province inhabited by native Irish, as it was in the days of Hugh Anmirey, but a region colonized chiefly by Scotch and English Settlers. Those who are thoroughly acquainted with the various grades of people in the North, will readily admit, that a large proportion of the inhabitants are the genuine descendants of the Irish stock; but whether this circumstance can at present affect the true state of natural genius, appears a matter of great doubt. It rather seems, that the superior attention to education in the North, furnishes the best argument in favour of poetic superiority in the Ultonian province.—*Annals of Ulster, apud 558.*

NOTE 5.—PAGE 31.

“ *The Bulwark of the North—the Fortress-tower
Of Independence, by the fearless guarded.*”

The proud spirit of Irish Independence preserved its strong fastnesses chiefly in the North, to repel the inroads of English encroachment. The colonists of the Pale were kept in ceaseless fear and continual trepidation by the daring heroism of the chiefs of Ulster; and to strengthen the English power by works of art, the inhabitants of the Pale erected a chain of fortresses along the Northern frontier of their dominion from Carlingford Bay, in a South westerly direction along the borders of Louth and Meath, to preserve their territory from Ultonian hostility; and so much did the

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offensive bravery of the northerns mortify the Palemen, that throughout those counties, usually comprehended within that Anglo-Irish province, a strong prejudice exists among the people, towards the northerns, even to the present time, insomuch, that it is considered the dark source of evil, and proverbial for every thing wicked and mischievous; whereas, when properly understood, it is the effect of noble daring, and a malignant prejudice implanted by indignant courage in the breasts of mortified enemies. A similar prejudice directs its enmity towards the inhabitants of Connaught from nearly similar motives.

NOTE 6.—PAGE 34.

“To our Flath-Innis, and the Muses here.”

We have used the term *Flath-Innis*, as Mac Pherson has written it; yet more from poetical convenience than propriety. The learned *O'Halloran* exposes the absurdity and ignorance of the *soi-disant* translator of *Ossian's Poems*, in using the epithet *Flath-Innis* for the Scottic Heaven, as we have no such words to express the seat of bliss in this country. *Neamh* is the true Irish for Heaven, or *Flaith-eamnas*, signifying the Sovereignty above; from *Flaithneas*, sovereignty, and *uas*, above; and from these words are derived *Flamhnaidhe*, a priest; from the root of which comes the Latin *famen*, admitting of a similar signification. This *Flaithreamnas* is represented as a terrestrial paradise by *Toland*, who with great strength of reasoning, in his “*Dissertation on the Druids*” seems to prove Ireland to be that blessed place. There are yet preserved copies of a very ancient Irish Manuscript, entitled “*Agallam na Seanocridhe* ;” or Dialogues of the Ancients, in which is a legendary tale of *Ossin Mac Fionn*, who, while seated on the banks of the Shannon, is, in the act of Divine adoration, hurried invisibly to *Tir na noge*; the country of youth; or *Inis nambeo*; the Island of Immortals, which he beautifully describes as a lovely region. He remains there but a few days as he imagines, yet finds on his return to the world of material beings, great changes. He is greatly surprised to find his father Fionn and all his Fionne Eirion have been long inhabitants of the “*Narrow House* :” his former home has disappeared, and all his acquaintance have vanished: there is no person to sound the *Bua bhal*, or well known military clarion, to collect the warriors of his youth. Long since had all those been cut off in battle; and instead of a gallant race of heroes, which he had left behind, he discovers a puny race of mortals scarcely speaking the same language. In fact it appeared that instead of a few days he had been absent nearly two centuries in the supposed mansions of the blessed. He lived says the same tale, to the days of St. Patrick, and related to the Irish Apostle those many wonders after his conversion. This ingenious fiction serves to shew, that the imaginary elysium of the ancient Irish was not entitled *Flath-Innis*, nor the Island of the brave and virtuous, as it has been defined; for Ireland as the

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Noble Island was called *Innis-Ealga*; but Scottish Translators of the Gaelic at best, make but clumsy work of it. He commonly translates badly who is ignorant of the language he would attempt to clothe in a new dress.

NOTE 7.—PAGE 36.

*“To Guelph the Fourth, that now in life’s decline
The Sceptre sways.”*

The preceding Poem having been written a considerable time since, his late Majesty was then a distinguished inhabitant of this transitory world, and possessed of a temporal crown. He has passed away however from all his earthly greatness, thus proving the reality of experience; that Kings as well as subjects must die, and be accountable to a higher power, at the bar of an awful tribunal, for all their actions.

Recent as the event has been—and while the public mind still sympathises with his memory, I shall not pause to paint a linear sketch of his life, lest I might do unintentional injustice to his character; and as I feel disinclined to eulogise his Virtues, I shall not amplify on his vices, weaknesses, and extravagancies, however extensive may be the field of criticism; but permit them to remain in their dormancy, till the Biographer and Historian shall awake them into sublunary existence, emblazoned with fame, or darkly shadowed with infamy, as his merits or demerits as a Monarch and a moral agent may justly deserve.

NOTE 8.—PAGE 36.

*“A time there was, of most severe correction,
When mere Hibernians met with no protection.”*

When a man had been killed, and the accused party pleaded that he was an *Irishman*, the case was brought to the issue, whether the person so killed was of *Irish* or *English* race. Sir John Davies has quoted two Latin records. By the first it appears that one *Williams*, who had killed a man of the name of *Roger*, obtained his *quietus*, on proving that the said Roger, notwithstanding the English dress he assumed, belonging to the Irish Sept, or Tribe, surnamed *O’Hederiscals*. The other record gives the instance of one *Laurens*, who was sentenced to be hanged, for killing *Galfred Dovedal*, who proved on the trial, to be of English race. *Davies Hist. Col.* p. 111, 112.—The murder of a *mere Irishman*, (as the Anglo-Saxon termed him) instead of a crime, was rather considered a virtue, by the colonists of the Pale, as it put a supposed enemy, though an innocent, inoffensive native, out of the way. This general, habitual crime, was the more culpably criminal, when we recollect that these inhuman, outrageous deeds, were committed after the benefit of the English Civil Code had been frequently sought for by the Irish chieftains bordering on the English Pale, and as frequently promised them by several of the then regnant Saxon Kings. The intentions of the English Kings may have, at times, been just and equi-

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table in recommending the extension of the English Laws to such as claimed their protection, either through motives of policy or personal safety; yet the laudable clemency of the Sovereign was always counteracted by the avaricious duplicity of the iniquitous Governors of the Pale, that the Irish people might still be considered as enemies, and consequently fit objects for hostility, rapine, and spoliation.

NOTE 9.—PAGE 36.

*“ To them the loss of life was life to others,
And sons slew sires—and brethren butchered brothers.”*

Morrison acquaints us, that Lord Mountjoy never received any to mercy but such as had shed the blood of their fellow-rebels. Numerous instances of unnatural murders were authorised and countenanced at all times by the English Deputies, who felt a savage pleasure in the exercise of their bloody influence, that imposed on the unfortunate natives the cruel necessity of shedding kindred blood either for favour or personal safety.—Morris. Hist. fol. p. 120.

To hold out temptations to cupidity, avarice, or ambition, a law was passed which secured inheritance to the son for the murder of his father, the Nephew, for slaying his Uncle—the younger brother, the senior, or one relative of whatsoever degree of consanguinity, the property and estates of their butchered victims: a bloody code such as Draco never in cruelty had conceived, and such as the annals of the most barbarous nations cannot parallel!

NOTE 10.—PAGE 36.

“ When Irish Chiefs through honour martyred life.”

To enumerate a portion of the martyrs who became the dupes of perfidious treachery, and their own honourable credulity and confidence in false faith, would more require a folio volume than the brevity of a note. It was a common practice of the English Deputies to hold treaties with the Irish Princes, and seal them with the blood of their unsuspecting victims. For the same purpose, the laws of hospitality were violated at public feasts, where the royal or noble guest (and frequently guests) became the sacrifice of his inhuman entertainer. As to indiscriminate massacres, such as those of *Mulloghmoston, Island Magee, Smerwick*, and a thousand others, perpetrated by or countenanced by the Lords Deputy, it would be tedious and unnecessary to recapitulate them. Enough are stated by the Historian to satisfy every unbiased reader, that a rigid system of perennial cruelty was practised and acted upon by the Colonial Government, for the most barbarous motives.

NOTE 11.—PAGE 36.

“ Doomed like Erostratus to damning fame.”

Incapable of producing any noble effort of genius to immortalize his name, *Erostratus* burned the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, on the birth-
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night of Alexander the Great, that he might, at least, be entitled thereby to eternal infamy, which he has ignominiously obtained.

NOTE 12.—PAGE 36.

“ *that Nation,
Which first from thee received illumination.*”

“ It is universally admitted, that in early ages, Ireland was the great mart of literature for Europe. *Spencer* admits that the Irish had the use of letters long before England ; and that *Oswald*, a Saxon King, applied to Ireland for learned men to instruct his people in the principles of Christianity. *Camden* says, it abounded with men of genius and erudition, when learning was trampled on in every other quarter of the Globe. Irish Monks were the founders of the most celebrated abbeys and monasteries in France, Italy, Switzerland, the Low Countries, and England. The Younger *Scaliger* writes, that 200 years before the age of *Charlemagne*, the whole body of the learned were of Ireland. The Great *Alfred* also brought professors from this seat of science to his college of *Oxford*.”—*Lawless' Compend.* p. 23.

There is no fact in history which may not be disputed, if we shall hesitate to give credit to the imposing testimonies in favour of our ancient literature. *Bede, Usher, Camden*, abound with evidences in support of the literary fame of Ireland. *Camden*, speaking of *Sulgenus*, who flourished in the tenth century, thus writes :—“ He was sent into Ireland for his education : he went thither to court the Muse in a land, far-famed for admirable wisdom ; whence our English ancestors appeared to have borrowed their alphabet, as they formerly used the same which is employed to this day in Ireland ; so that that renowned country was adorned with the splendour of genius in those ages, when the rest of the Christian World lay immured in darkness.”

NOTE 13.—PAGE 36.

“ *So that in Saracenic flames might perish,
All that Nobility so loved to cherish.*”

The Caliph *Onar*, actuated by *Muhometan* superstition, is said to have consigned the splendid *Alexandrian Library* to devouring flames, considering the treasures of science and philosophy contained therein as useless, inasmuch as it was his absurd belief, that all useful knowledge was contained in the *Koran*. Not so, nor were the motives similar, that induced the *Pale Colonists* in the *Elizabethan Age* to collect, with persevering industry, our literary and historical manuscripts, and commit them to the fury of the devouring element, thus to destroy, if possible, the records of our glory, and the archives of national honour. This was exercising a merciless enmity towards a nation that possessed an accredited right to ancient learning, beyond what Britain could boast by many centuries ; yet those nefarious deeds were not only cruelly but ungratefully perpetrated towards an indulgent country, which had endeavoured to enlighten and civilise mankind. That the *Alexandrian Library* was only partly destroyed, is most certain : the

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books and manuscripts having been carried away, and disseminated throughout the chief cities of the Saracen Empire, a circumstance which furnishes the true cause of the flourishing state of Mahometan learning soon after, through the elements of learning which the destinies of war had placed in the hands of the Saracen people, by which they so eminently profited ; nor were the Irish MSS. in a great measure, otherwise than nominally burned. The fact is now fully proved by the vast collections of Irish manuscripts deposited in the great public and collegiate Libraries of England ; that they found their way thither in a secret manner, from a belief, on the part of the collectors, that they were too valuable, as historical monuments, to be entirely destroyed, though they had pirated them from the only people who were capable of understanding their contents, or of rendering them useful to the learned world. They now remain a dead letter on the shelves of Oxford and Cambridge Libraries, and many others ; so that if they were not *actually* committed to the flames, they may be said to have been virtually destroyed, as most of them would be as difficult to decipher, to the Irish scholars of the present day, as the Hieroglyphics of Egypt are to the Antiquarian linguist !

NOTE 14.—PAGE 30.

*“ And all that fuel could afford to fire,
Were seen in flaming ruin to expire.”*

O'Connor says, “ we cannot avoid lamenting, with Dr. Lynch and others, the fatal policy of the English, who, until the reign of James I. took all possible pains to destroy our old writings, as they did those of Scotland, in the reign of Edward I. They conceived that the perusal of such works kindled the natives to rebellion, from reminding them of the power and independence of their ancestors. This, he adds, was no groundless idea; yet I cannot but observe, with the learned Sir J. Davies, that had this people been granted the benefit of the English laws, it would have gone infinitely further towards the securing of their obedience, than the destruction of all the books and laws ever published in this kingdom.”—*O'Conor's Dissert.* p. 139, 140.

To this article he subjoins the following appropriate note, cited from *Davies' Hist. Relat.* p. 23. “ This, then, I observe as a great defect in the civil policy of this kingdom, in that for the space of 350 years, at least, after the conquest first attempted, the English laws were not communicated to the Irish, nor were the benefit and protection of them allowed to them, although they earnestly desired and sought the same; for as long as they were out of the protection of the law, every Englishman might oppress, spoil, and kill them, without controulment. But was it possible that they should be other than outlaws and enemies to the crown of England ? If the British Monarch would not admit them to the condition of subjects, how could they learn to acknowledge and obey him as their Sovereign ? In fact,

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the impunity on one side, and oppression on the other, during so many ages, can hardly be paralleled in any other history : and this against a nation, than which, no other under the sun, *as the same worthy authority*, above-cited, *justly remarks*, loved equal and indifferent justice better : or rested more satisfied with the execution thereof, although it were against themselves." Here it is relevant to observe, that though King John, as Liege Lord of Ireland, and his son Henry III., both extended the protection of the English laws to this country—their corrupt Deputies took especial care to neutralize their effects for sordid purposes.

NOTES TO CANTO 1.—THE INVASION.

NOTE 1.—PAGE 50.

" ————— here first began
Our nation's slanderers, basely to abuse
The lyric Island of the Western Muse."

Gerald Barry, latinised *Cambrensis*, the preceptor of *John*, and *Matthew Paris*, were the earliest slanderers, who found it accordant with their interests to defame our country. Their evil example was closely imitated by their venal followers, who found it consistent with their interest to vilify Ireland, in all works relating to this country, from that period down to the Quixotic, national apostates, *Sir Richard Musgrave*, and *Dr. Ledwich*, the modern Pyrrhonic Antiquary.

To speak of Irish glory or greatness, was next to high treason against the State ; and had not truth been stronger than falsehood, and historical veracity superior to fiction, those libellers would have rendered her contemptible as a nation ; but as clouds cannot always obscure the sun, neither could the hirelings of Britain disguise the light-shedding countenance of historic Truth. Our Island is still shrouded with all her literary honours ; her ancient antiquity and high renown are admitted by all the European nations, and even by the learned sons of Britain themselves, who now find it useless to oppose popular belief, or think to imprison the light in the flimsy cobwebs of fancy's creation. The bright sun that illuminated the gloom of the dark ages throughout Western Europe, has left so much of its lingering brilliancy behind, that the nation, from which it emanated, shall never be forgotten, or eclipsed with political obloquy.

NOTE 2.—PAGE 52.

" *Instruction's Mistress, and the Saxon School.*"

When learning and religion were expelled from the nations of the Continent by Gothic barbarity and Vandal fury, they and their disciples found a safe

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retreat and a holy sanctuary in our secluded Island. *Saxon Britain* should never forget the undischARGEable debt she owes this country for her own civilization, and the education of her illiterate children. Here was an Alfred taught the Art of Government and the use of the Lyre ; and here was the College, not only of all the Saxon youth, but those of the continental nations, where they received, gratuitously, board, books, and education ; and, from the great number of Saxon students who studied here, the extensive School of Connaught was called “ *Mayo of the Saxons.* ”—See *O'Connor's Dissert. O'Halloran, &c. &c.*

NOTE 3.—PAGE 53.

“ *These humanized their minds and barbarous manners,
By Christian Doctors, bearing Gospel banners.* ”

The Britons boast of having received Christianity through the personal preaching of *St. Paul and Joseph of Arimathaea*, about the year 61 : they boast also of a King *Lucius*, during the period of Roman Britain, about the year 181, when that province of the Empire could have no Kings of its own. Augustine, the Less, arrived, with his pompous train, as the deputed Missionary of Rome, in 597, when, as the British historians acknowledge, the Christian Gospel was generally received, and Augustine became the Apostle of *Anglo-Britain*. Very ingeniously do modern writers conceal the fact, which their own, first Church Historian so candidly admits, that the earliest preachers of the Christian dispensation were the Irish Clergy, subsequent to the time of St. Patrick, who not only were invited thither, but voluntarily dispersed themselves over the country, where they founded many churches and seats of learning ; but inasmuch as the Irish Clergy did not then conform to the Roman Liturgy, but observed the Asiatic ceremonial forms, Augustine and his followers would not recognise their disciples as regular Christians ; nor would they sit at the same table with them, or hold any religious or social intercourse with them. So much for the jealous ascendancy of the Roman See at the commencement of the seventh century.—*Bede's Church Hist. Rapin, &c.*

NOTE 4.—PAGE 55.

“ *Honour indigenous our Sires possessed,
The noble plant was nursed on Erin's breast.* ”

All our Senachies and Historians agree, that chivalrous Honour in this country, in former times, was carried to an exalted pitch of refinement. A sense of popular and social honour pervaded all ranks, from the *Ard-Righ* or Monarch, to the common herdsman ; but the military vow of the Equestrian Order will best exemplify the fact. The order of Knighthood here, (the antiquity of which, History can scarcely penetrate) was usually conferred on princes at the age of seven : those, however, who sought to be admitted as members into any of the great national Orders, of which there was one

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peculiar to each province, were obliged to undergo several years of rigid discipline before they were qualified to obtain degrees, and a Gold Collar; the age of admission was eighteen, when the newly-created Knight took a solemn vow, of which the precise form is not on record; but may be fairly collected from the personal oaths of different Knights on the field of battle. The oath taken by the soldiery may convey a just idea of the vows of the Knights. The soldier bound himself, on pain of death, not to commit violence on woman, but to defend the sex to the utmost of their power—to relieve the poor, the distressed, and those labouring under oppression, to the last extreme—never to retire, much less to flee from duty, tho' attacked by nine men of whatsoever country. The vows of the Knight may be supposed to be nearly similar, with certain modifications, such as “never to attack an enemy by night, by surprise, or under any kind of disadvantage.” A vow which scarcely ever was known to be violated while Ireland was an independent nation.—*O'Hall. Hist. p. 43. Dub. Ed. 8vo.*

NOTE 5.—PAGE 56.

“*Henry of Winchester, so fond of Wassail.*”

An old Saxon term for a wine-bowl, mixed with the infusion of cakes and white bread, was *Wassel* or *Wassil*, much used by the Monks of *St. Alban's*, and elsewhere. *Bailey, in voce, Wassel.*

NOTE 6.—PAGE 58.

“*As havoc feasted on Ulidia's shore.*”

Ullagh, or *Ulladu*, latinised *Ultonia*, the principality of *Dunlevy*, now the county of Down, was wrested from the rightful Dynast by John *De Courcey*, who was afterwards surnamed Earl of Ulster. This district of the Northern Province was thus partially conquered in the reign of the second Henry, but soon after reclaimed by the Northern chieftains.—*Crauford's Ireland, vol. 1, p. 125.*

NOTE 7.—PAGE 58.

“*And bloody-handed vengeance did not spare
Unjust assailants.*”

Cathal, the bloody-handed, King of Connaught, or *Alnehma*, was a terrible scourge of the English Saxons, who, had he been ably supported by the other native princes, would not have left an English enemy in the whole country.

NOTE 8.—PAGE 59.

“*As came Fomoria's less ignoble race.*”

The term *Fomorians* is here applied to the Northern Nations—Danes and Norwegians; but has often created a confusion among historians, from the supposition that they were a peculiar people. This however was not the case, as the name applied to any transmarine people, who came hither as settlers or invaders before the English Invasions. The first foreigners, to

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whom the name applied, appear to have been the Phœnician traders and adventurers, who not only carried on an extensive commerce with the natives, but also succeeded by force of arms to make settlements on different parts of the Irish coasts.—*O'Hal. O'Con. Keating, Comerford.*

NOTE 9.—PAGE 66.

*“They ruled with terror, and reduced the Pale,
To pay for cruelty, black tribute, Mail.”*

From the days of Richard II. to the termination of the reign of Henry VI. the Irish princes obliged the colonists of the Pale, to pay an annual tribute for personal safety. M'Carthy and Mac Murchad in the south, and O'Neill in the north, were among the stern exactors of that galling price of peace for native forbearance. *Lawless—Compend. Hist. Ireld.* p. 131-142.

NOTE 10. - PAGE 69.

“Enactments shameful to the English mind.”

“We find, says *Lawless*, and others, at this period a notable instance of the barbarous policy, by which Ireland was pursued by the sister country.” An act was passed by the English Legislature, that all those Irishmen who wandered from their own country, in search of that protection which was denied them in their native land, should immediately depart the English territory; and this infamous and inhospitable statute was not only directed against the poorest and the meanest of the Irish, but also the Irish students were contumeliously excluded from the British Inns of Court, lest the English people should be infected with the barbarous principles of the wild and inhospitable Irish.

This law was the more aggravating in its consequences, as a previous law was passed in the 11th of Henry IV. by which Irishmen were forbidden to depart the realm without civil licence, under the great seal of colonial Ireland. It also enacted, that the person and goods of an Irishman, attempting to transport himself without such licence, might be seized by any subject, who should receive one moiety of the goods, for such service; the other half to be forfeited to the King. At this unfortunate period the natives would neither be received as subjects, nor suffered to leave the country, where perpetual persecution awaited them.—*Tarffe's Hist. Ireland.*

NOTE 11.—PAGE 70.

“Had dwindled from a province to a county.”

The English Pale, which, soon after the Invasion, extended over a considerable part of the south, and south-east of this Island, had so greatly contracted its limits, by the cruelty of the colonists, and the indignant hostility of the natives, that it included little more than the county of Dublin in the reign of Edward IV. In after times, till the accession of James I. it extended over the four counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath and Louth.

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O'Connor says that it generally comprehended that portion of the south-east of Ireland, which lay east of a line drawn from Carlingford Bay to Dungarvan ; yet this, however, is much more of territory than is usually conceded by other historians.

NOTE 12.—PAGE 73.

“Deprived her of the gallant Geraldines.”

The Earl of Kildare, when Lord Deputy, was summoned over by Henry VIII. for some alleged irregularities, and imprisoned in the Tower ; and a report having spread abroad, that he was put to death, his son, Lord Thomas a youth of about twenty, having been left at the head of the government during his father's absence, flew to arms against the English, without prudently enquiring into the fact. His rebellion was soon suppressed, when he and all the distinguished members of his house were arrested and sent over to England, and there put to death. Five of his uncles were sufferers, though three of them were perfectly innocent of the charge for which they suffered. His father died of a broken heart, through the calamities brought on his family by the inconsiderate intemperance of a beloved, unfortunate son.—*Tuaffe—Crawford—Leland.*

NOTE 13.—PAGE 74.

“The vile suggestions of a Somerset.”

It is recorded that the Earl of Ormond, with sixteen of his followers, was poisoned at a feast, in Ely House ; and that the murderous instruments of this bloody treachery were the devoted friends of the English interest. *Lawless's Compend.* p. 198.

NOTE 13.—PAGE 74.

“The untimely fate of duped, deceived O'More.”

The protector Somerset having sent a strong body of horse and foot into this country to propagate the principles of the Reformation by force of arms, The British forces, under Bellingham, were soon opposed by O'More of Leix, and O'Connor of Offaly with some success. These Chieftains however were induced by specious promises and faith solemnly pledged, to surrender, and trust to the royal clemency, lavishly tendered to them, and calculated to inspire hopes of future favour and civil distinction. The Irish Chieftains however had no sooner arrived in England, than they were committed to prison—their lands declared forfeited—and granted to those very men who had so infamously violated their words. O'More died in captivity, by treachery or force, while Bellingham reduced the territories of those devoted Irishmen to reluctant subjection.

NOTES TO CANTO II.—THE REFORMATION.

NOTE 1.—PAGE 85.

*“They who have seen the pictures of distress,
Sketched by the agents of inhuman BESS,
In frightful colours have portrayed those times,
Of impious sacrilege and nameless crimes.”*

The inhuman, and ferocious barbarity practised on an innocent people, through the influence and direction of Queen Elizabeth, by her fanatical and blood-thirsty agents, exceeded in extent—cruelty, and savage injustice, the foulest and darkest deeds, ever perpetrated by the worst of heartless tyrants. Much of the crimes of English devastation and perfidy shadows the blushing pages of history; yet still more remains, unblazoned in the colours of infamy, which time and ingenuous truth will yet expose to the disapproving world. *Burke's Dominicana*, or: History of the Dominican Order in Ireland, a Latin work, still veiled from mere English Readers, by the language in which it is written, exposes many shameful acts of English persecution, executed in perfidious wantonness on the Irish Clergy: to quote from the book would require extensive limits and far beyond the necessarily contracted space of annotations. The learned Reader, therefore, is referred to that interesting work, as well as the *Abbe Geoghegan's* (French) *History of Ireland*; *O'Connor's* (Irish) *MS. Annals of Queen Elizabeth*; *Taaffe's Impartial History*; *Archdall's Monasticon*; and *Lanigan's History of the Irish Church*; from which a host of damning facts might be extracted to swell the pages of Elizabeth's blood-stained Annals.

A few of the melancholy doings of those frightful and horrifying times must serve as a specimen.

In a memorial presented to Her Majesty (Elizabeth) and council by an officer who had served several years in her army in Ireland, after complaining of the bad faith observed by the English and the insecurity of the natives after obtaining pardon for acts of defensive hostility, adds, that without crime, and without legal trial many were condemned and executed to the great dishonour of her Majesty, and discredit of her laws.—*MS. Irish Chronicle in Trinity College, Dublin.*

In the year 1583, the Spanish Garrison of Smerwick, in Kerry, surrendered, upon conditions of mercy to the Lord Deputy Grey, who ordered 700 of them (some say 1100) to be put to the sword or hanged, after they had surrendered up their arms. This inhuman service was performed by a body of soldiers under the famous, but ill-fated *Sir Walter Raleigh*, who for this, and other cruelly efficient barbarities in the South and West, received, says Carte, in his life of Ormond, 40,000 acres of Land in the County of

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Cork, which he afterwards sold to Richard, first Earl of Cork. Spencer, the poet, who was secretary to Lord Deputy Grey, presents a frightful picture of the South of Ireland during Grey's Administration, himself an eye witness of the horrid spectacles he delineates, too distressing and shocking for Readers of delicate minds to peruse, without paying the tribute of a flood of tearful sensibility to human affliction. Indeed so many complaints had been made to the Queen, of the tyrannous cruelty of her merciless Deputy, that it was painfully true, "he had left little for her Majesty to reign over in Ireland besides dust and ashes mingled with dead carcasses!"

—*Let. Hist. of Ireland Vol. II. p. 287.*

About the same time, Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, on the conclusion of a peace in the North, invited *Brian O'Neill of Clanboy*, together with a great number of his relations, to an entertainment, where they lived together in great harmony, making good cheer for three days and nights; when, on a sudden, O'Neill was arrested, with his wife and brother, by order of Essex his entertainer. His friends were all put to the sword before his face, nor were the women and children spared; yet he, with his brother and wife, was reserved for a more cruel fate—they were sent to Dublin—and there cut in quarters! No doubt to amuse the Lord Deputy!—MS. *Irish Chron. Trin. Col. Dub.*

Some years before, (about the year 1577.) the equally treacherous and murderous massacre of the O'Mores and O'Connors took place at *Mulaghmaston*, where several hundreds of the peaceable and well affected inhabitants of King and Queen's County were butchered in cold blood.—*O'Connor's MS. Annals of Elizabeth.*

Elizabeth might correctly quote the words of *Bato to Tiberius* and apply them as she did to herself and her merciless rulers here: "You, you it is, that are in fault, who have committed your flocks not to shepherds but to wolves!" — It is strangely coincidental that some of the most distinguished enemies of Ireland shared a similar fate, as if it had been so ordained, by retributive Justice, as a punishment for their crimes: Lord Leonard Grey, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Essex, and Lord Strafford, were all beheaded.

As a proof of the perfidious faith of Queen Elizabeth, the following instance of her treacherous duplicity is quoted from Burke's *Hibernia Dominicana*.

"In the year 1602, Elizabeth published an Edict, by which she suppressed all the remaining Monastic Institutions in Ireland, and confiscated the lands attached to them. The Monks of St. Benedict, and those of St. Bernard, together with all others throughout the Kingdom, presented a petition to her Majesty, praying, in the most humble and respectful manner, for a safe conveyance to some part of the continent of Europe; the prayer of which petition she most willingly complied with; and immediately issued orders to the obnoxious brotherhood, that they should assemble on a

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particular day in the Island of Scattery, in the Shannon 30 miles from Limerick. Thither accordingly resorted, from all parts of the country, about 400 Monks, with Two Fathers of the Irish Church, and Seven Friars from the Abbeys of Limerick and Killaloe, to act as agents for them, with some of the foreign Catholic Princes.

A large ship of war was prepared for the occasion, the involuntary Exiles went on board, set sail, and soon beheld, for the last time, the receding shores of their native land. But no sooner had they reached the Ocean, than by a private order from the Queen, they were all cast into the sea !

The Captain, Sailors, and Soldiers (Marines) belonging to the vessel, were, on their return, immediately thrown into prison, that the world might imagine her Majesty innocent of conniving at the horrid deed ; yet not long after, these inhuman agents of her murderous cruelty, were all released, and recompensed for their barbarous services, and for faithfully preserving secrecy of the Queen's injustice, with a portion of the possessions of those Abbeys that had been so sacrilegiously confiscated !"

The *Act of Uniformity*, passed in the *first* year of Elizabeth's reign, but not put in force till the *second*, was unjustly oppressive, as it affected this country, where almost the entire body of the people were Roman Catholics ; and though this harshly penal law was never re-enacted by the Irish parliament to bring it into coercive operation in Ireland ; and notwithstanding the unchristian intentions of her Majesty towards the people of Ireland ; this act of religious tyranny was never fully carried into practice till after the accession of James I. Yet we should not withhold from the fanatical, persecuting Princess, who first ordered the introduction of a law so marked with religious injustice, the demerits of the unholy deed, that proved the fatal precursor of all the penal laws enacted against Irish Catholicity for nearly 300 years.

By this Act, says *Curry*, all Roman Catholics were obliged to assist at the Protestant Church-service every Sunday and Holy-day, on the penalty of *twelve pence*, and of what, indeed, was infinitely more grievous, the censures of the Ecclesiastical Courts, for every default ; method of proceeding very inconsistent with the fundamental principles of that religion, which this Act was intended to introduce - freedom of conscience, and the right of private judgment ! Dr. *Heylin* has justly observed another absurdity in this statute. "The Irish," says he, "were obliged, under severe penalties, to be present at the reading of the English Liturgy, which they understood no more than they did the Mass ; by which means they were not only kept in continual ignorance, as to the doctrines and devotions of the Church of England, but were also furnished with an excellent argument against themselves for having the Divine Service celebrated in such a language, as the people did not understand."— *Curry's Hist. Rev.* 4to. p. 37.

A still greater absurdity may be instanced in the proselyting times of
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Elizabeth: " We had English Bibles and Irish Ministers ; but now we have Ministers out of England, with Irish Bibles ! "—*Theatre of Catholic and Protestant Religion*, p. 245.

In the reign of James I. it was ordered, by Royal authority, that the Bible and Common Prayer should be translated into Irish, which accordingly was done ; and every Parish Church was charged with *ten shillings* for an Irish Bible, when not one among a hundred could read or understood it. This ridiculous circumstance excited the laughter of a Protestant Bishop, when he observed the inconsistencies practised to propagate the new Religion by such mystical means. At this time, most of the church-livings, in Ireland, were bestowed on English and Scottish Ministers, not one of them having three words of the Irish tongue !—*Ibid.* p. 38.

In speaking of the Acts of Elizabeth, we have not as yet charged her with ungrateful cruelty towards Ireland ; yet we conceive that such will evidently appear when we recapitulate the ill-timed services of the Irish people to the Queen of England in Mountjoy's wars, and the unmerited return subsequently made to them by that perfidious Princess.

In the eleventh year of the first James's reign (1614) Penal Statutes being rigorously enforced, the Catholic Members of the Irish Parliament bitterly complained of their oppressive injustice, recounting past services, and chronicles of blood, shed in the English cause during the wars in Munster ; proving to demonstration, that the one-half of Mountjoy's forces were genuine Irish soldiers, whose weapons had been turned against their countrymen, to evince their allegiance to the Queen ; and that they had more than divided the expenses of that war with her Majesty. One gentleman alone, worth about £300 a-year, had expended in this manner £10,000. The Irish soldiers, on this occasion, received less pay than the English ; stood the brunt of every action, and were subjected to hard service ; yet the terms on which the submitting Irish were received to mercy were not calculated so much to reclaim them as to cause them to continue desperately in action ; for besides the usual pledges of their wives and children, together with other hostages, a further proof of their submission was required in the performance of some signal and bloody service on their innocent countrymen.

NOTE 2.—PAGE 87.

" *To laws amenable—to justice prone—
Though to their prejudice ——*"

We have the authority of Sir John Davies, Attorney-General to James I. that no people have a more refined idea of justice and equitable laws than the Irish, even the decision should be to their prejudice.

NOTE 3.—PAGE 89.

" *And here Chronology had noted down
The lineal masters of the Irish Crown.*"

Our Senachies have registered 171 Kings of Ireland down to the Invasion ; 48 of whom were Christian Princes.—*O'Flaherty's Ogygia.*
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NOTE 4.—PAGE 90.

*"When History states—that children oft were sold,
By British parents, for Hibernian gold."*

It was a common practice with the British, and English, to dispose of their children as slaves, and particularly to the Irish. This traffic is alleged as a crime against the Irish purchasers, sufficient to bring down upon them the heavy vengeance of Henry II. a flimsy pretext truly to countenance invasive hostility!

NOTE 5.—PAGE 90.

"And Rome bears witness to the shameful trade."

The ostensible cause for a Roman mission into Britain is alleged by the English Historian to have resulted from the exhibition of English children in the Imperial Slave-market; who, having attracted the attention of the Sovereign Pontiff, by their personal beauty, he enquired what nation had given them birth; and being answered that they were English, he replied, they would not only be English, but Angels, if they were Christians. From that time forward till the fulfilment of his intention, he resolved to send an Apostolic mission into Britain. Here is admitted proof of the inglorious practice of the heathen Britons, even after the conversion of Ireland upwards of 160 years. So we find that other nations, as well as Ireland, were concerned in this traffic, without its having been imputed a crime against them.

NOTE 7.—PAGE 91.

*"And never yet was other Nation known,
So prodigal of being as our own."*

Personal bravery and prodigality of life having always been the universally-admitted qualities of Irishmen in every part of the world, where the attributes of Ireland and her sons are known; and where, we may ask, are they unrecognised? For the habitable Globe has been the ample theatre of action for Hibernian magnanimity! Penal Laws, more than a love of enterprise, compelled them to become adventurers, in disastrous times, to blazon the pages of history with heroic exploits. To our countrymen, defeat was a moral death, which they much more dreaded than the loss of life; and such was the chivalrous spirit of Irishmen, at all times, from the origin of our National Annals, that conquest and death always immediately succeeded on the field of battle; and there is but one instance recorded of an Irish Monarch who could sustain defeat, and yet survive its ignominy! To quote instances of the unrivalled heroism of Irishmen, would be useless, while volumes might be multiplied on the elevated subject. The history of Europe, in particular, can exhibit their feats of noble daring—deeds of, apparently rash, yet successful enterprise—exploits of disinterested honour, for the reward of empty glory—martial achievements for the victor's crown, under a thousand discouraging circumstances, with death and horror looking

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their intrepidity full in the face ; together with perilous undertakings of dread-defying hazard, midst scenes of carnage, where the bravest heart might be supposed to shrink through fear.

Motives for the hereditary magnanimity of Irishmen have been assigned by Antiquarian Philosophers, who have attributed their courageous fortitude to the ancient, Druidical Faith of our Pagan ancestors, which inspired them with a contempt of death. Yet these are unsubstantial reasons ; for the Christian Irishman, acting under the dictates and discipline of true Religion, does not appear less brave, but equally prodigal of life, when compared with his Pagan forefathers. His courage, from what source so ever derived, seems of indigenous character ; yet, if not the gift of the soil, it has still, at least, preserved its excellence from degeneracy and decay ; and though we have been enslaved, and have worn our chains, in penal subjection, now for *six hundred and fifty-nine years*, our enemies will not dare to say, that cowardice or want of national bravery was the promoting cause !

When the pusillanimous conduct of King James turned the tide of victory against him at the Boyne, the Irish Leaders, when insulted by King William's Generals, after the action, courageously exclaimed : " Exchange commanders ; and we will cheerfully fight the battle over again." *George the Second*, when Prince of Wales, after the fatal engagement at Fontenoy, which he fought and lost, through the determined bravery of the Irish Brigade, cried out with bitter regret—" Cursed be the laws, that have deprived me of such men !" All nations of the world have more appreciated the eminent qualities of Irishmen than that nation which has known them best in the nobility of their character, and that owes them the most gratitude ; but it is our nature to be generous to our enemies, and forgetful of wrongs, when the cause of suffering has ceased to operate.

NOTE 7.—PAGE 113.

*" Their phrenzied zeal blazed mischievously far,
At length, to light the flames of civil War ;
When Ireland saw two Creeds in opposition
Driving their votaries onward to perdition."*

With respect to the causes of the Rebellion of 1641, through the conflicting testimonies of self-interested writers, truth seems conspicuously clear. The Puritan Historians of those frightful times, though attempting to disguise stubborn facts, and the stimulating motives for rebellion, are frequently obliged to acknowledge the veracity of the defensive natives, when recounting acts of unprovoked aggression, and to admit, inferentially, the necessity of combination among the children of the soil to repel insult, by re-active hostility. In the North of Ireland the shocking cruelties of Religious fanaticism first commenced, on the first of November 1641, by the inhuman Massacre of 3000 natives of the Roman Catholic persuasion in

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Island Magee, perpetrated under the most aggravating circumstances in the shadowy gloominess of silent night. To this secluded peninsula, near the Garrison of Carrickfergus, then the most strong Fortress in the North, great numbers of the defenceless neighbouring people resorted, on the spreading rumour of an Irish Rebellion, to place themselves under the military protection of Colonel Chichester and Sir Arthur Torrington. To this lonely solitude the hapless fugitives had carried all their moveable effects, as to a place of personal security, under the deceitful confidence rashly placed in a soldier's integrity and honour. Such of the obnoxious natives as took refuge in the town of Carrickfergus, were detained as prisoners, till they finally met that more rigid fate which was destined for them ; but a speedier, summary vengeance awaited the devoted inhabitants and sojourners of Island Magee. Breathing murderous hatred and wrathful malice against popery, the Soldiers of the Garrison of Carrickfergus, Scotch Puritans and Covenanters, sallied forth under cover of the night, and put to the sword, or a death more dreadful, every man, woman, and child, found on the Island ! Those who perished not by the hateful steel, were hurled down the awful promontory called the *Gabins*, to meet instantaneous destruction on the rocks below : and since that dreadful event, it is creditably reported, no Roman Catholic has been suffered to reside on the blood-stained (misnamed) Island. At this time, there were 40,000 well-armed and well-disciplined Scottish soldiers stationed in different parts of Ulster, who committed barbarous cruelties on the innocent, inoffensive Catholic inhabitants ; before native indignation was driven to deeds of retaliative chastisement on the common enemies of their rights, religion, and lives. It is matter of fact, that, till goaded to desperation by merciless fanatics, the northern Irish chieftains not only observed a peaceable demeanour towards the Scottish soldiers and settlers in Ulster, but protected all such, as well as the English Protestants, often under difficult and deterring circumstances, with true Christian benevolence, till the ungrateful injustice of their protected enemies taught them the inutility of abused generosity. The primary and political cause of the Rebellion was not only not of a religious character, but the natural result of the iniquitous settlement of the Ultonian Province with Scottish and English adventurers, through the fraudulent perfidy of James the First. By disgraceful and wicked means the ancient possessor of his native soil was, by State-chicanery, disinherited to make room for the Scottish Covenanter, and English Puritan, who detested Monarchy, while they loved its ill-bestowed favours.

To enter upon a history of those times is very unnecessary in the compass of a note. Too much has already been written, at least on one side, of those bloody transactions of one desolating year, and perhaps sufficiently enough on the contrary side : at this distance of time, we may censure or disapprove the doings of our misguided forefathers, yet, alas ! we cannot

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remedy the mighty evils: blame naturally attaches to the aggressors and the aggressed; but in a more egregious degree does infamy fix its odium on the ruthless promoters of our civil dissension, and national calamity.

Charles I. temporised with the Irish Puritans; and, to his own undoing, deceived the honest and over liberal Catholics: favours and indulgences were promised and bestowed when he required succours; and when these were received in frequent subsidies, his royal promise was either violated or neutralised by counteracting puritanic control. James I. ingloriously countenanced and even favoured the enemies of his House, who had conspired against the life of his martyred mother; such was the equally shameful conduct of Charles II. to those who, both here and in England, contributed to the fatal end of his unfortunate father. As to the *Herodian* deeds of Cromwell, in this country, they, in unparalleled cruelty, so far surpass all other deeds of brutal, blood-thirsty vengeance, that the horrified mind revolts from the task of describing them! The picture is too appalling to contemplate: the scenes of his heartless inhumanity are much too shocking for verbal delineation! Yet, of monumental destruction, enough remains to furnish melancholy proofs of his all-levelling fury and pitiless devastation!

Indeed, it may be truly affirmed, that from the accession of Queen ELIZABETH till the termination of the reign of Queen ANNE, more blood was shed for the sake of religion, and more injustice practised for the purposes of self-interest, than any nation has recorded since Faith was first immolated, by the tyranny of religious persecution!

Although the Puritans and Covenanters endeavoured to make it appear, that this Rebellion was actuated by Religious motives, the true cause, though connected with Religion, was purely of a political nature. The determined object of the Irish Government was to exterminate the old inhabitants, under the provisions of unjust laws. These intentions were but too flimsily disguised by the Anglo-Irish Governors, not to be seen thro' by the persecuted Catholics, whose lives and properties were at the mercy of fanatical rulers, who sought their destruction. The confederation of the Catholic chiefs, at that period, was evidently for self-defence against the rigours of tyranny, and not directed against religion, as their calumniators have falsely alleged. Lord Clanrickard, Dr. Nalson, and Lord Clarendon, with many others, have repelled the unjust imputation. The Marquis of Clanrickard, writing to the Duke of Richmond, January 29, 1641, says, "That all the Irish were generally discontented with those that managed the affairs of State there, whom they charged with secretly practising, both here and in England, before the commotion began, to raise parties and factions to destroy their religion; to divert and hinder the King's graces intended towards them: by those means to put them in desperation, that they might thereby forfeit their lives and fortunes; and since the distempers began, that they (the Lords Justices, Borlase and Warren,) had so disposed

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of affairs, as if the design was to put the whole country in rebellion"—and in his letter to the King, he observes, "The rigour of incensed force falls in a manner equally, not only upon the capital offenders, and others less criminal, but upon well-deserving servitors, natives of this kingdom, which, in my opinion, will retard your service, and drive all to desperation." He concludes this letter with an assurance, that the native servants of the Crown "conceive themselves destined for destruction, let their endeavours be ever so loyal." Dr. *Nelson*, a most creditable authority, says, "It is most evident that the Lords Justices, Parsons and Borlase, did, by their authority, command many things, which did not only exasperate, but render the Irish desperate, as will appear by several of their own letters, and public acts of State: and that, in the first eruption of the Rebellion, they had a greater eye to the forfeitures of the rebels' estates, than to use such means, as might, by the hopes of pardon, induce the better sort to hear reason," &c.

CANTO III.—THE REVOLUTION.

NOTE 1.—PAGE 125.

"*For this the mild preceptive Pastor perished.*"

Great and destructive as the spirit of persecution was in the reign of Elizabeth, it assumed a still more inhumanly monstrous character in the reign of Anne, a bigotted Queen, who, when dying, left no child to shed a filial tear on the pillow that supported her head. In this unfortunate country, she found ready instruments in our then corrupt Parliament, to carry her diabolical plans of extermination into effect. They honoured and dignified the common informer for his sordid and infamous services, and our Legislative Journals still bear proofs of the odious encouragement held forth to spies and informers, wherein it is stated—"That the prosecuting and informing against *Papists* is an honourable service to the Government of Ireland!" Alas! Ireland was little consulted or concerned in these barbarous measures, which the tools of persecution exercised against the professors of the ancient faith of the country. Murder or banishment awaited the Catholic Clergy; and, that both religious and literary instruction might be exiled from the land, the Teacher was proscribed, and rendered equally obnoxious to fanatical exterminators. Barbarity was used, that barbarism and ignorance might rule, with iron and leaden sceptres, over this learned Island.

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NOTE 2.—PAGE 125.

*“ The Priest and the professor’s blameless head
Was valued at a trivial statute price.”*

After the Reformation, while wolves infested Ireland, the price set on the head of a Priest and a wolf was the same, each being valued at £5; but in the reign of Queen Anne, the valuation was raised: an Archbishop’s or Bishop’s head was estimated at £50; that of a Regular or Secular Clergyman, at £30; and of a Teacher, of any grade, at £10. It was also enacted by the 8th of Anne, that every ship-owner, and master, was obliged, under a penalty of £30, to ship off to the West Indies, or any of the European ports, without her Majesty’s dominions, to the number of five Regular or Secular Priests, or Popish Schoolmasters, for which the owner or master of such ship received the reward of £5, for the transportation of each Priest or Schoolmaster to the West Indies; and £3 for conveyance to any of the European ports. For further particulars on this head, the reader is referred to *“ Bacon’s Book of Rates,” Dublin, 1737—pages 98 and 99.*

NOTE 3.—PAGE 125.

*“ And Education from our shores vanished,
With those who sought retreats beyond the Main.”*

To eradicate Learning the more effectually in Ireland, at the same time that a price was set upon the professor’s head, it was also made penal for Roman Catholics to send their children to Continental Seminaries, lest education might not be effectually destroyed! Is it to be wondered at, that mental darkness should overspread the land, and learning perish after the iniquitous and impolitic means cruelly devised for its total destruction?

NOTE 4.—PAGE 130.

*“ Yes! English enemies who scorned his Creed,
Awoke his sympathies to see them bleed.”*

The ingratitude and folly of James II. at the Battle of the Boyne, were egregiously displayed in his silly partiality for his English enemies. Could any thing appear more ridiculous than his ill-timed exclamation, “ Oh! spare my English subjects!” when the Irish army was pressing too hardly upon them. And when Burke, an Irish gunner, who had directed the ball that grazed the shoulder of William, requested permission to send another with a death-warrant to the heart of his rebel son-in-law, he cried aloud in all his misplaced sympathy and cowardice of spirit, “ Would you leave my daughter a widow?” The baseness of such vacillation and pusillanimity requires no commentary!

NOTE 5.—PAGE 132.

*“ Your God, at best, was human here below,
And wicked too—to sacrifice Glenco.”*

William the Third betrayed the weakness of pusillanimity, and the revengeful spirit of base-minded malignity, in issuing his warrant, signed

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above and below, for the massacre of a brave chieftain and all his clan. This murderous affair was suggested by Lord Breadalbane to Sir John Dalrymple, usually styled the Master of Stair, William's Private Secretary. A proclamation was published in the Autumn of 1691, which declared that all Highland rebels who took the oaths of allegiance to the new Government, before the first of January ensuing, should be pardoned ; and all who did not were to be rendered subject to the Usurper's resentment. The Highlanders, aware of their personal danger by private information, all took the oaths, except *Mac Donald of Glenco*, who was only prevented from doing so by adverse circumstances, which he could not easily foresee or prevent. Glenco, and all his clan, were obnoxious to Lord Breadalbane, because of frequent wars between their families. And so little feeling had the Master of Stair for that brave and faithful clan, that he said, "*Mercy would be thrown away upon them*"—a noble and generous opinion for one Scotchman to entertain towards another ! But the greatest offence urged against Glenco, was his fidelity to the interests of James II. and of his having been a distinguished actor in the bloody scenes of *Killiecrankie*, under the command of Lord Dundee, who fell at the close of the successful, though fruitless struggle against the supporters of Usurpation. The fatal warrant against Glenco was executed with many circumstances of extreme rigour and inhumanity. William's Secretary gave orders, that it should be severely effectual, and without any previous warning. For this purpose, in February, 1692, two companies took up quarters in the valley of Glenco, not as enemies, but as friends, among the whole clan. To conceal the wicked intention the more securely, the soldiers selected to perform this bloody service were of their own lineage—Highlanders of Argyle's regiment ; and the officer commanding, was Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, uncle to the wife of one of Glenco's sons. All were well and hospitably received ; and they had continued in the valley nearly a fortnight, when, in the dead of a dreary Winter's night, they rose in cold-blood to butcher their friendly entertainers. Capt. Campbell had even supped and played at cards with Glenco's family the evening before. *Thirty-eight* men were murdered—and the rest would have experienced the same fate, had not the alarm been given by some of Glenco's sons, who overheard one of the soldiers saying, " he liked not the work," adding, " he feared not the Mac Donalds in the field ; but he had scarcely courage to kill them in their sleep"—yet consoling himself with considering the officers only accountable. The sequel of this tragic scene informs us, that young Mac Donald and his brother, overhearing these things, hastened to apprise their father of his danger ; but on their arrival, they found the house already surrounded by the soldiers who were destined to become their executioners ; and they could distinctly hear the discharges of muskets, and the shrieks of the women and children. The old chief was shot through the head, lying on his bed, and his distrusted consort, who did

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not escape insult, died the next morning in a state of frenzy. Mac Donald's noble guest, the Lord of *Auchtnatirian*, who, three months before, had made his submission to the government, and had a protection on his person, was also put to death, while an innocent boy, of eight years old, was stabbed to the heart by a subaltern officer, in the act of imploring mercy at the feet of Campbell. Almost all the sufferers perished in their beds. Two hundred had been doomed to destruction; but of these, 162 escaped the massacre, as the passes, as was intended, had not been secured. The houses of the whole clan were burned, and their property consigned to the soldiers, while the wretched widows and orphans were left naked on the snow, at the distance of ten miles from any human habitations! This shocking massacre, that will never be forgotten, shall remain as a stigma on the character of King William for ever! It was a dreadful affair; yet trifling in enormity to many similar scenes which Ireland has witnessed, from time to time, of still greater cruelty and savage atrocity.

The account of this inhuman massacre is given much more minutely in detail in *Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather;"* yet the leading facts are much the same, with some exceptions. The two sons of *Mac Ian*, the chief, were not sacrificed, as above stated, but made their escape, having been warned by an old herdsman of the family, of their imminent danger.

NOTE 6.—PAGE 133.

*“Where Barbarism holds its savage court
In Afric's realms.”*

It is related of an Emperor of Morocco, the successor of *Muley Ismael*, that he invented a cruelly refined species of punishment for an *Alcaide*, who had disobeyed his commands. He ordered the unfortunate offender to be brought before him in the great square of *Mequinez*, the capital, whither he had directed an ox to be conveyed, whose head was cut off, and its belly opened from one end to the other. Six men then seized the unhappy criminal—stripped him, and shut him up alive in the bowels of the animal, suffering his head to project through the opening at the neck. Then by means of six large hoops of iron, prepared for the purpose, the body of the ox was braced together, so as to make it a very close prison, from which it was impossible for the wretch to release himself. The devoted sufferer was left in this manner, abandoned to despair, to be gnawed by worms, which, after a few days, were generated from the corrupted flesh of the beast; yet, to prolong his torments, and aggravate his agonies, handfuls of *Couscousou** were, from time to time, put into his mouth. He expired at length, half-decayed, and eaten by insects, leaving to his keepers a spectacle equally horrible and pitiable!

* *Couscousou* is a kind of porridge made of rice and meal, and eaten by the Moors.—*Travels of Rolando*, vol. 1.

NOTES TO CANTO IV.—THE UNION.

NOTE 1.—PAGE 154.

“The Union—proved our most destructive pest.”

Our Country, much as she had sustained from oppression and cruelty, never experienced injustice of a deeper dye than in the wicked and fraudulent means by which the *Union* was accomplished. Previous to the effectuation of that diabolical measure, the vile common sewers of Corruption were unsliced, to inundate our nation with its foulness, and to contaminate our moral atmosphere: the base and the apostate, the venal Mammonite and the political delinquent, trafficked with ministerial turpitude for the final ruin of Ireland, and obtained the sordid full price for their execrable deeds: the liberties of our country were wantonly bartered by infamous tools of power, for places, pensions, and golden temptations. Even men who had hitherto held their posts in the ranks of patriotism, were seduced by the glittering attractions of Mammonian smiles: the few only, of those who possessed power, were found incorruptible, and superior to intrigue and political artifice. Knowing the men as we do, how much should we execrate the traitors, and idolize the champions of our cause at that momentous crisis—such as a *Plunkett* and a *Bushe* were in those days, who, if they could not stem the progress of corruption, and prevent a union, were eloquently sentimental in their staunch opposition to the collusion of wicked Ministers, among whom should be distinguished as chief leader, the Arch-traitor, and murderous Matricide—a *Castlereagh*, whose guilty hand was made the instrument of divine vengeance upon himself for the sacrifice of his betrayed country.

On this painful subject it is here unnecessary to amplify, as a more highly-gifted and popular public character has thrown a flood of learned light, both on the causes and effects of the *Union*, in his patriotic Letters to the People of Ireland, on the Repeal of the *Union*: Letters which cannot be perused too often with intense interest, or be sufficiently admired by the true friends of Ireland.

NOTE 2.—PAGE 155.

*“Upon the vantage-ground of Independence,
Our faithful Statesmen marshalled all their hosts.”*

On the accession of George III. our Irish Parliaments lasted during the life of the regnant Sovereign. Soon after that event, the first distinct dawning of national independence were displayed in the limitation of Parliament: the second, in the establishment of a free trade in 1778: the third, in 1782, that brightest period of our modern history, when our patriotic Senate declared its independence and nationality. From that day the spring of Ireland's prosperity began to enliven our landscapes, and brighten our

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fields ; but the period of sunshine was like the fine morning of a Winter's day, fair, though deceitful, and soon liable to change. Then awoke the mean and sordid jealousy of monopolizing England ; and according to that just advocate of Irish Independence, the patriotic *Bushe*, sordid selfish Britain, "through an intolerance of our prosperity," resolved upon that iniquitous measure, which was calculated to withhold "the rights of nature from a great nation." In fine, the Union was carried by fraud, violence, and injustice, against right and equity, and ought to be speedily repealed.

In the "Case of Ireland Stated," Mr. *Molyneux* has clearly demonstrated that the British Parliament had no right to bind us by legislative acts, or to assume the power of controlling our national Senate by their enactments. He has satisfactorily shewn, that from the time of John, King of England, when vested with the title and authority of the Lordship of Ireland by his Royal father, our Parliament was distinctly separate from that of England ; and that no British Act of Parliament could be received as law in this country, till it received the sanction of our own Senate. This ingenious writer states, that as a grant of Ireland was made to King John solely, who recognised the independence of our Parliament, none of his successors had any right to violate that independence. Therefore, after the Revolution, when this point was disputed, as it had been before in *Poyning's* days, this zealous champion of Ireland entered the field of logical argument to prove, that this Kingdom was still unconquered and in full possession of civil Independence, though acknowledging the authority of the British Monarch. His reasoning is just ; and his proofs incontrovertible ; and so much did his work alarm the English Government, after its publication, that it was ordered to be burned by the common hangman ! Mr. *Molyneux* was the intimate friend of *John Locke* ; and, to the character of a Patriot, added the reputation of a Mathematician and a Philosopher. His vindication was dedicated to King William, and published in 1798.

Subsequently to the publication of *Molyneux's* Vindication, the subject of Ireland's Independence and non-independence was discussed, by various writers, while the stronger passions of the British and Irish statesmen were highly excited by stimulating circumstances. English Acts of Parliament were passed to bind Ireland, and were as ably opposed by the Members of the Irish House : *Wood's Halfpence* were sent hither by an arbitrary English law, that was met by the indignation of both the Senate and people of Ireland, among whom *Dean Swift* took a prominent part in his *Drapiers' Letters*, the fourth of which, as well as his *Short view of the state of Ireland*, is well worth the perusal of Irish Unionists at the present day, to furnish them with better opinions than they may feel disposed to entertain on a subject that so much involves the true interests of Ireland.

Many leading men belonging to this country ably opposed the legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland, though the fascinating smiles of British

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patronage, have since created a change of opinion, if not of conscientious conviction, on this political question. An English Dignitary, (the Bishop of Llandaff) at the time the Irish Union was debated before the British Parliament, in a fine allegorical figure, compares the spreading sway of English power to a goodly tree extending its sheltering boughs of protection with fostering influence towards our country, and that if we disdained the guardianship of this arborary, maternal protector we would ultimately become the self-willed victims of French Republicanism. This lawn-sleeved statesman did not seem to reason on natural principles; as the shadow of trees in general is hostile to vegetable life that feels its unfostering influence. He surely did not consider the British *Upas* a tree of friendly qualities to our uncherished state! for we have unhappily found that its pestilential shade has, at all times, shed blight and destruction on our soil, equally baneful both to vegetable and animal life. It was most insulting to the noble sensibilities of a great nation, whose independence was publicly acknowledged in 1782,* to witness the audacity and mendacity of British Statesmen, and Irish, or rather Anglo-Irish, apostates, before the accomplishment of the Union. Every lure of accursed gold was used, and every intriguing art of State-chicanery and cajolery was employed to second the purposes of British injustice, till the venal Members of the Irish Parliament, whom Mammon's glittering smiles had allured, gained a preponderance over public rectitude and incorruptible patriotism, which soft-seducing language could not win, and which sordid gold could not pur-

* By the 22d of George III. c. 53, our Parliament was rendered independent of the British Legislature in all things, except the regal authority in the exercise of the prerogative of giving the stability of law to Acts passed in our National Parliament, by the sanction of the Royal Assent. The Legislative Body of the Irish Parliament, at that period, consisted of 487 Members: namely, 22 Spiritual, and 185 Temporal Peers, in the House of Lords; and 300 Commoners in the Lower House. By the Act of Union, our representation in the Imperial Council was reduced to 4 Spiritual, and 28 Temporal Peers, in the Lords'; and 100 Commoners in the Lower House, thus virtually destroying the civil influence of Ireland, in the great Council of the Empire. It must be acknowledged that, though the independence of Irish legislation was sensibly gaining ground from the accession of the Hanoverian Line, our country could boast only of a short period of civil eminence and popular integrity. How could it be otherwise.—What was our parliamentary history from the Invasion, till near the time of the Union, but a registry of the Transactions of that Anglo-Irish Colony which fraudulent injustice had established in our country, to oppress with tyrannous laws the proud spirit of native independence! In this Catholic Island the catholic interest had little weight in the councils of the English Pale; so that though English, assumed rights, were strictly supported, the great body of the suffering Irish were without representation, and placed beyond the protection of the laws, lest the ancient energies of Ireland should at any time arise in vengeance against her persecutors, through the enjoyment of equal privileges.

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chase. Many of the virtuous Senators of our country, since that black *Æra*, have passed away, to receive the rewards due to their merits: some still survive to sigh over the sorrows of painful reflection; yes! and no few of the aggrandized Matricides still encumber the bleeding bosom of their martyred mother, whose interests they forsook, and whose Liberty and Independence they wantonly and wickedly sacrificed, like Judas Iscariot, for the price of innocent blood, and for self-interest and promotion on the regal ruins of National Freedom, and the violation of the sacred rights of an unconquered people! How much should the detestable wretches be despised! How largely have they purchased infamy for themselves and their posterity! We know the fawning Spaniels, that for hollow honours, flattering to their vanity, would lick the soles of the tyrants that trample on them when their inglorious services are no longer required: still sensible, however, of their shameful deeds, they have disguised their apostacy with the *Toga* of civil dignity, and the *Sagum* of titular consequence, that they may dazzle us with the trappings of titles to blind our sense of recollection. Alas! what are they in all the meretricious display of false ensigns? We know them still; and the children of our childrens' children will be taught to point the finger of scorn at their odious offspring. How high-sounding soever titles and dignities may appear, we envy not the possessors, who sold their country for the bauble of vain-glory—a sonorous epithet; for we feel convinced, that one self-approving hour of an honest, unchiding heart, is worth a life-time of those painted Butterflies, creatures of corruption, which self-debasing qualities and the sunshine of Courtly favour, have warmed into existence from the crawling Caterpillars of hereditary nothingness, to flutter and flaunt in the gay summer of prosperous infamy, while living on the putrescence of corruption. It is useless to regret, at this distance of time, that so many ready instruments were found in this country to co-operate with British fraud and Injustice in effecting a union of our hitherto independent state with a foreign Legislative. At all events, the object was secured, while a military padlock was imposed on the lips of Irish patriotism, to prevent the protesting exclamations of the national voice: the slave was linked more closely with the despotic enslaver, and her nobler energies were thus rivetted to the merciless destinies of iron-hearted tyranny. Irishmen! shall this fatal bond remain unbroken? or rather shall this *gordian knot* remain unsevered. Hands less active than yours have done more than this—your country, like a victim under the chariot wheels of *Vishnu* or *Juggernaut*, is ready to be immolated—she who has suffered a thousand martyrdoms before, has been politically resuscitated to suffer again: will you look on with indifference and witness the tragical scene with heartless apathy? gird your loins with the sword of resolution, and shield your devoted parent from destruction, if still a portion of Milesian blood trickles through your veins. Bind up your spirits in the girdle-band of Union, and release the Royal Captive from impending ruin: the effort will not require

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an effusion of blood : for bloody sacrifices must be prudently avoided, lest our enemies should have new causes for despotic triumphs : unanimity will prove more successful in releasing your country from the grasp of death. Why should disunion prevail among the sons of Ireland, while the interests of *Eight Millions*, are involved in the civil wedlock of their nation with Great Britain ? With one voice call loudly for a divorce, and you will obtain it—popular concord is stronger than Tyranny—the physical unity of a people is irresistible : why sit with folded hands whetting your doubts and indulging your fears, where the warfare will but prove a sciomachy ?—Universal Liberty is abroad—and if she remains uninvited to your shores, the fault is your own, and the mischievous consequences will be yours to endure. Behold free America sitting under the Laurel of Freedom, enjoying the sunshine of Peace, and profit by her glorious example : look to France, that European school of Patriotism, and feel ashamed of your own degradation : survey Belgium, Poland, and regenerated Greece, and say to yourselves, shall we longer remain passive spectators of such noble triumphs over despotism and arbitrary power, while we possess the elements of national regeneration and civil Independence ?—Let none mistake the Author's sentiments in this note. He preaches not the doctrine of rebellion, or insubordination to the laws. He strictly recommends the necessity of patriotic concord and national co-operation, in striving to effect the Repeal of the *Act of Union*, that source of public wrongs, by which we are impoverished ; an unjust law, which can be repealed, if Irishmen shall feel it their interest to rally round the standard of Independence, with hearts firmly united on one, nobly national, design.

NOTE 3.—PAGE 158.

*“The tallest Poppies of our Garden bloom,
Were then cut down by worse than Tarquin hands.”*

Allusion is here made to the perfidious conduct of the infamous Sextus, son of Tarquin the Proud, towards the *Gabii*, among whom he sojourned treacherously, in order to betray them, and abuse the rights of hospitality. Having sent a messenger to his father to enquire how he should act, and the father not esteeming it prudent to send direct instructions to his wicked son, took the messenger into his garden, where he struck off the heads of all such Poppies as out-topped the rest. Sextus, understanding the symbolical act of Tarquin, immediately put to death all persons of the greatest distinction among the *Gabii*, and imprisoned the rest ; by which means he easily betrayed the city to his father.—*Roman History*.

NOTE 4.—PAGE 158.

*“Two potent causes marred the English Creed,
From first to last, in Ireland’s Christian Isle.”*

The *first*, a host of profligate clergymen, against whom the most zealous promoters of the Reformation loudly declaim ; the *second*, an operative spirit

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of insatiate persecution, that strove to exterminate the obnoxious ancient faith of the land. Such causes could only emanate from a prejudiced or wicked Ministry, whose malignant passions were much too strong for public virtue to subdue, or yet preserve within proper bounds. Clergymen can only expect to impress new doctrines by good example, a precedent which was shamefully wanting here; and they who seek, by persecution, to exterminate religion, mistake their object, as the Reformers have hitherto done a lesson which history might have taught our fanatical rulers, in the early ages of the Christian Church, when the blood of martyrs proved the best nourishment for the spreading vine of Christianity. Numerous authorities of Protestant writers might be quoted respecting the dissolute habits of the reforming clergy in this country, which the learned reader must have already perused in the many works wherein their profligacy is reprobated, and their morals contrasted with the piety of the Catholic priesthood. *Spencer*, who was an eye-witness to their wicked lives, painfully laments their irreligious wantonness and unholy lives.—*Spencer's State of Ireland*, p. 114, & *passim*.

Disgraceful and reprehensible as the conduct of the Protestant Clergy might have been here, from the introduction of the Reformation in the Reign of Edward VI. and thenceforward to the Revolution; we find that both Clergy and laity were nothing better in the Reign of William III. Lord Clarendon, himself complains of the profligacy of the times, in writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In one of his letters to that Dignitary he writes—"that very few of the Clergy resided on their cures: that they employed pitiful curates, unfit for their office, which reduced the people to look after Romish Priests, or non-conformist preachers, of which there were plenty: that he found it an ordinary state of things in Ireland for a Minister to have five, six, or more cures, and to get them supplied by those who would do it cheapest." "When" adds he, "I discourse with my Lords the Bishops on these things, I confess, I have no satisfactory answers."

Mr. Lesley, a creditable eye-witness, says, that Atheism, contempt of Religion, debauchery and violence were most notorious and universal in the protestant army in Ireland from 1688 to 1692, and more publicly practised than he had known in the world. Marshal Schomberg writes thus to King William: "The Ministers of Religion here are by no means so active as the Romish Clergy in setting good example." He elsewhere blames them for little attention or attachment to their parishes. Queen Mary in writing to her Royal Consort, William, charges him "to take care of the Church in Ireland, stating, that every one agreed that it was the worst in Christendom!"

The same Mr. Lesley, beforementioned, (always the advocate of truth and the vindicator of right,) says, that to his certain knowledge several had turned papists on account of the lewdness of the army and the Apostacy of the clergy, and that to this cause was owing the numerous converts to

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popery beyond what they had been during the Reign of King James. Bishop Burnet attributes the growth of irreligion and immorality at this juncture to similar motives. "A disbelief of Religion" says this writer, "a profane mockery of the Christian Faith, and its mysteries, became scandalous and avowed; and it must be confessed, that the behaviour of the clergy gave Atheism no small advantage. Their general deportment was such, that upon the whole matter, the nation was falling into general corruption, both as to morals and principles, insomuch that it gave us apprehensions of a heavy judgment from heaven." On taking a retrospective view of the true state of the English Church in Ireland, and forming a just estimate of the Clergy, we need not marvel to find how little progress was made by a new Religion, whose defenders were so badly calculated to give it stability in a soil where Catholicity was so firmly rooted. On the oppressive burden of the Established Church in Ireland, commentaries are unnecessary, as the subject of the grievances resulting from Church Ascendancy, are but too generally known, as well as severely felt. With the blessings of temporalities, pluralities, and the Tithing-system, we have had woful experience for several ages. On the iniquity and injustice of supporting a Church by the power and agency of penal law, we shall not amplify, how great soever the necessity, as it is conceived that the question of Church property will shortly be brought before the British Legislature, with a view to remedy the evils that flow from the assumed rights and ecclesiastical possessions of the establishment. Of Tithe exactions, and the disgraceful scenes connected with the parson's rigorous mode of extorting his falsely privileged rights, lamentable examples have been set in almost every parish in Ireland, sufficient to merit, for the primary actors in this frequently tragical, national Drama, the ignominy and odium of every well-thinking individual in the land. In the *Dramatis Personæ*, the Protestant Rector performs a conspicuous character, in the consistorial Arena of his Histrionic qualifications, wherein he struts in clerical buskin as prime mover, supported, in his part, by the Tithe-Proctor, Constables, Bailiffs, and a posse of Police or Yeomanry, to cheer him on through the imposing display of his Church Militant abilities, while the stage of action often streams with innocent blood! These Parsonical Theatricals are but too frequently performed before a bleeding, or a weeping audience, with heartless indifference, while, it must be acknowledged, the furnished entertainment is both impressive and affecting! All must allow, and thousands have painfully felt, that our *Corps Dramatique* is very respectable in numerical force, and most zealous as to individual efficiency; but the national taste is palled with the tiresome repetition of the same bill of fare, served up, so disgustingly, from year to year, to excite an anxious longing for a change of performance from deep Tragedy to something more comic and exhilarating. It must be admitted that the last act of the *Newtown-Barry* after-piece has involved

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too much melancholy interest, and more of human sympathy than should have been excited for the mere amusement of bloody-minded Tragedians, at the expense of guiltless blood, so wantonly shed, thus to excite the widow's tear and orphan's wail ! It is much, to be desired that this shocking Massacre will stimulate the British Parliament to adopt ways and means to prevent, in future, by legal authority, the formidable power of annoying the peace of society, to gratify clerical cupidity !

NOTE 5.—PAGE 159.

“ *A broad, the Absentees our sources drain,
To pamper luxury and pompous pride.*”

We need not reject the superstitious belief of the existence of *Vampires*, so long as *Absenteeism* continues to drain the very life-blood of our impoverished, devoted country. This national, many-headed Monster of a thousand appetites, and greedy propensities, anticipates its sordid wants with the eyes of *Argus*, and grasps at our substance with the hands of *Briareus* : it commiserates not our toil, though, like *Sisyphus*, we are doomed to roll the ponderous stone of national calamity toward the summit of our difficulties, a burden which always presses back upon us to prove our inefficient labour. Toil as we may, in fruitless activity, this indigenous *Non-descript* must be fed, yet its all-devouring, ravening desires, are never satisfied, though it has reduced Ireland to a meagre skeleton, a frightful spectre, melancholy in look, and haggard in feature. Upon this monster, that survives by suction, are entailed, as if by Heaven's anathema, both the *hunger and thirst* of *Tantalus*, which neither food nor beverage can satiate ; and though the vulture of remorse may gnaw its liver, like *Prometheus*, it feels no sentiment of pity for the excruciating sufferings of its unhappy victim. Let us destroy, by powerful means, this greedy monster ; or let it be bound in indissoluble chains to this blessed soil, where serpents cannot survive.

Legislative measures should be promptly adopted against *Absenteeism*, to teach its members a sense of right. A tax should be imposed upon them to a large amount, if they will prefer a foreign nation to their own ; or, otherwise, they should be compelled by law to reside in the country whence they draw their resources. The wisdom of Government should prevent the continuance of this great national evil, through a feeling of justice to the aggrieved natives of this oppressed country.

CANTO V.—THE ERA OF INDEPENDENCE.

NOTE 1.—PAGE 175.

“ *Erin, the deathless Phœnix of the West,
Renews existence from the funeral pile.*”

Among some of the mysterious symbols to be found in Heathen Mytho-

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NOTES.

logy, the *Phœnix* has been represented as one of the most singular. The vulgar, traditional account of the *Phœnix*, represents her as a natural creation, gifted with life and self-restoring faculties: that, according to some, she lives a thousand years, while others limit her existence to 600, and 680. The true secret of this cyclic symbol is to be found in the sacred, numeral Alphabets of the Greeks and Chaldeans, which bear solely on the grand Solar Cycle of the Egyptians, who first obtained it from the Chaldeans. The Coptic numerals, from which the word is derived, are PHRE, modified by the Greeks to suit the same period in their Alphabet to PHE, each number amounting to 608. The Hindoos, wrote for a similar purpose, the word *Phira*, whence evidently comes *fire*, inasmuch as the Sun is the great principle of heat and light, the two chief effects of fire. In Ireland, the ancient triennial parliaments seemed also to apply to some cyclic period of the Sun, as those meetings of the Irish States were called the *Fes*, after the manner of the Greeks. This is a subject worthy of further enquiry, as much mystery hangs about Mythological terms, which a due attention to the Celestial Alphabets of the Ancients would elucidate; the inattention to which, has occasioned many errors and great absurdities, among those who have been accounted the learned.—*Vallancey's Col. Pliny's Nat. Hist. Bailey's Dict. &c.*

Ireland has experienced 659 years of varied persecution, and penal affliction; therefore, it may be truly said, her cycle of calamity is full, when it is right she should be regenerated, and rise, *Phœnix*-like, from the ashes of dissolved Majesty, young, beautiful, and blooming, with healthful adolescence. It is said that the young *Phœnix* collects the ashes of her self-immolated parent, and bears them to the Temple of the Sun at *Heliopolis*, where she deposits them on the altar of the bright Divinity. Ireland, therefore, when she shall have been regenerated, an event probably not far distant, may collect the cineritious remains of the *slough* of Slavery, from which she will emerge into the renovated life of liberty, and carry them to the foot of the British Throne, to offer them as an oblation of general amnesty, to the evil destiny of intolerant persecution, for centuries of wrongs.

The Author conceives that he cannot close his Poem in a more appropriate manner than in the patriotic words of MOORE: —

“ But though Glory be gone—and though Hope fade away —

Thy name lovely Erin ! shall live in his songs :

Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,

Will he lose the remembrance of *thee* and thy *wrongs* !

The stranger shall hear thy lament, on his plains ;

The sigh of thy Harp shall be sent o'er the deep,

Till thy Masters themselves as they rivet thy chains,

Will pause at the song of their Captive and weep ! ”

• P. I. N. I. S.

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